October 26, 1940

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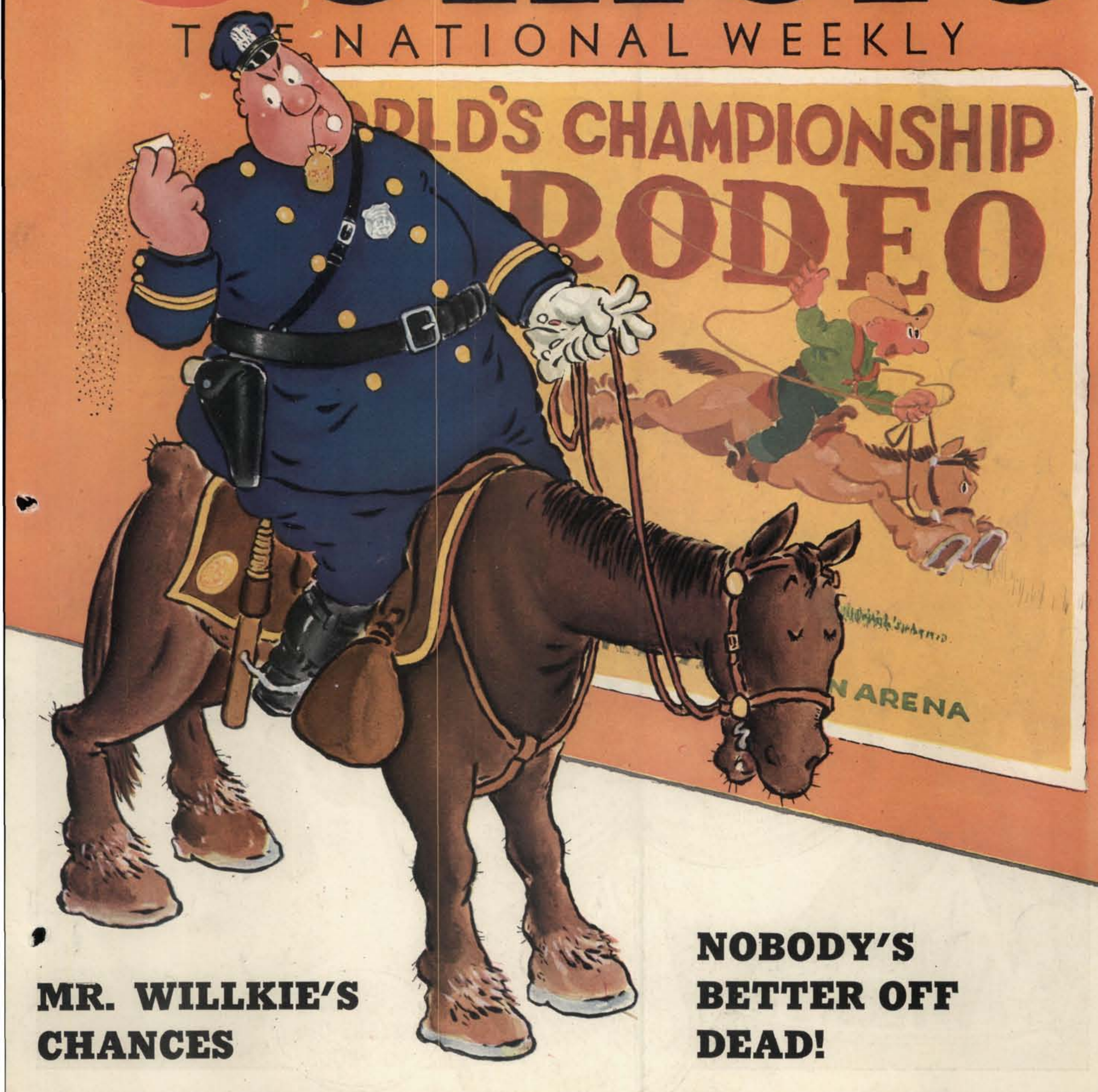
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



MR. WILLKIE'S CHANCES

By Walter Davenport

NOBODY'S BETTER OFF DEAD!

By Quentin Reynolds

RADIOE

JOHN H HENDERSON
417 E MADISON
IOLA
KANS
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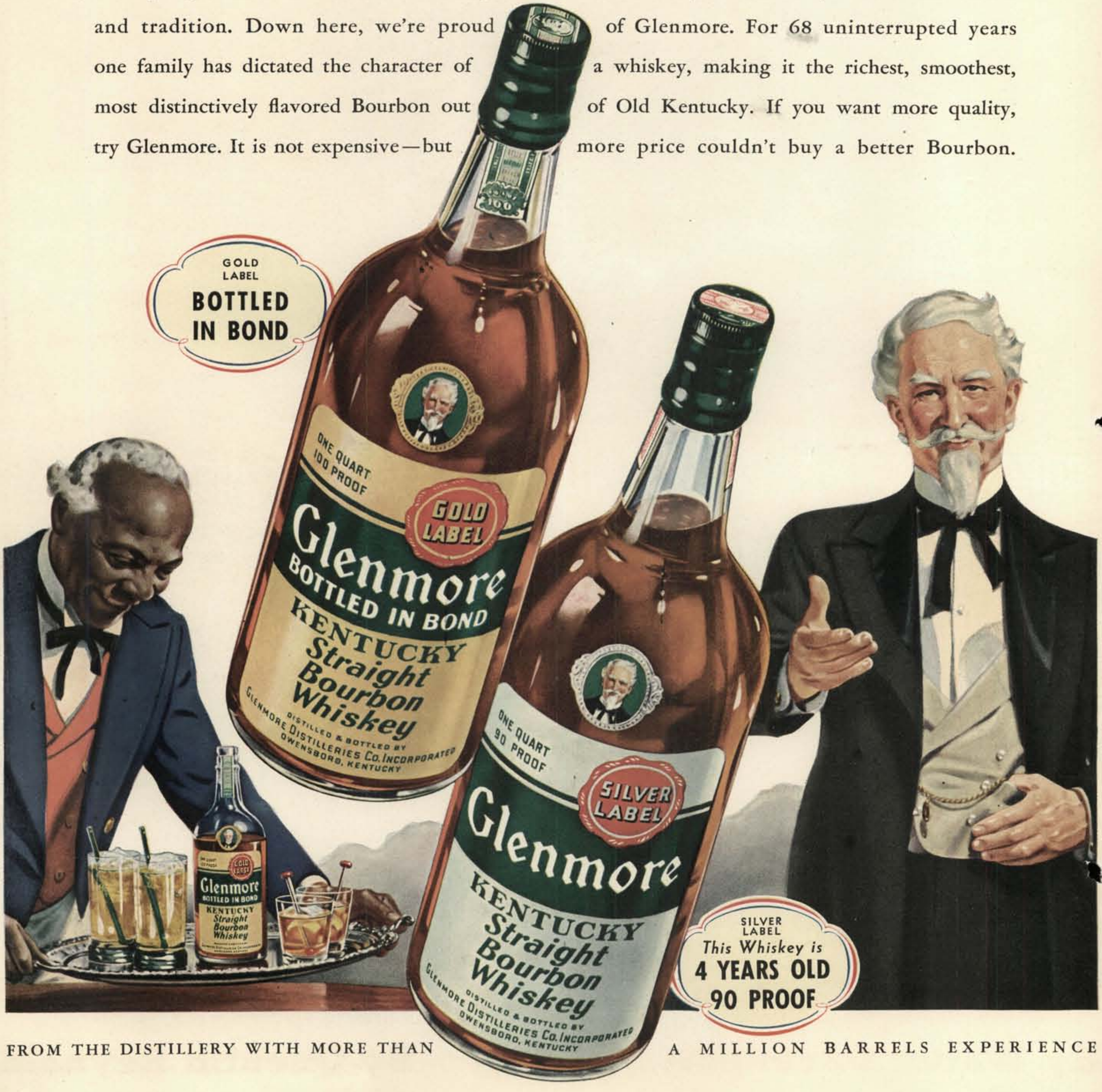
Oct. 26, 1940

Pour GLENMORE
..you get more

Yes, Gentlemen, I'll admit a quart is a quart and any man's 4-year-old whiskey can be bonded. But a pedigree alone won't make a thoroughbred out of a whiskey. Fine whiskey must have character and tradition. Down here, we're proud of Glenmore. For 68 uninterrupted years one family has dictated the character of a whiskey, making it the richest, smoothest, most distinctively flavored Bourbon out of Old Kentucky. If you want more quality, try Glenmore. It is not expensive—but more price couldn't buy a better Bourbon.


ONE QUART
100 PROOF
GOLD LABEL
Glenmore
BOTTLED IN BOND
KENTUCKY
Straight
Bourbon
Whiskey
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES Co. INCORPORATED
OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY
ONE QUART
90 PROOF
SILVER LABEL
Glenmore
KENTUCKY
Straight
Bourbon
Whiskey
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES Co. INCORPORATED
OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY

GOLD
LABEL
**BOTTLED
IN BOND**

SILVER
LABEL
This Whiskey is
**4 YEARS OLD
90 PROOF**

FROM THE DISTILLERY WITH MORE THAN A MILLION BARRELS EXPERIENCE

I'M SO WORRIED I COULD CRY, TED. IT MAY BE INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF
NOTHING TO CRY OVER, HONEY, MINE WAS TOO. AND YOU KNOW HOW QUICKLY LISTERINE HELPED ME.

combat INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF the new, pleasant way with *Listerine Antiseptic!*

Easy home treatment gets after distressing scales, cleanses and invigorates scalp as it kills millions of germs associated with the infectious type of dandruff.

If your scalp feels itchy, your hair seems full of scales, if annoying flakes shower down on coat collar or dress, look out. They may be a warning that infectious dandruff has started.

Heed this warning before the condition gets worse. Get started right now with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. This is the medical treatment that has shown such amazing results in a substantial majority of clinical cases and is used by thousands of people.

This treatment is as simple and easy as it is delightful. You simply douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on your scalp and hair and follow with vigorous and persistent massage. While a few delightful applications may help you, it is better to continue the treatment systematically morning and night.

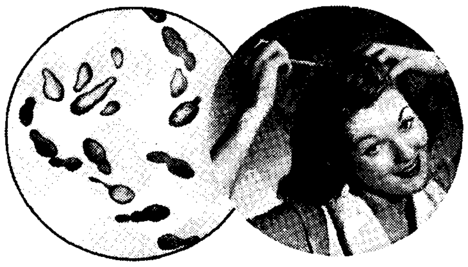
Listerine Antiseptic gives the hair and scalp an antiseptic bath. Those distressing scales begin to loosen and disappear. Your scalp feels healthier and more invigorated. And don't forget: Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of the germs on scalp and hair, including the queer parasite called the "bottle bacillus," recognized by outstanding dandruff specialists as a causative agent of infectious-type dandruff.

Countless people find that Listerine Antiseptic brings results that are truly amazing. Thousands of enthusiastic letters from all parts of the country testify to that. Their experience is corroborated by painstaking research work which showed the following impressive result:

In a clinical test, 76% of dandruff sufferers who used Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice a day, within a month showed complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff.

If you've got the slightest symptom of this trouble, don't fool around. Start immediately with Listerine Antiseptic. If you're smart, you'll buy the large size bottle of Listerine Antiseptic because you actually save money by so doing.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*



Pityrosporum Ovale, or "bottle bacillus," which often accompanies infectious dandruff.

THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp morning and night.

WOMEN: Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage with fingers or a good hair brush. Continue the treatment so long as dandruff is in evidence. And even though you're free from dandruff, enjoy a Listerine massage once a week to guard against infection. Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 50 years as a mouth wash and gargle.

WATCH YOUR CHILD'S SCALP! *Children are by no means immune from infectious dandruff. Inspect your children's scalps once a week and if there is any indication of itching, inflammation or scaling, which so often accompany the infectious type of dandruff, start right away with Listerine Antiseptic.*

Collier's

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THIS WEEK

OCTOBER 26, 1940

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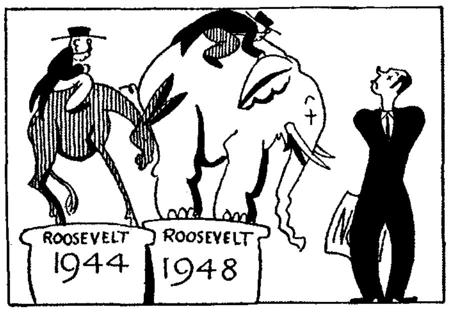
COVER JAY IRVING

ANY WEEK

SINCE we published that cablegram from Quentin Reynolds in London wherein he complained bitterly that although he had flown with the Royal Air Corps and sailed in British destroyer convoys, nothing happened while he was along, we've had a dozen letters from young men volunteering to be Mr. Reynolds' jinx. Several of them offer sworn testimony that they are doomsday's own children, breathing misfortune, magnets attracting disaster. With any of them along, Mr. Reynolds would be overwhelmed with enemy action. But since that cable, Mr. Reynolds has been bombed (mildly) and has been dragged from his bed (gently) because the house he lived in was on fire. He advises us that several bombs with his name on have fallen on his hotel and that he doesn't know what might have happened had he obeyed us and gone to bed early and got plenty of rest.

MR. BEN MELLON of Hollywood, California, wishes it understood that his political decision is not snap judgment. He has reviewed the situation and has come to the conclusion that one of this country's troubles is too many Roosevelts for the peace and comfort of the United States. They're always getting people stirred up. "T.R. started it," says Mr. Mellon. "Teddy always regarded public calm as a personal affront. The fellow was always calling folks liars, shaking big sticks, being dee-lighted and bellowing like a bull moose. The Navy was always going around in strange circles. His daughter Alice shocked all the better American mammas and his sons were always discovering funny things in Tibet. For a few years everything was calm, outside that war we played stooge in in 1918, and then more Roosevelts. I announce now that I will vote for no Roosevelt, Democrat, Republican, Progressive, male or female. If we're still having elections in 1944 and 1948, I'm voting for some guy who is deaf and dumb and who is opposed to doing good."



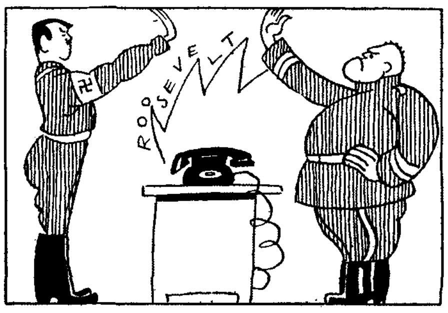
HOWEVER, we're much too busy with a chain letter we've just received from Mr. Larry R. Capes of Clearwater, Florida. "This chain letter," writes Mr. Capes, "was started in Reno in the hope of bringing happiness to tired businessmen. Unlike most chains this does not cost any money. Simply bundle up your wife or girl friend and send her to the fellow who heads the list. Then cross his name off, add your own and send copies to at least five male friends. When your name works to the top you will receive in return 15,167 gorgeous girls. Have faith. Do not break the chain. One man broke the chain and got his wife back."

WHILE we're in conference with our wife, our agents are investigating the activities of a journalist who, according to a newspaper clipping, sent to us by Miss Julia McCrudden of Jersey City, New Jersey, may still be sitting on the Channel cliffs at Dover, England. "The sky at the Channel coast," he writes, "seemed to be full of planes. . . . At one time this witness counted two hundred separate wisps of exhaust vapor."

OF COURSE he may have been assigned by his newspaper to hang around counting wisps from the exhausts of airplanes. But it must have been pretty disillusioning to a reporter eager to be a war correspondent in the grand tradition. We remember a piece that was written by a conservative journalist about the outfit we were being heroic in twenty-two years ago. "Our Pennsylvania troops," he wrote in a Philadelphia paper, "are acquitting themselves without discredit." Whereat he wrote almost two columns proving his bold assertion—with some difficulty too, we thought.

SEVERAL weeks ago we published a letter from Mr. E. L. Perry of the United States Forest Service. It should have said that the Service has planted 150,000,000 trees in that shelter belt that some day will extend from Canada to the Mexican border, down the Great Plains country. When the letter appeared somebody, probably a Republican, had edited the number down to 150,000. Mr. Perry now writes that he has gone over the project tree by tree and finds that there are exactly 163-948,484 of them. We know just how Mr. Perry feels. We, personally, have planted millions of trees around our house only to be edited down by nature or something. Only one survives —an old roadside birch that we yanked up one afternoon and replanted that evening near our front door. The creature is growing wildly, and soon will make it impossible to use the door. All the others have folded. Millions of them.

WE'VE just been talking to a writer who, some months ago, took a cottage in a community inhabited almost exclusively by writers. He is now a refugee from the colony, saying that it afforded him no privacy whatever. With him as the lone exception, all the authors were writing their memoirs. "Almost all of them," he told us, "discovered, after the first two chapters, that their lives didn't have enough action in them to fill a book. So they began stealing each other's lives, trying to interview each other with the hope of hearing something interesting and sticking it into their autobiographies. I was quite a victim. As I wasn't writing my memoirs they all worked on me. The result is that if any of these biographies are published there'll be a lot of me in them."



SOMEBODY, thinks Mr. Edmond Burke Dewsie of Boston, Massachusetts, is going to ruin this presidential campaign by injecting politics into it. Thus far, he finds, it consists solely in accusations and counter accusations of what a mistake it would be to elect either side. "But," concludes Mr. Dewsie, "perhaps we'd better take advantage of saying what we think while we may. I have a hunch that the time is not so far off when we're going to be told what we think and forbidden to talk about it. I'm not saying all that I think but I had a dream the other night that may give you a hint. I dreamed that Hitler and Mussolini were in conference, both talking at once and each trying to convince the other that he was the world's foremost dictator. An aide suddenly popped in, announcing that Mr. Roosevelt was on the phone. Whereat both shut up, snapped to attention, extended their right arms and yelled 'Heil.' "

MRS. S. S. VAN SCHYLDER of Albany, New York, notifies us that she was motoring through Cleveland, Ohio, returning from what we read as "a bear hunt." It doesn't matter, the point is that she saw a sign on a store reading: Al's Fashion Shoppe For Men Only. Brand New Fire Sale.

WE SHALL pass her letter along to Mr. Henry L. Jackson, our staff Fine Featherer. With it we'll send Mr. Jackson a letter we have from Mr. Kenneth Brodbeck of Chicago, Illinois. Mr. Brodbeck wants to know whether the garments advocated by Mr. Jackson are being worn now by members of Collier's staff. "The only Collier's guys I've ever seen are Flynn, Crichton, Courtney and Davenport and if those slugs are wearing flowered-chintz pants I want to come down and be the first to kiss them."

DARLING! . . . W. D.

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Curbstone Medical Advice

"That's the same kind of stomach trouble my husband had—why don't you do what his doctor advised?"...

"Anne's headaches were just like that, too—I'll tell you what Grace should do for hers . . ."

"It cleared up Johnny's throat in no time—I'm sure it will help Jimmy . . ."

How easy it is to get friendly, well-meant health advice! It is generously and sincerely offered over the luncheon table, the tea tray, the telephone, or on the street corner.

But how dangerous it can be!

For one person's stomach upset may result from over-eating . . . but another's from gastric ulcer. A headache may be due to eyestrain . . . or to sinus infection . . . or even to brain tumor. And while one youngster's sore throat may be ordinary tonsillitis . . . the next can be a deep-seated abscess . . . or the start of diphtheria.

▶ And the danger of diagnosis by uninformed, unqualified advisors doesn't stop there. Frequently people *with the same complaint* should be treated differently. Literally, one man's medicine may be another man's poison. One of the world's leading medical authorities says that each case of sickness should be considered as unlike any other.

Then . . . what *is* the right thing, the *safest* thing to do when trouble comes?

Get your advice from a physician!

His years of training and experience fit him better than anyone else to determine just what is wrong and what is the right treatment for *you*. It is unjust to put your druggist on the spot—don't ask him to act as your family physician. Get a doctor's advice *early*—for most of the common ailments known to man respond to treatment more promptly and more successfully when caught at the outset.

Remember—good intentions alone have caused too many tragedies. With good professional advice available, why take any chances with the kindliest of amateur "medical" advice?

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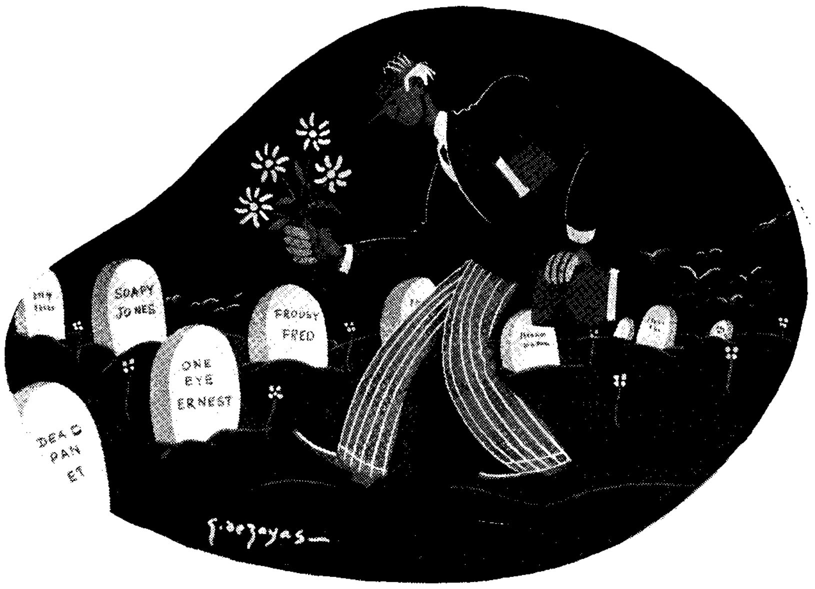

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

A writer of detective, gangster and wild-west stories maintains a unique cemetery on his ranch near Oceanside, California. It contains the "graves," with appropriate tombstones, of the scores of characters whom he has killed in his novels.—*By Arthur C. Potratz, Lock Haven, Pennsylvania.*

Still standing in a high pass of the Peruvian Andes is a monument to one of man's oldest and most incredible beliefs. It consists of two towers, built on opposite peaks, between which, many centuries ago, a primitive tribe hung a gigantic net and tried to catch the sun.

Many crops of North Atlantic oysters are spawned in one place, matured in another and fattened in a third, sometimes these locations being hundreds of miles apart. Moreover, the naming of oysters at times is governed by law. In New York State, for example, no oyster may be called a Blue Point unless it has been planted for at least three months in the waters of Great South Bay, Long Island.

Some years ago, an American life insurance salesman opened an office in Shanghai and, for some mysterious reason, it was jammed daily with clients clamoring for policies. One morning, a few months later, he found his office wrecked — by his policyholders — because the death of a client a few hours before had "proved he was a faker." The policies had been purchased in the belief that they were a guaranty against death.

In every 400-year cycle of our Gregorian calendar, the 13th of the month falls on Friday more often than on any other day of the week. —*By Clarence H. McMillan, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.*

The Chapbook of Tyll Eulenspiegel was probably the most famous book of jokes ever compiled. For more than four hundred years this collection of jests and comic tales was translated and published in a number of languages, among them being Bohemian, Danish, Dutch, English, French, Latin, Polish and Swedish.

Although the Delta & Pine Land Company of Scott, Mississippi, is the largest cotton plantation in the United States, owning and operating sixty square miles of cotton land, supporting more than a thousand Negro sharecropper families, it is a British-owned enterprise.

The Chinese tell fortunes by the lines in the feet, impose and collect taxes ten years in advance, have five directions—north, south, east, west and center—and make losers of games pay for their bad luck by taking a drink of liquor.

Dogs often eat as much if not more food than their masters because they have much larger stomachs, that of a 40-pound animal holding three times as much as that of a 150-pound man.—*By E. F. Weisbruch, Peoria, Illinois.*

Almost every Japanese bride wears, at her wedding, a silk sash over her forehead called a *tsuno kakushi*, or horn concealer, which is a symbol of her pledge to refrain forevermore from jealousy, animosity and disobedience.

From about 300 B. C. to the 19th century, countless debates were held on the question of whether the sex of a chicken was indicated by the shape of its shell—if males came from long eggs and females from round ones, or vice versa. Although these theories were exploded in 1804, the question still arises, as it did in an article in a 1936 issue of the Dairy Farmer of Ipswich, England.

One of the most unusual cases of hyperacusis, or abnormal acuteness of the sense of hearing, was that of a man who could hear the ticking of a watch at a distance of thirty feet, which is nearly twenty times farther than it can be heard by a normal person.—*By Dorothy Ritchie, Kentville, Nova Scotia.*

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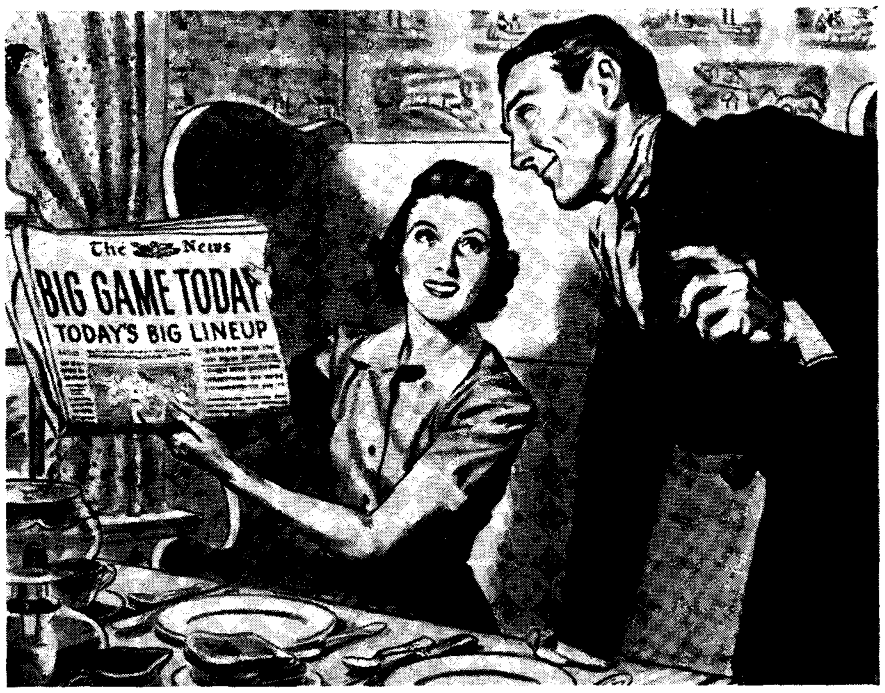
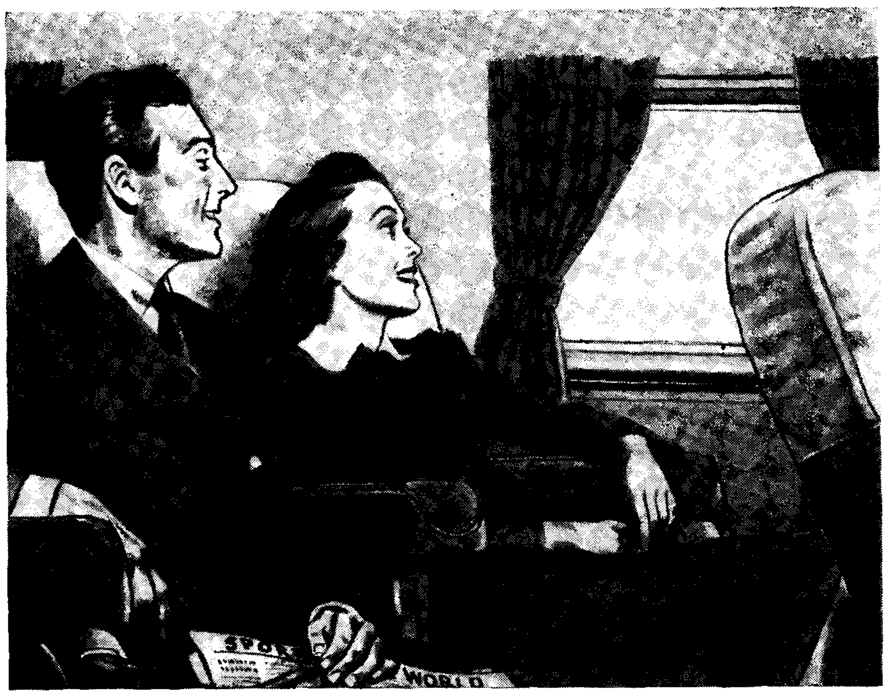
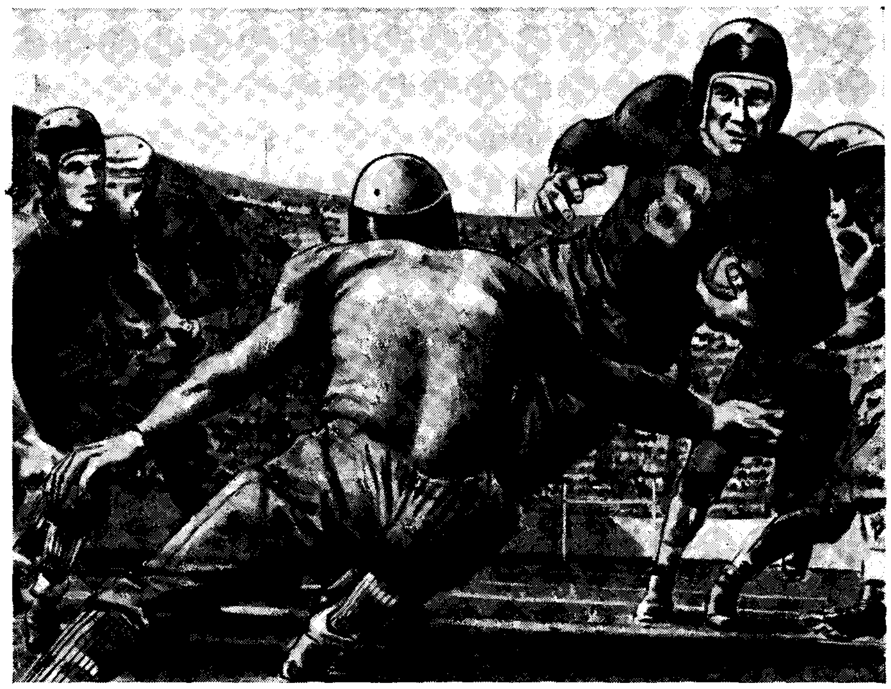
"...SO WE *FLEW* TO THE BIG GAME"



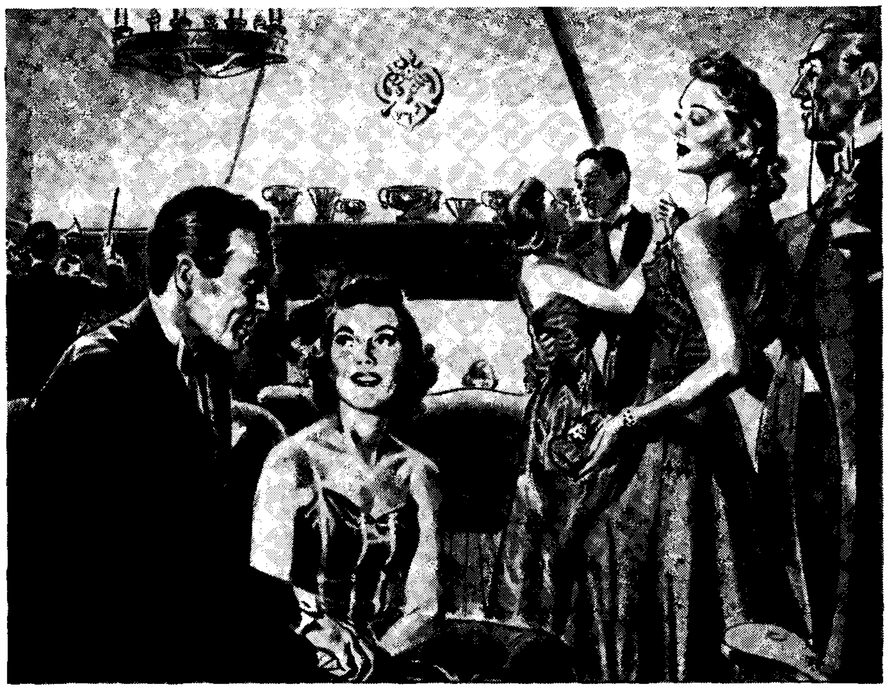
"**WE WERE TALKING FOOTBALL** at breakfast Saturday. Frank was simply wild to see his school team play—said it'd be the biggest game of the year. 'But it's almost 500 miles away,' he said, eyeing me quizzically, 'we can never make it—unless we fly!'"



"**FRANK HAS BEEN TRYING TO GET ME INTO THE AIR FOR AGES**—so we flew to the big game. I never enjoyed such wonderful travel in all my life—so relaxing and comfortable, such gorgeous scenery! We played bridge with another couple and had a perfectly delicious lunch."



"**EVEN DURING THE GAME** I could hardly believe it was true—that we could come so far in just a few hours. And had I been lounging in an easy chair at home, I couldn't have felt cleaner or more refreshed than when we stepped off the plane."



"**THAT NIGHT WE PARTIED** at Frank's fraternity into the wee hours. Next afternoon he showed me around the campus 'til plane time. Then we flew home, had a piping hot dinner on the plane, slept in our own beds that night. I've never spent a more perfect weekend in my life!"

SO SURPRISINGLY INEXPENSIVE!

You've been promising yourself to fly. Why not do it now, this fall? Fly to the big games this year—and have a wonderful time.

No matter where you live or where you want to go, you can be there in hours, overnight at the most—if you fly. And it's so clean and comfortable, so surprisingly inexpensive and easy to fly.

The airlines serve your city, or one not far away. Take the Airline limousine or drive to the airport in your own car. Step into that giant plane and soar away—on *every* trip you plan this fall.

No meals to buy, no tips to pay, none of the other many little expenses incidental to ground travel—when you fly.

Make your plane reservations now. Enjoy a pleasant weekend and fly home, feeling perfectly refreshed for Monday morning.

If you do, and *do it this year*, you'll understand why—on pleasure as well as on business—*It Pays to Fly!*

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Listen to the 1941 Philco radio, for instance. Tone is purer, richer, more gloriously true to life; selectivity is doubled; noise and cross-talk are reduced by 5 to 1; European short-wave reception is five times stronger, clearer and easier to tune. All this because of a brand-new circuit, invented by Philco engineers . . . and yours *only in a Philco!*

The Philco *Photo-Electric* Radio-Phonograph, also, presents an utterly new principle invented by Philco engineers. *Music on a beam of light!* The *scraping* steel needle is gone! Instead, a floating jewel *reflects* the music on a beam of light from a tiny mirror to a Photo-Electric Cell. No needles to change . . . record wear and surface noise reduced by 10 to 1 . . . glorious new purity of tone. It's the first basic improvement in record reproduction since the invention of the phonograph! *Only Philco has it!*

Your Philco dealer presents the sensational 1941 Philco now, in a great *Celebration Sale!* He offers liberal trade-in allowances, extra easy-payment terms and *Special Jubilee Offers.* It will pay you to visit him today!

PLAYS *ANY* PHONOGRAPH RECORD ON A *Beam of Light!*

Tilt-Front Cabinet—no lid to lift, no need to remove decorations, no dark, clumsy compartments. Only Philco has it!

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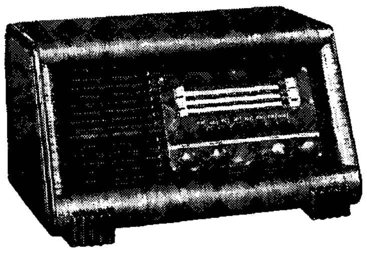

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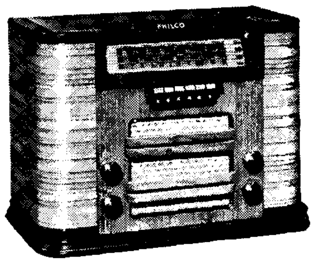

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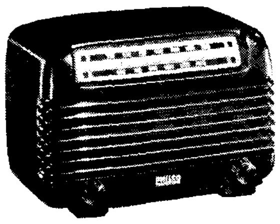

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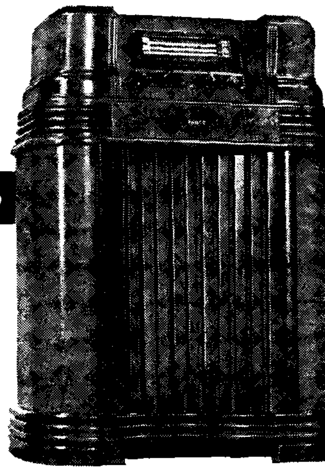

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY FOR OCTOBER 26, 1940

A Berth in Bermuda

By Richard Howells Watkins

After the crisis that drove him from home, the crisis that met him at sea was just a push-over

MR. GAGE would never have written that post card to the Secretary of War explaining how to defeat dictatorships if he had started for the Greek ship an hour later.

But he, who had followed the sea since early in his 'teens, couldn't board a ship just as she let go her lines even though he was sailing as a passenger. Besides, he was in wrong at home.

Mr. Gage kissed his wife goodby with real affection and his three-months-old son with simulated affection. His wife was watching him. No baby expert, Mr. Gage had few hopes of this peculiar organism.

If he reached Bermuda ahead of the ship he was joining as second mate, Will Gage meant to look at a baby. Any baby. For purposes of comparison. He had shut up at home after expressing doubts about his baby's looks and intelligence. His views had been received stormily. His wife was a mighty pleasant woman, ordinarily. He hoped for forgiveness later.

Not too cheerfully he rode through the dark streets of Brooklyn. He stumbled down the gray pier with his bag dragging at his lean arm.

The 'Poulos—he couldn't remember more—was dirty, rusty and sinister-looking. But passage in her was cheap. The baby could have his carriage.

Halfway down the pier Mr. Gage speeded up. Seagoing instinct told him this ship, due to sail in two hours, was about to let go. All hands were busy. He hustled aboard unnoticed.

At the spare cabin in the bridge house aft of the saloon he ran into Nick, ex-water-front waiter, who had tipped him off about this ship.

Nick stared with black eyes. "Cripes, sir, you shouldn't be on board," Nick whispered. "Listen, you better blow."

Gage grabbed Nick by the arm and jerked him into the room. "Go on!"

"I got it comin' for sellin' you this ship," said Nick. "Honest, I thought you'd save dough. I thought my uncle was oke or I'd never ha' signed on. But yesterday things changed. Uncle figured then he'd keep your passage money and the ship would be away before you showed."

He caught up Gage's bag. "You better scram, sir!"

Mr. Gage blocked the door. "Put it down!" he commanded. "What is this?"

"No cheap racket," said Nick. "I got a good mind to jump ship myself."

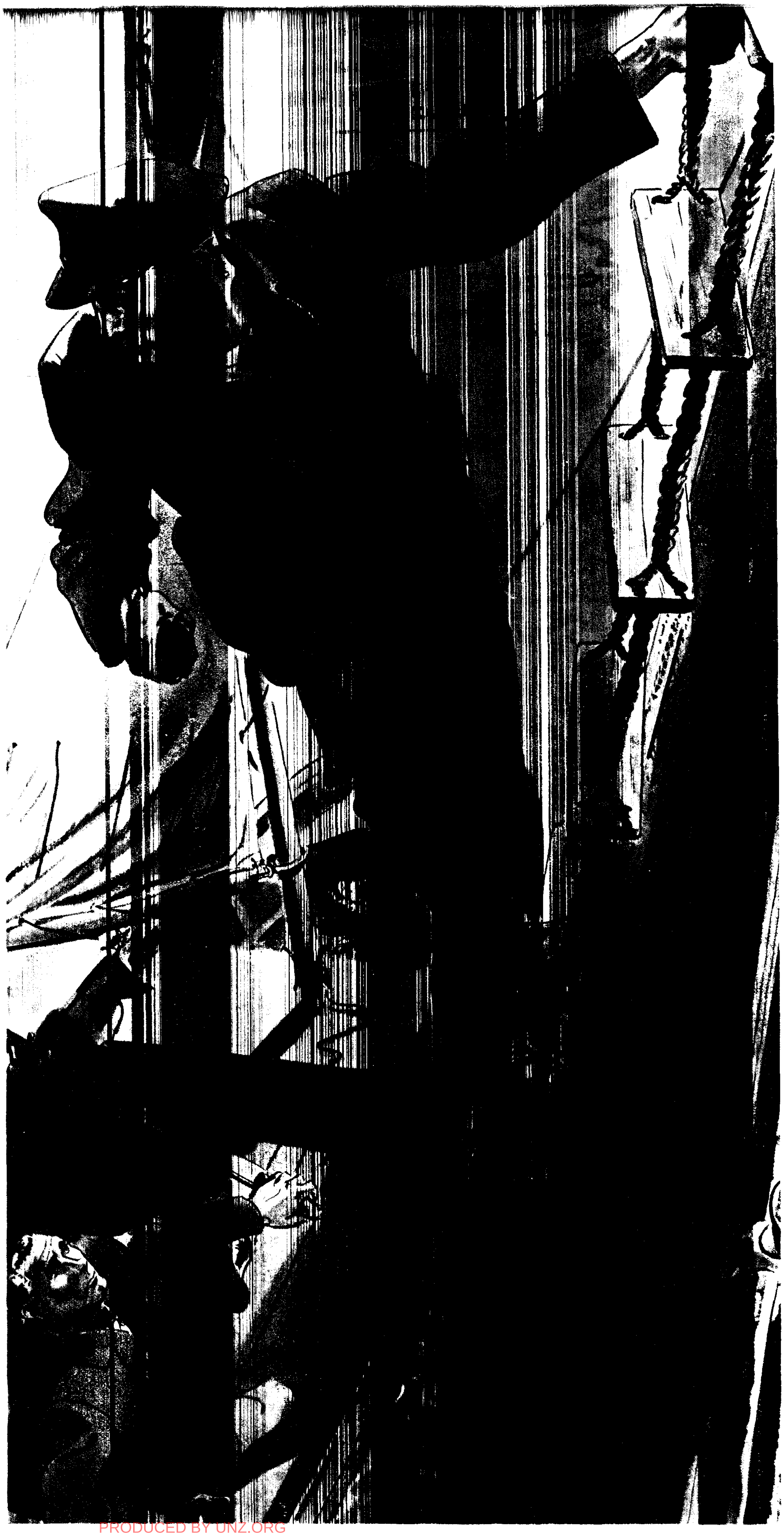
Under Mr. Gage's frown Nick's black eyes pleaded for understanding. "There's a bunch of Nazis around here," he muttered. "An' the mate—Niemoller—he's one, too." Gage frowned again.

"Cargo? Is this ship going to refuel German sub—"

"Nothing like that," Nick said. "All we got is building materials, cement, sand, crushed rock—"

"Guns?"

"No guns. An' we're bound for Bermuda. Straight. My uncle figures it's sabotage."



"Himmel!" cried Mr. Gage heavily. He descended rapidly. The man in the boat below was rasping questions at him. They sounded hostile

"I'll stay," Gage said. "The British can handle it."

Nick cocked his head. He peered out the porthole. "Gangplank's going—"

"I'm sailing," said Will Gage. "A berth in Bermuda, Nick, is a lot better than a birth at home."

Nick screwed up his face into sour apprehension.

"Gi' me a break, will you? I never saw you come aboard, see?"

Mr. Gage nodded. "Don't worry, Nick."

Nick went away. With whistle screaming the ship pulled out into the stream. Will Gage frowned.

"This jittery steward, grafting captain, Nazi mate—all trying to scare a fellow out of his second mate's berth. It ain't fair."

As if on the bridge he paced from wall to wall while the shaking ship grumbled her way seaward. Of a sudden he paused. His mind had hooked into an irrelevant fact. "Sand to Bermuda?" he asked himself. "That's what Nick said—cement, sand, crushed rock. The place is made o' sand an' coral."

He stared out his porthole. The 'Poulos had stopped to drop the pilot. The unbeautiful lightship was receding astern. She lunged over a long swell. In ten minutes he left his cabin. On deck aft of the bridge house he stood still, staring.

Two men were dragging out of the radio shack a big Greek with a headset still over his ears. The radioman was flailing with both arms, bawling angrily. The blond mate, Mr. Niemoller, stood motionless, watching. The two men pulled the radio operator close to the mate.

Promptly Mr. Niemoller clubbed him on the forehead with an automatic pistol.

THE Greek collapsed. One of his assailants, a young, sharp-featured man, calmly slid off the headset and entered the radio cabin. This lean, young fellow moved like an automaton.

Mr. Gage glanced astern. The shore of New Jersey had faded out. He ducked back into the bridge house, badly jolted. This called for a cop. But it was dawning on Mr. Gage that no cop could stop it. This, multiplied by millions, with death instead of injury, was war. The war had leaped out of the newspapers at him.

Gingerly he climbed part way up to the navigating deck. Captain Libano, a plump, dejected figure, was gnawing at his reddish mustache. Beside him, like guards, stood two men.

Somebody grabbed at Gage's legs. He jumped violently. It was only Nick, very scared.

"This ship's crawling with Germans," he whispered. "Niemoller let 'em out of Number Four hatch. Maybe twenty."

"Nazis," said Mr. Gage glumly. "I have trouble at home, and at sea I have Nazis. Are you fighting, Nick?"

"What's in it for me?" Nick demanded. "They've got the ship."

To Mr. Gage the war seemed no more sensible than a kid's game of cops and robbers. What he wanted to do was get to Bermuda and start his job of hauling stuff from people who wanted to sell it to people who needed it. That made sense.

"Know the game?" he demanded.

Nick shook his head. "The course is still Bermuda," he said. "Niemoller told me to spread the word that we're all buddies with 'em—as long as we obey."

"I want to know what they're going to do," Will Gage decided. "Nick, you stow me somewhere in this hooker."

"There's one storeroom down on the main deck they might miss," said Nick.

Swiftly he led the way. In a deserted alleyway he opened an iron door.

Mr. Gage sniffed with professional disdain at the neglected pile of riding sails, sea anchors and worn-out tarpaulins.

"Get my duffle," he said.

"Sure, sure," said Nick. He lingered. "I'm lookin' after you, Mr. Gage."

Despite his anxiety Gage grinned. This was a throwback from international conspirator to water-front waiter. He gave Nick a dollar, a sum they both regarded as handsome.

"I'll bring your stuff, Mr. Gage," Nick promised, and closed the door.

Among the sails Gage dug a hiding place. Then he stood behind the door gratings.

The ship was coming to life. Men—German seamen, by the look of them—were shepherding along the alleyway the polyglot crew. The bewildered sailors obeyed them sullenly.

Gage heard sounds forward. It took much peeping through the narrow grille to see all hands were removing tarpaulins and hatch covers from One and Two holds. Mr. Niemoller was superintending. The other Nazi in command, the tight-lipped young fellow who had taken over the radio, bossed a gang carrying forward bundles of long steel rods. Will Gage didn't like this taut, young man's stony face and glowing eyes. He didn't seem right. Niemoller, more of a human being, addressed him as Schnabel.

Some men were erecting a canvas screen along the side of the well deck. That didn't make sense. The winches hammered into action. They were worked hard and endlessly.

Later he heard the cough of a single-cylinder gas engine forward and the interrupted rattle of machinery. These were not normal ship's sounds.

For hours the machinery clattered. Gage caught glimpses of Niemoller. The new master of the ship was pleased with himself and the way things were going.

Of a sudden Mr. Gage heard a yell of fright close to his ear. Nick, with Gage's bag in his hand, struggled into sight. He was fighting to get away from Schnabel, who was hammering him with a pair of wire clippers. Suddenly Nick stopped dead. Schnabel had drawn a gun.

"You clod!" said Schnabel.

Nick was surrounded by other men. Niemoller broke through the ring.

Nick burst into explanations: "It belongs to the passenger who was left behind. I had as much right to it as the next guy."

Schnabel spoke again, with passionless precision.

"The stuff was spread out in a cabin," Niemoller said. "My lieutenant saw. You were taking it somewhere. Where is this passenger? Speak fast!"

NICK moved uneasily. Schnabel stooped, picked up his wire clippers and looked at Niemoller. Nick opened his mouth.

Mr. Gage sighed and kicked open the door. He walked out. Even as he faced Niemoller his eyes took in the well deck. The coughing machine behind the screen was a concrete mixer. It was surrounded by piles of sand and crushed stone. They had been pouring the concrete down a chute into Number One lower hold.

"I am the passenger," Gage said to Niemoller. "I'm an American ship's officer joining ship at Bermuda. When your mutiny—"

Niemoller looked him over. Schnabel's eyes bored like ice picks. "An American ship's officer," Niemoller broke in with a touch of mockery. "Why should an American ship's officer be afraid of us?"

Will Gage gulped. "I'm not," he said. "The reason—"

"You were protecting your neutrality in there," Niemoller said, flinging a hand at the sail room and looking at Schnabel for applause. Schnabel did not laugh. "After all, why should not an American ship's officer be afraid of us?"

Mr. Gage took recourse in silence, an infrequent maneuver. Schnabel was going through his bag. He looked suspiciously at a book on babies that Mr. Gage had brought to see if anything could be done about his own infant.

Niemoller, with a barked command, sent his men to work. "You will go back to your hiding place," he said. "This time we will make you safer with a padlock outside."

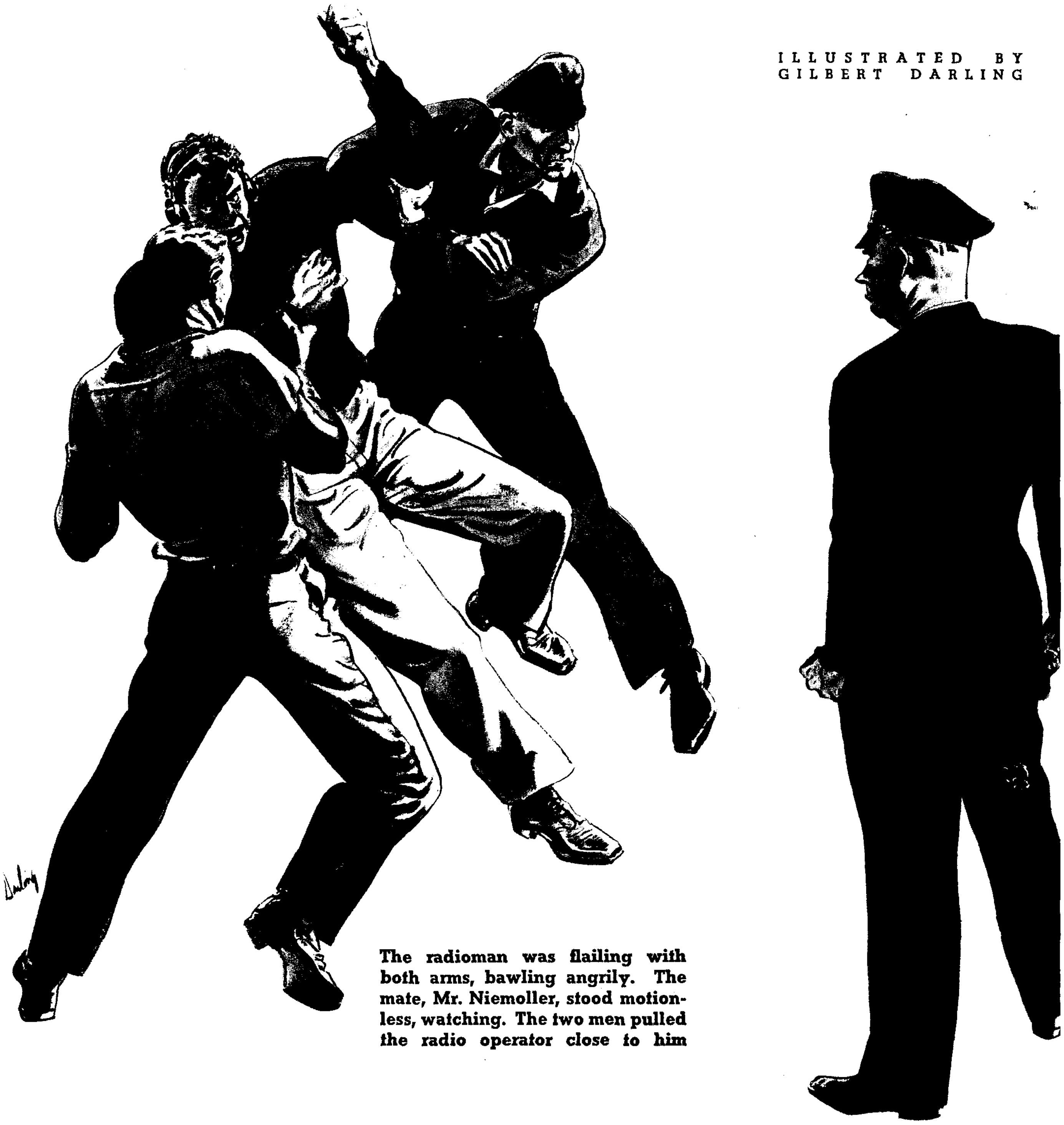
Will Gage stood still. "What's going on?" he asked.

"Not American business," Niemoller said. He pointed to the sail locker. "Go read about yourself in your baby book. Leave men's work to us."

Babies were a sore spot with Mr. Gage. "It's your blasted war that's not men's work," he said. "Building up is

(*Continued on page 32*)

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING



The radioman was flailing with both arms, bawling angrily. The mate, Mr. Niemoller, stood motionless, watching. The two men pulled the radio operator close to him

Mr. Willkie's Chances

By Walter Davenport

ILLUSTRATED BY REA IRVIN

With numb feet and ringing ears the politically acute Mr. Davenport returns from the Grand Tour convinced that the Republicans' chances would vastly improve if the party were as courageous and tireless as its candidate

MR. WILLKIE, his chest aheave, his mouth aroar, looking like a dandruff ad, has almost finished warning you to beware of that third-term pit. His voice is harsh with honesty. His sincerity's a bludgeon. He preaches renovation and bids you beware of innovation. He's a composite of Jeremiah, Benjamin Franklin and an honorable Huey Long. He's a one-man big top—band, parade, menagerie and all except the audience.

In his audience sitting beside you, their mouths agape like yours and wondering, like you, what will happen next, are the erstwhile bosses of the Republican party. In other years they'd have been part of the show. They'd have known what he was going to say, having told him. He cries Damn and You Guys in the stockyards and down on the docks. He talks like a scholar at the banquet table. He shouts muscular Christianity in the pulpit. He's Wendell Willkie's Willkie and the hell with the consequences. You can take him or leave him and he's asking you to do just that. You're about to make your decision—send him to the White House or back to Wall Street.

And yonder in Washington sits Mr. Roosevelt, another one-man show, playing the presidency like an old master at the cathedral console. Time and hypnotic charm have lent him inscrutability. He is hated and loved as no President since Lincoln. You can't be sure what he wants most—Hyde Park with its woods and books or four years more of power. His speech is as slick as the white of an egg. He purrs persuasion. You may doubt his sincerity but never his courage. He says nothing he hasn't said for eight years but millions hold their breath as he speaks. And listening with you are the dreamers, the flashlight minds, the herald angels and the spavined old truck horses of democracy whom he has welded together into a political party.

He has broken almost every American political tradition except the third term and the Fourth of July. It's up to you about the first, and the second will have to take its chances. It's a fight between the slam-bang fullback and the chess master. The rest of us, from senator to scrubwoman, can pay our money and take our choice. And then (My Friends, You Guys) hang onto your seats. We're about to take some awfully sharp curves.

Expert vs. Amateur

Both of them have thrown convention (and conventions) into the ash can. Both overshadow what's left of their parties, reducing what once were sturdy vehicles to mere trailers. Mr. Willkie says that he represents a trend—a political trend. Mr. Roosevelt rode a trend to the presidency—a social and economic trend. Both treat their campaign associates as hired men. They're both lawyers, Mr. Willkie the more successful in practice.

Mr. Roosevelt is the practical politician in a major prophet's robe. His background is patrician, his training gentle, his hands innocent of toil badges. Mr. Willkie is a practical businessman who came up the hard way. He quit a $75,000 job in an industry that acknowledged him its leader to fight for another $75,000 job that many good men have made a botch of and that is now, more than ever before, the most exacting in the world. In private enterprise Mr. Willkie might well be Mr. Roosevelt's boss, having proved his genius where Mr. Roosevelt's success was indifferent. But at politics Mr. Roosevelt's the master and Mr. Willkie the tyro. The President has long since learned political expediency; his opponent is just learning.

Mr. Willkie, drafted by an unwilling but leaderless Republican party from the office of the president of the Commonwealth and Southern Corporation, claims a liberalism almost as broad as Mr. Roosevelt's but earthier, more substantial, more becoming to old principles. He says that he would preserve most of Mr. Roosevelt's accomplishments but administer them practically, with both hands instead of the left only.

It is not the first time that he and the President have met in battle. Mr. Willkie fought Mr. Roosevelt's Tennessee Valley Authority and its electric-power policy. He has inveighed with characteristic fury against government-owned power plants, lines and government prices where they interfered with private rivals. But he would not, he maintains, if elected, destroy the TVA nor the purposes of the great new federal power projects in the Columbia River Basin—Bonneville in Oregon and Grand Coulee in Washington.

The Despair of the Old Guard

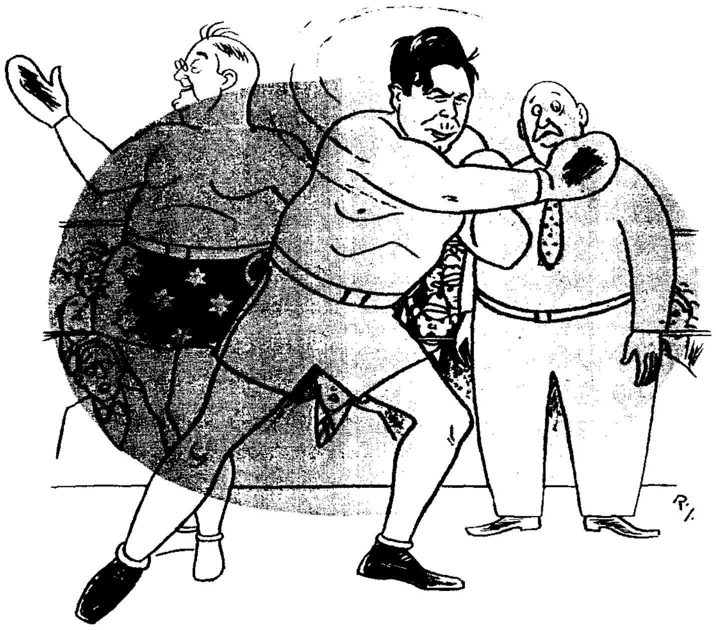
Mr. Willkie has broken many hoary precedents in business but regards public and political tradition as sacred. Like Mr. Roosevelt he covets power, is intolerant of interference, is not easy to advise, is the egotist that all successful men must be, and in action, thought and word is frequently unpredictable. They have so many things in common and Mr. Willkie has concurred in so many of Mr. Roosevelt's policies that he has been called the Rich Man's Roosevelt. Yet there is no proof that, as President, he would be a Rich Man's President. He has almost broken the hearts of a number of Old Guard Republicans because he will not be the voice of their blind personal hatred of the President. As President he might also break their backs.

As a candidate he is the victim of the old and now powerfully organized belief that nothing good can come out of Wall Street. And yet he represents the end of the Republican party's principles as upheld by its old bosses and control—the Hannas, the Aldriches, the Penroses, Cannons, Hardings, Coolidges and Hoovers. He scorns their current pallid successors. His principles, tactics and utterances would have driven many of them to weep into their bourbon. He'd have slain Penroses and Cannons in mid-campaign. They might have nodded approval when he said: "This is not a political campaign; it is a crusade for the preservation of the American way of life." They'd have said that themselves; in fact they did. But we tremble to think of their suffering as, rejecting their advice, he'd have said (as he has), "I don't have to be elected President but I have to live with myself."

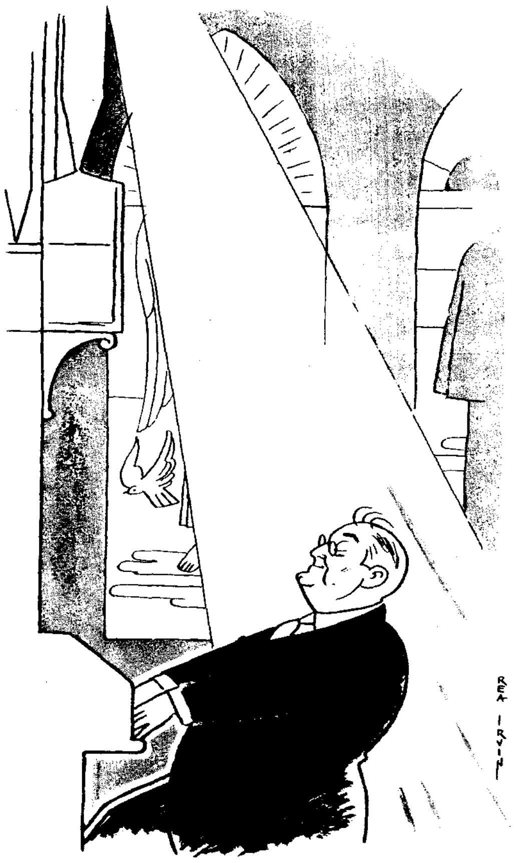
Mr. Penrose's comment probably would have been what he said to the Honorable Martin Brumbaugh who, as the organization's candidate for governor of Pennsylvania, balked at several highly malodorous orders. "Oh, for God's sake, Martin," sighed Mr. Penrose, "remember you're our candidate. Do you want to have even the poor laughing at you?"

He denies being a politician, not that any serious person has made the accusation. He prefers to be regarded as a businessman lately turned political philosopher. However well that may sound in private conversation or read in print, there are numerous Republicans and industrialists who would be happier if he were more of the practical politician, not merely because it would help him as a candidate but because they regard it as essential that a politician man the White House if Congress is to be shepherded back to "The American way of life." What they want is a stanchly Republican Roosevelt.

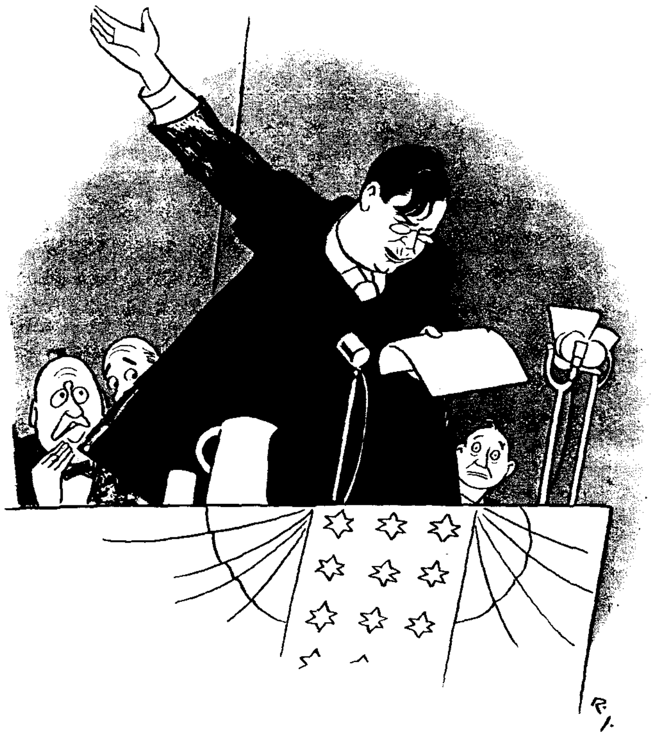
Too, the feeling is growing that it will be easier to elect a Republican House of Representatives than a Republican President. Such at least are the surface indications. There may be *(Continued on page 63)*



Mr. Willkie insisted on wading in and slugging, only to find that he was swinging wildly at the big man who wasn't there



Mr. Roosevelt in this campaign is another one-man show, playing the presidency like an old master at the cathedral console



Every time Mr. Willkie referred to "That fellow in the White House" the groans of his advisers could be heard for miles

Ilka Chase and her husband, Bill Murray. Between her theater, radio and fashion-film jobs, Ilka has little time for such homey scenes

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

Hungarian for Helen

By Henry F. Pringle

Ilka Chase is an expert at making catty remarks — so good that she got herself typed and then there weren't enough mean parts for her

DURING a historic eighteen months that began in December, 1936, Ilka Chase was an unadulterated hellcat for eight performances a week, and this had an unfortunate effect on her career. Indeed, it nearly marked the end of her as an actress.

The hellcat job was, of course, the part of Sylvia Fowler in Clare Boothe's highly unpleasant tribute to womanhood, The Women. Miss Chase put so much realism into her portrayal of La Fowler that audiences would go out plotting ways to murder her. The loathing of Ilka spread across the footlights. That is, people in restaurants would stare and mutter.

All this was disconcerting, but not highly important. Ilka's mother still loved her and so did her friends. The bad thing was that producers, as well as the general public, got mixed up. Miss Chase was stamped as the girl who played one of the meanest parts in the history of the modern stage. Comparably nasty roles did not materialize and for a solid two years, except for an excursion or two to Hollywood, she was out of a job.

Hollywood was a degree better than being unemployed, but not much. Miss Chase was bored by the incessant talk about pictures. She found that one of her main gifts as an actress—the ability to put across crisp or biting or humorous lines—was wasted. Somehow in the hurly-burly the point of a typical Chase crack would be eliminated. Ilka became the girl whose voice was dropped on the cutting-room floor.

In one epic, for example, she was a society girl with a flair for making mean remarks. The script had a sequence in which she was asked about another girl who was something of a public nuisance. Where had she gone?

"She had a bad cough," Ilka replied, "so I imagine she's gone to a concert or the theater."

The scene was shot that way, but when Miss Chase saw the film she found the line had been cut to merely, "She's gone to a concert or the theater," which was pointless. Things like that constantly happened. She was put in a number called Stronger than Desire which the cast called Stranger than Desire when they got some idea of its curious flatness. At the recollection of this picture Miss Chase shudders.

Ilka stood Hollywood for over a year and then returned to New York where she continued to fret about getting a stage job. Her jinx broke last spring. Daringly, the Shubert Brothers hired her for their musical, Keep Off the Grass, although she had never played in one. Her luck then changed completely. She became the mistress of ceremonies for a weekly radio program called Luncheon at the Waldorf in which she scintillates brightly about the trivia of New York's smart set. She was engaged as commentator for the technicolor fashion shorts produced by Vyvyan Donner. So Miss Chase's bank account is soaring and she is an extremely busy girl instead of one with visions of the WPA and a park bench. Betweentimes she runs a pleasant household in New York for her husband, William B. Murray. She rattles around the night clubs getting material for her radio program and is active on a committee of stage and screen stars who knit socks and other essentials for the British armies.

It has long been Ilka's sad fate to have her private life confused with her stage characterizations. Her first important part was when she was engaged for the role of an addled society girl in The Animal Kingdom in 1932. Then, she was so convincing as an alcoholic blueblood that the men who took her out after the theater either refused to buy her a drink or kept a nervous count of the number of cocktails imbibed. This was the first of a long series of catty parts, so Ilka was put down as being one of those feline girls.

"Cordially, Ilka"

This wasn't fair. Normally she is amiable and friendly, although she can fight energetically with managers who don't do right by her and she occasionally shows her claws to other people, too. Her first marriage, to Louis Calhern, the actor, was dissolved after only six months. Ilka appears to have concluded that her ex-husband was on the fickle side. He was married almost immediately, in any event, to Julia Hoyt. Going through her desk, not long afterward, Ilka came across some calling cards engraved "Mrs. Louis Calhern." She wrapped them and mailed them to her successor.

"Dear Julia," purred an accompanying note, "I hope these reach you in time. Cordially, Ilka."

Another time her weakness for wisecracks came close to scuttling part of the British navy. In the summer of 1934 Miss Chase went to Bermuda with Maria Mannes, a close friend. In due time the girls had made themselves very much at home on the islands and were a source of absorbed interest to the younger officers at the Bermuda naval station.

The navy and the girls were swimming in a pool one day when an extremely large lady, wearing a white rubber bathing suit, splashed heavily off the diving board. Ilka's brown eyes studied the expanse of female posterior which floated like an island in the pool.

"If I planted an American flag on that," she observed to the lieutenant at her side, "I could claim the territory for the United States."

What Ilka Chase has been able to do as a commentator for fashion films is another indication of her talents. Normally, nothing is duller than a screening of what the well-dressed woman will—perhaps—wear. Bored, self-conscious models switch their hips and revolve languidly in front of the camera. The Vyvyan Donner films are fun, though. Miss Chase actually gets fan letters from men who have seen and liked them, and this is because she is a perfectionist. When she went to the studio to make the recording for her first fashion short she threw away the script that had been written for her and substituted one of her own.

She has written her own ever since, although she is paid nothing extra for this work.

Ilka's note is to kid the slacks, so to speak, off the models. I saw one short that was a preview of summer beach fashions. Behind the glitter arose Ilka's amused, faintly sardonic voice. In one shot a girl wearing a kind of Tahitian-sarong job approached close to a swimming pool, gazed into its azure depths and then walked away.

"It looked for a moment," observed Miss Chase, "as though Mary Jane

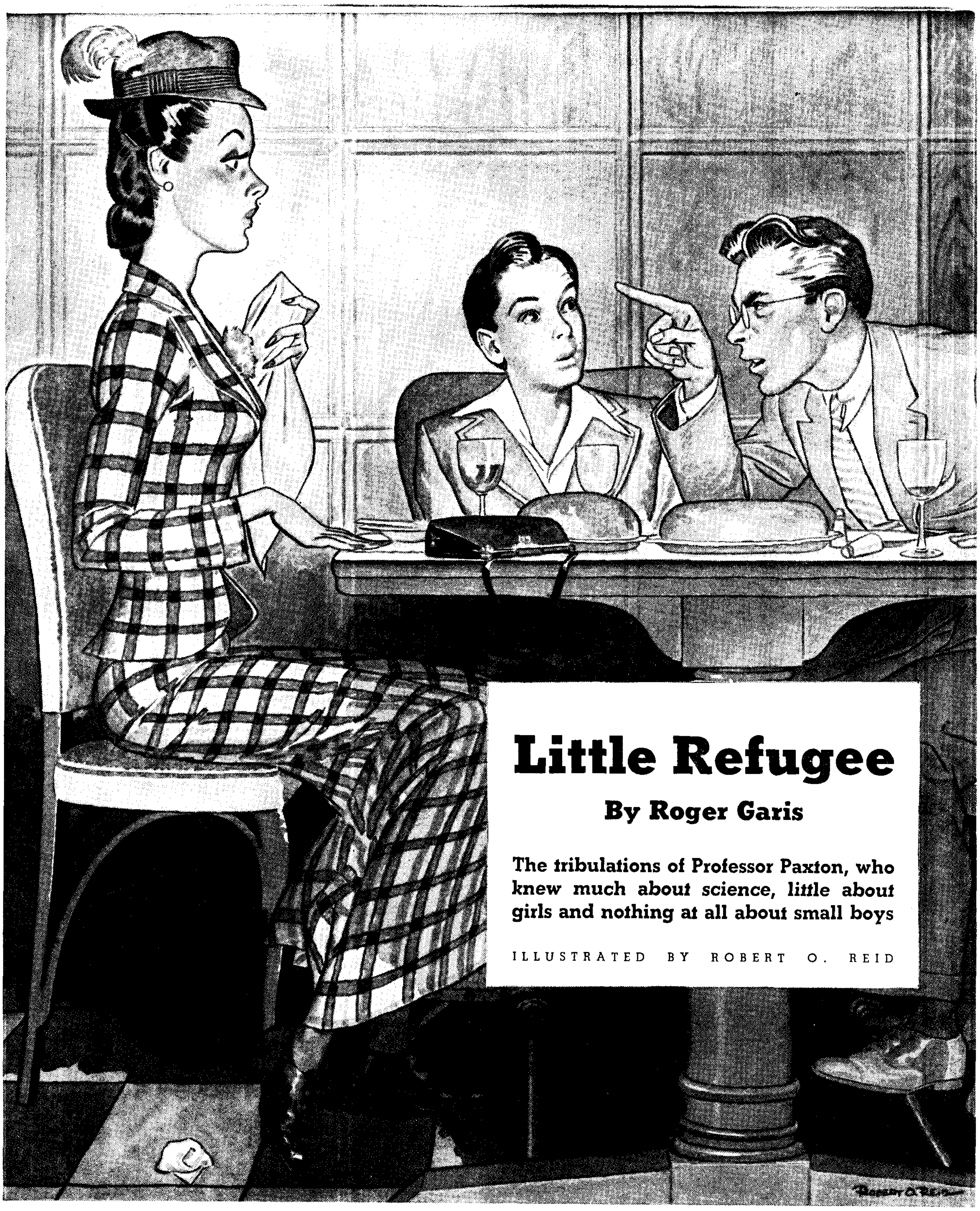
(Continued on page 62)

Little Refugee

By Roger Garis

The tribulations of Professor Paxton, who knew much about science, little about girls and nothing at all about small boys

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID



"Will you tell me," Willard said clearly, "why in heaven's name you insist on those horrible clothes?"

AS THE three special cars carrying English refugee children pulled into the yards of the New Haven Railroad that sultry late-summer evening, Willard Paxton stared at the laughing, gleeful faces pressed against the train windows and felt his last hope go into a nose dive. Even though they were offspring of Oxford University faculty members, they were neither subdued nor dignified. So far as he could see they were just like any other kids, and one of them in his house would probably raise hell.

This preview decision was amply justified when the train doors were opened and the children began descending to earth in yelling groups, like miniature parachutists who had wriggled out of their chutes in an excess of exuberance. News cameramen who had counted on shots of "Tiny Victims of Threatened Blitzkrieg First Set Foot on American Soil" were disappointed. These kids didn't act like victims, they acted more like a blitzkrieg itself.

Cursing the insistence of his Aunt Bertha, who determined that as associate professor of chemistry it was his duty to follow the example of other Yale faculty members and take one of the children, Willard was about to turn aside and resign himself to a researchless summer when he caught sight of a lad of twelve or thirteen who stood apart from his cavorting companions. Solemn-faced, serious-eyed, this boy seemed definitely more in keeping with Willard's conception of what an Oxford don's son should be. Aware of a sudden surge of hope that if he took this youngster he might still continue his work on quantity production of indium, Willard approached the boy.

"Hello," he said.

The youngster looked up. The grave expression did not change. "How do you do?" he said.

"Er—fine, thanks," said Willard. "Did you have a good trip from Montreal?"

"Yes, quite pleasant, thank you," the boy declared. He glanced around, as though searching for someone, and then swiftly fixed his gaze again on Willard, obviously recalling that it was not polite to look away while conversing.

"Lose someone?" Willard asked.

"My sister," the youngster replied. "She was about a moment ago. I suppose she is seeing to transportation."

"Yes—yes, I suppose so," Willard said, conscious of a slow leakage in his sense of superiority. "She came with you all the way from England—I mean your sister?"

"Yes. There were twenty-five adults. All but my sister are mothers of other children. My mother is dead. My sister keeps house for my father and me at Oxford. My father is professor of Latin at Merton College, Oxford University."

"I see—I see," Willard murmured. "That's very nice. I—I teach chemistry. Perhaps if you haven't settled on any place to stay you might—"

"Here is my sister now," the boy asserted.

WILLARD saw approaching a girl dressed in what looked to Willard like a tweed blanket. Actually it was a tailored suit, modeled on English lines. She wore a shapeless felt hat of a horrible chocolate-brown color, low-heeled walking shoes, and about her neck was a watch suspended by a black ribbon. Willard could not see her stockings, for the dress came almost to her ankles, but he was certain they were of heavy cotton, and of some drab color.

The most devastating part of all this was that the girl was the prettiest thing Willard had seen in his thirty-two years of life.

Hurrying toward the lad Willard had been talking to, the girl bent over him quickly, straightened his necktie—which to Willard had seemed perfectly straight before, and then said in a precise, clipped English voice: "We are being taken to the Children's Center in buses, Robert. The buses are chartered. Later we will be taken to the Divinity School and sheltered there, until the quarantine period is ended. Do you wish a drink of water before we start?"

"Thank you, no, Cecile," replied Robert.

"Or anything else? Do you wish anything else, Robert?"

"I'm quite all right, Cecile," Robert said.

Willard, still slightly under the spell of that first interview with Robert, now took a deep breath and stepped forward.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "My name is Willard Paxton—I am a member of the university faculty. If there is anything I can do to assist you—"

The girl turned her gaze upon him, a level, calm gaze from wide-spaced sea-blue eyes.

"Thank you," she said, "but I am sure everything is being done for us. Robert, dear, you are not standing quite straight. Keep your shoulders back. British, you know."

"Yes, Cecile," Robert answered, and stiffened.

Willard realized that his face was growing crimson. There was no doubt of the girl's intention—she might as well have said: "Will you mind your own business, please?" In the wake of Willard's confusion engendered by this deliberate slight there followed a natural anger. Who did she think she was, anyhow—this ridiculously garbed female? Was it considered good form in England to insult one's host—because after all, the Yale faculty *were* hosts to these children and their relatives who had fled from Britain to escape the war. Or did she have some notion that Willard was lying—that he was not really a faculty member, but only some fellow trying a pickup?

He determined to give her one more chance.

"I was speaking to young—er—Robert," he said, "and suggested that if no other arrangements had been made, he might like to stay at my house. That is what we faculty members are doing, you know. We are taking the children of the Oxford faculty for the duration of the—"

"Yes, I know," said the girl. "I'm sure it is very kind of you. But my father wishes me to remain with Robert. I have twenty pounds for living expenses. I believe that will be sufficient, so that we will not have to accept—the kindness of the faculty. Come, Robert. There are the buses."

This time there could be no doubt of

(Continued on page 66)

Suicide Circuit

By C. M. Black

Rodeo performers are unlike any other amateurs in sport. They risk their lives for a little prize money and a title, paying their own expenses and entry fees. But there are thrills aplenty; that's what they like

It's a tough and grueling game, riding in the rodeos. Here, Bill Calahan gets in training for his tour about the circuit

GLENN DAVIS

THE last night of last year's rodeo, Madison Square Garden was packed. The barebacked bronco contest had been run and the cowboys had done some roping; there had been a mounted basketball game, and cowgirls had done some clever riding. Now there was an anticipatory silence as the loud-speaker announced the saddle bronco-riding contest. After twenty-eight days of competition six cowboys were so closely matched that any one of them could win. It isn't dangerous to ride a bronco without a saddle, but with a saddle you're supposed to stick on and keep your feet in the heavy stirrups and that isn't as easy as sitting in a rocking chair.

The chutes were at the east end of the Garden. Behind them were the corrals where the broncos stayed until it was time to lead them into the chute. A chute is a fenced enclosure about seven feet high, eight feet long and three feet wide. Now these broncos were led, pushed and cajoled into the chutes, and saddled. These were the toughest horses in the show; they had been kept for the final night. I was down there by the chutes with Harry Knight. When a cowboy was mounted Harry would say, "Ready?" If the cowboy was ready he'd nod his head or yell, "Let 'er go, Harry!" Then the gate would swing open and the horse would roar out.

How to Ride a Bronc

Two things are important in riding a bucking bronco with a saddle. First is the grip you take on the rein, which is actually a heavy rope halter. If you grab the rope too near the horse's head, he'll throw his head down and you'll go over his head. If you hold the rope too far back he's apt to toss his head up sharply, you'll lose your balance and tumble off backward. The second important thing is to get into rhythm with the horse immediately. If you become part of his motion so that you synchronize with his leaps and so that you absorb the jolting when he lands, as he absorbs it, then you're all right.

Eight of the cowboys had done their stuff. The last man was up now, and Harry Knight and I peered through the white boards of the fence.

"This is Hell's Angel, a good horse," Harry said.

The horse was large, about twelve hundred pounds. His eyes were flecked with red glints and he was trembling a little.

"He doesn't look like a good horse to me," I said to Harry.

"When I say good horse I mean tough horse," Knight laughed. "He's a terror, this Hell's Angel. He's a buckin' fool. No one's been able to stay on him this show but Paul Carney, and there's nothing he can't stay on."

The cowboy who was to ride Hell's Angel started to climb the fence to mount the horse. On his chaps were emblazoned the letters W. W.

"Who's this, Harry?" I asked. "Walter Winchell?"

Harry laughed. "Hey, Ward, meet a friend of mine. This is Ward Watkins from Colorado. Ward, give him a good ride like you did at Phoenix that time."

Watkins, darkly handsome, grinned and said: "Sure, Harry, I'll ride him dizzy."

He climbed into the saddle and grabbed the halter. He settled himself, trying to get into the rhythm of the horse.

Three judges mounted and looked toward the chute. Each rider must stay on ten seconds. Form counts as well as ability. The three judges were Earl Thode of Casa Grande, Texas, former All-America cowboy champion; Leo Murray of Fort Worth, Texas, another champion; and Herman Linder of Alberta, one-time champion of Canada.

The three judges looked toward Harry and Harry called, "All set, Ward?"

Ward Watkins grinned, flipped his cigarette away, and called cheerfully, "Let 'em ride."

As the gate swung open the horse dashed out and gave a tremendous leap forward and upward. His head came down and Ward fell forward on his neck. Another surge upward and another and now Ward had slipped out of the saddle but his left foot stayed in the stirrup.

Ambulance Call

The three judges tore after the bronco. The horse was still bucking and between bucks was galloping madly and dragging Ward Watkins. The three judges on horses tried desperately to head Hell's Angel off, but he swerved this way and that and now a hundred cowboys, some on foot and others on horses, had run out and had surrounded Hell's Angel. Finally by their sheer weight of numbers they stopped him.

Two men in white hurried out with a stretcher. Interns from the near-by Polyclinic Hospital are always at the rodeo. Someone in the crowd screamed, the rest of us stood there frozen. I looked down and there at my feet was the cigarette that Ward Watkins had so casually flipped away, still smoking.

The stretcher was carried out, and Harry Knight and I walked to the side of the arena and started for the lobby. A white-faced photographer whose eyes were dull said: "That's a tough way to earn a buck."

We walked through the chute. A cowboy was leaning against the corral fence, doubled over a little as though he had been hit in the stomach. He said to no one in particular, "I'd have given two years' pay not to have seen that."

Outside we met Twain Clemens, once a great contestant and now half owner of the rodeo. His face was grim.

I said, "Twain, why not get that horse and shoot it?"

He looked surprised. "I never thought of that," he said, slowly.

Harry Knight said flatly, "Wasn't the

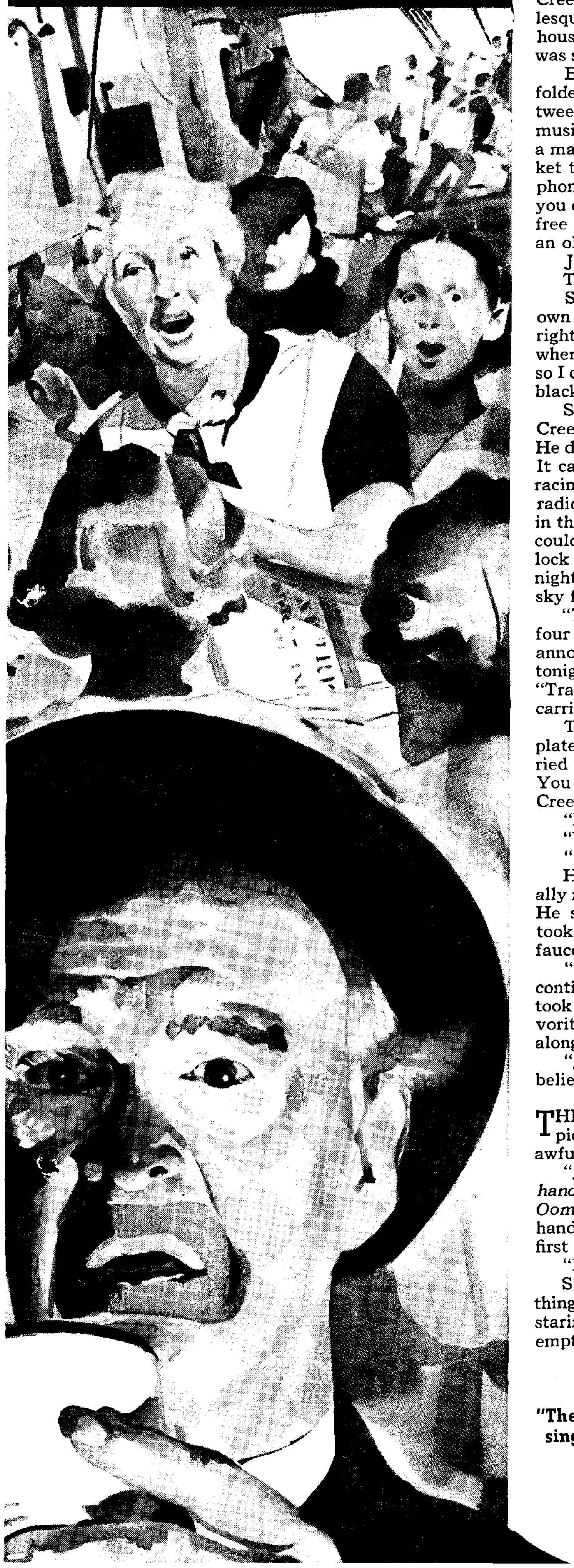
(Continued on page 41)

Unknown Soldier

By Frederic Mertz

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE



"The children took their lifeboat stations singing an old favorite, Jimtown Parade"

THIS was the week-end routine, when the show was continuous from noon to midnight. There wasn't any point in getting out of the baggy pants, or even in wiping off the tramp make-up with its white-circled eyes and platter-shaped red mouth. He would be in the first sketch again, after the Gone With the Wind number and the final strip tease. He had twenty minutes now for hamburger and coffee and a couple of cigarettes.

Just as he was, he could walk down the alley and slide into the last booth, the one next to the kitchen in Dave's Texas Chili Café. The waitress, the countermen and a few regular customers knew him pretty well by this time. Stumbling Joe ("Let It Ride") Creegan, the second-spot comic at the Liberty Burlesque just around the corner. He had been with the house a year now, ever since the WPA theater job was shot out from under.

Before that, of course, plenty of other jobs had folded. Road shows. Vaudeville. Gyp niteries. Between the time when radio knocked out the sheet-music business and then kicked it partly back to life, a man lost touch. Songs were different now. To market them yourself, you had to step up to the microphone, out of a dance band where more than likely you doubled on guitar and sax. You had to look carefree and in the money and young. At thirty you were an old-timer. At sixty-five—

Joe said, "Just coffee and a piece of apple pie."

The waitress nodded. "Okey doke, Mr. Creegan."

She was a big girl who didn't seem to know her own strength. She brought coffee and a water glass right away, and the water splashed as it always did when she thumped down the glass. "It gets me, too, so I can't eat regular," she said. "Hearing about them black-outs and all."

She barged away toward the pie shelf, and Joe Creegan settled back against an angle of the booth. He didn't try to figure out what she was talking about. It came to him presently, a voice from up in front, racing through the evening's batch of news on the radio beside Dave's cash register. . . . A black-out, in these days, wasn't the end of a burleycue joke that couldn't be nursed along any further without a padlock threat from the cops. A black-out now was midnight under a crisscross of searchlights combing the sky for murder.

"Torpedoing of another refugee ship transporting four hundred and twenty children to Canada was announced by the British ministry of information tonight," the broadcaster's urgent voice was saying. "Transfer of the young evacuees to a rescue ship was carried on in excellent order. . . ."

The waitress came back, slapping down the pie plate with absent-minded force. "I got a sister married to a guy from Allison. That's British Columbia. You got any folks in the old country or Canada, Mr. Creegan?"

"Nope," said Joe.

"You're lucky."

"I guess I am, at that."

He chinned this way with the help because it usually rated him an extra cup of coffee. Sometimes two. He shoved the emptied cup forward now, and she took it without a word, clattering it down under the faucet of the coffee urn.

"There was no whimpering or crying," the radio continued. "Ship's officers state that the children took their lifeboat stations singing an old-time favorite, Jimtown Parade. As the boats were brought alongside the rescuing freighter—"

"Jimtown Parade," Joe Creegan said slowly, unbelievingly. "How would those kids know—"

THE waitress clunked down the coffee cup, and picked up his water glass for a refill. "Ain't it awful? Them babies in the dark!"

"Jimtown Parade," Joe Creegan repeated. "*Clap hands and come a-runnin'*. . . . The chorus starts *Oompah-oompah boom boom,* and you slap your hands together between the second *oompah* and the first *boom.* Like this."

"It's an old-timer, I guess."

She spoke uneasily. There was suddenly something shocking about Joe Creegan's white-ringed eyes, staring at nothing out of a paint-mottled face. The empty glass in her hand provided a good excuse to get away, while he listened again to what the radio was saying.

"Although some credit for the children's splendid behavior must be given to their thorough lifeboat drill before the submarine struck, chaperons and ship's officers agree that the encouraging presence of Lady Constance Willeston . . ."

"Connie," Joe Creegan said. "*Connie!*" His fingers cramped on the table edge, as if jolted by the stepped-up current of memory. . . . A laughing, redheaded kid hoofing beside him. A hard-working kid from a Nebraska whistle stop. Lobby photographs had never managed to catch the spunky gaiety that went into a song-and-dance number with Connie. Not even the picture on the cover of Jimtown Parade had caught it. Jimtown Parade, by Joseph C. Creighton. Successfully introduced by Creighton and Burt. Creighton instead of Creegan, because it was a name with more class.

"By theatergoers of the early nineteen hundreds," the radio continued, "Lady Willeston will be recalled as Constance Burt, star of Mam'selle Monique, The Girl from Torquay and Princess Natasha."

Yes, and before that . . .

CENTERED in their big scarlet oval of make-up, Joe Creegan's lips came together in a crooked line. He hunched forward to get a look at the clock over the coffee urn. Still quarter of an hour to go. Inside of ten minutes he could map out the whole business. The newspaper phone calls. The announcement tonight before each show, by Hymie Stoss, the Liberty's house manager. The old song, and all the write-ups in tomorrow's sunrise editions. A radio interview. A spot on some Gay Nineties program. . . . This was the moment. This was his cue to shout, "I'm still here, still alive—me, Joe Creighton, of Creighton and Burt. Remember?"

The desire to stand up, to tell the world, strengthened until it became almost as tangible as a pair of giant hands reaching out to lift him by the shoulders. "I gave the kid her start, see? I was smart. A trouper. I put her into the act, and it was good for forty weeks a year. When we'd been married about three months and she wanted me to take this London booking, to build up my rep, I could say, 'Hell, I already got a rep!' And that was the truth. The whole country was singing Jimtown Parade, see? It was on all the sheet-music counters, with a list of songs from King Dodo on the back of it. You wouldn't remember . . .

He was standing up. Now he would walk along the alley, and say a couple of words to Hymie Stoss. In five minutes everything would be different. Everything.

He fumbled in his pockets for change, and because he brought up a penny instead of a dime he caught the tag end of what the newscaster was saying. ". . . arrived in Canada to join the family of her son, the late Captain John Burt Willeston, Royal Canadian Air Force flier, who—"

He watched his coffee cup topple and hit the floor. He couldn't stop it. "Dunkirk," the radio was saying . . .

She had been stubborn. She had gone her own way, after the swift failure of that first London show. She had never written to ask for her old place in the act. She had never asked for a dime. Yet after stardom and a solidly successful marriage, after all those bad years and good years, she had reached back to Jimtown Parade to give herself and four hundred kids some courage in the dark.

Joe Creegan said again, "*Connie!*" He said it humbly. As he came out of the booth he shoved two bits at the big waitress. "I got butterfingers. I smashed something."

"It's all this radio war talk," she said. "It gets a person down, and yet it seems like you got to listen. You're lucky none of your folks are tied up in it, Mr. Creegan."

Stumbling Joe ("Let It Ride") Creegan let it ride. The wall clock showed that it was time for him to go. He walked out into the shadows of the alley.

"Black-out," he said. "Black-out for Joseph C. Creighton." He looked around to see whether anyone was listening, but the place was deserted and silent.

Joe Creegan brought his hands noiselessly together. "*Boom boom.*"

He walked on up the alley then, as quietly as possible, because it seemed to him as if, far off, he could hear a woman's brave laughter and a lot of children singing.

Taboo in Samoa

By John Russell

A story of love and heroism—complicated by two villains and one stuffed shirt—that has become a legend in the islands of the Pacific

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

NOW in the tropical morning, under the palms and the flame trees, these two moved apart—boy and girl of the native race. Tuati stood with folded arms and bowed his curly, handsome head each time that Susi of Faleula paced past him. And each time she passed him, the people gathered there on the courthouse lawn could see how proud she was; and how humble he. Because there was shame upon the fair name of Susi of Faleula, and Tuati was the cause of it. And it was right that he should suffer; asking silent pardon; and it was right that she should spurn it publicly—for having had anything to do with such a scamp and rascal.

"Is it an act?" asked the provisional commissioner, watching through the wide door windows of old Apia courthouse. "What's it all about?"

He was the white man whose word had weight to sway the destiny of these two human creatures and some few thousand others under the white man's mandate. He was the provisional commissioner of police; newly arrived at this far Pacific paradise. He did not know the place nor the people, and he distrusted the whole layout of the tropics as a sham and a trick and a sort of gallantry show made up to fool the tourists—and, incidentally, himself.

"That is Tuati, the suspect in our opium-smuggling case, sir," explained his native court clerk. The clerk was a clever chap, Bible-taught at the mission. He could recite the whole of the Book of Judges in both English and Samoan. And he had been wondering whether this new judge would prove to have any sort of real human sense.

"I know," said the provisional commissioner darkly. "A very bad case, too. I read up on the record. My predecessor—" he cleared his fat throat in delicately conveyed official scorn—"the bloke who held this job ahead of me, he never began to solve it. Too soft-hearted, or too soft-headed, to deal with these comic-opera people of yours. . . . If I get a twist on Mister Tuati it won't be so comic. What's he doing out there with that girl?"

The clerk shook his head sadly. "Sir; it might to be a love story, but much I fear me not. Behold, the girl Susi as one might say is like a princess much desired in marriage. And Tuati is like the bad, wicked prince who disgraced her—or so the people believe. Therefore he has been made taboo."

"'Taboo!'" snorted the provisional commissioner. "More comedy. Taboo means something to keep off of."

"Yes," agreed the clerk, patiently. "But it is not funny. I have seen a man die under it."

"As how?"

"As an outcast, Your Honor. Nobody can speak to him, or give him food or shelter. Or sit down or stand up with him. He is tabooed."

"Who says so? You're under law and order here."

All expression left the clerk's face. "Some laws our people made for themselves; even long before the Bible. Taboo is almost our worst punishment."

"So? What's worse?"

The clerk looked very solemn in his silver-rimmed specs. "By our custom—in Samoa—I think it would hurt most to be hit with a dead pig."

The provisional commissioner gave a dry chuckle. "Pigs! Princes! . . . Get on with your fairy tale."

"Well, sir—it came to pass a few days ago that Tuati took Susi to the bonita fishing, all alone in his little canoe. This was permitted because these two were almost the same as betrothed. Only one thing they must to do. Surely and utterly, they must return to Faleùla before sunset.

"Sir; they did not return. Two days and two nights came to pass before Tuati brought Susi back. He said his paddles had fallen to dust in his hands, and they had to swim the canoe from far, far at sea in a calm. Ee-magine! . . . Maybe it is some dirty trick. But still Susi is dishonored. And Tuati is to blame. So Tuati becomes taboo anyway."

"For keeping his girl out too late?" said the provisional commissioner. "Gammon!"

Then the clerk said something that showed, curiously, that all his reading had not been exclusively Biblical: "Maybe, sir; but we have no shotguns in Samoa."

The provisional commissioner cleared his throat and said: "Have you got that opium case in hand?"

"Waiting, sir. The arresting officer and the chief informer. Constable Pia of your own police force—and Cap'n Manoel of the launch Lurlie."

Two men saluted before the desk of authority. One of them was a big half-caste; bull-necked, slit-eyed, imposing in his uniform of jersey and belted shorts. The other was a smirking Portuguese about half-size, of a type incapable of any dignity, except by doubtful virtue of being a white man himself, supposedly.

The provisional commissioner approved of Constable Pia and ignored Cap'n Manoel. But the little squirt kept injecting himself into the inquiry with all the pertinacity of an insect. Until speedily it was shown that there was very real poison in the suspect charge against Tuati. . . .

IT WAS shown first that for some years a small but steady supply of opium had been dribbling into Apia. With perhaps sixty Chinese in the mandate, some was bound to get in, of course. But lately the habit had spread—the deadliest thing that can happen among clean-blooded people, white or brown. More opium was being floated in somehow; and the source had been traced as far as Savaii, forty miles away. Every trading vessel across the channel had been searched down to its cockroaches—even Cap'n Manoel's launch Lurlie. Now, suspicion had narrowed to the native fishermen. Among them, who so likely to be the secret convoy as Tuati, most skilled and reckless boat boy on the beaches?

Tuati was a landless fellow of Savaii, deep in debt, and desperate to win Susi of Faleula. He was known to race his canoe back and forth every few days to visit her—and look what he had done to her now, the sinful wretch! . . . Moreover, he had resisted any search and had called both Pia and Manoel most evil names. Threatening to throw them off the dock and hold them down by the feets, sir: ee-magine! And he could do so, too, being what is called a salt-water man.

All of which, poured into the provisional commissioner's ear, led to a very weighty decision; delivered in such judicial language as the court clerk had never heard or even read before:

"It's a *prima facie* case, my lads. And *pro bono publico* and *ipso facto* of itself. Get out there now, and bring in that slick young scoundrel Tuati. . . . Hold on a sec!" This was a professional trick: a bit of stage play of his own. Suddenly out from his pocket he whipped a handful of bright, menacing steel—a pair of handcuffs, with the key.

"Does Constable Pia know what these are? Can he use 'em?"

"The nippers?" blinked the clerk. "Oh, yes, sir. I think Pia veree much like to use them!"

"Then mind: any time you have a prisoner for me, bring him properly, with the nippers on him. Understand? Not like a common vagabond! . . . Now let Constable Pia do his duty!"

AND certainly Constable Pia knew how to do it. He needed no interpreter for that order. Like a hound unleashed he bounded out through the veranda, vaulted the rail and brought up just in front of Tuati—just as Susi came pacing by again.

Though his slit eyes smoldered on the girl, Pia said no word to her. To the boy he spoke in a snarl of triumph. . . . "Tuati, I got you at last!" Thereupon he snapped one link of the bracelets on Tuati's unresisting left wrist, the other on his own right.

The provisional commissioner nodded curtly; things looked more familiar to him. He had three benches full of a silent, respectful public—perhaps fifty of them. He had a shackled captive and a stern captor; all the usual setup for convicting somebody of something. But when he called for taking testimony, the only person he saw moving to the bar was Susi of Faleula.

It is probable the provisional commissioner had never before seen such sheer beauty in natural, untutored young womanhood. In line and poise Susi might have been pure royal Egyptian from the figures of a rock carving; and she carried her chin like one of these, fearless and queenly. . . . The provisional commissioner stared.

"Is this your first witness, Mister Clerk?"

"No witness, sir. Susi is only keeping her place near to Tuati. She has no other place to go."

"How's that?"

"Because, sir, having lost her good repute, she is all the same as tabooed herself. Neither family nor friends would wish to shelter her."

The provisional commissioner—who rather resembled a gobbler anyway—grew red in the wattles. "Look here—suppose I should send Tuati to jail this minute?"

"Susi would go, *too*. . . . She would go if she had to sleep on the jailhouse steps!"

Authority smote the desk before him. "I don't believe it. Now you produce your witnesses, my lad; and smartly, too!"

The clerk regarded him with a mild surprise. . . . "I have no witnesses, Your Honor. Doubtless there would be witness in Savaii. But I did not expect you would need any to ad-judge the matter of Tuati."

Authority cast himself back in his chair. "You didn't expect—! Clerk, tell me; what *do* you expect my sentence might be if I find Tuati guilty?"

"Why, sir. If by questioning you find Tuati has been so veree thoughtless, and a bit wild. Maybe ten days."

"So? . . . Well, what would you say to maybe ten years!"

For the first time the clerk flinched in the face of the white man: the judge of his people.

"When does your next ship sail for Savaii?"

"No ship, sir. Only the Lurlie. Going today."

"Then here's my order: Pia and Manoel will take the prisoner on the Lurlie and get to Savaii. Pick up all witnesses who can identify Tuati, with all evidence. And not come back without proof of this crime somehow!"

The clerk had recovered sufficiently to put up a fair front again. "Susi too?" he asked.

"H-what?"

"Oh, yes, sir. Susi becomes a part of *the case*. For *behold—whither* Tuati goeth, there goeth Susi also."

"Some more Samoa."

"Sir: it is," the clerk returned, earnestly. "In former time, our women went into any venture, any danger. Yea, even unto war would they go. . . . You have seen our ancient swords and head knives?" He pointed to a wall trophy of ornamental weapons, nailed on the side of the old courtroom; wicked-looking gadgets carved from heavy ti wood, relics from the past of a warrior race. "Our women fought with these in the battle if they wished. . . . And we have no way to stop a wishful woman, sir. At least—not in public!"

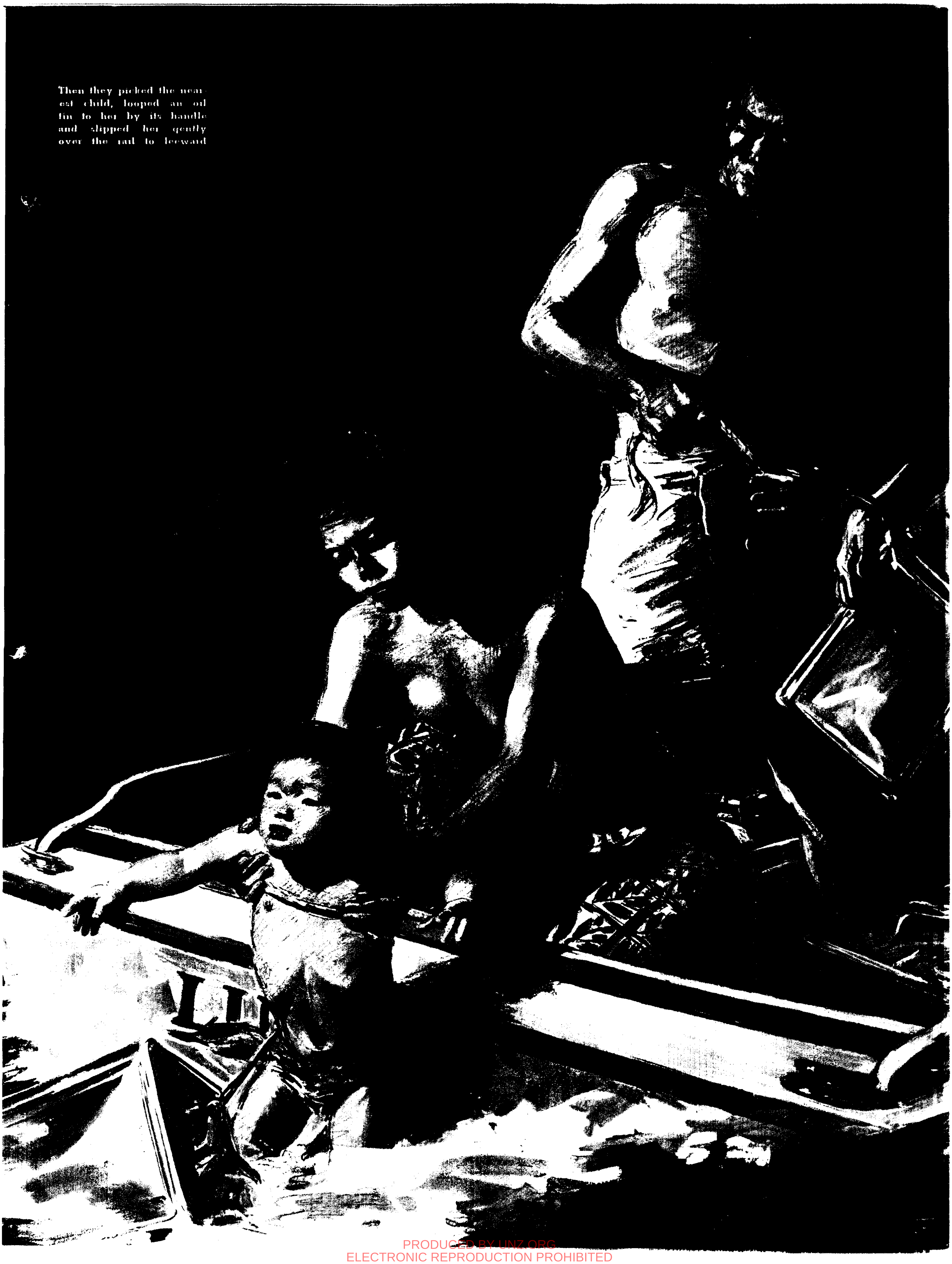
BUT the provisional commissioner never so much as smiled.

In his own home town in the backlots of New Zealand—a highly moral white man's country—he had dealt dread justice to drunkards, adulterers, wife-beaters and ear-biters. In these strange islands, under their "soft, lascivious stars," he had been quite prepared for every kind of exotic immorality. He was quite sure he had found it; and he was not altogether disappointed to find it so very, very immoral.

He considered Tuati, standing there so quiet and guileless-seeming and entirely too handsome. And to him such a bearing bespoke not only guilt but an innate depravity.

It was the same about Susi: she had a lure very alarming to his purified instincts. But he saw that she was a strong and willful woman; while Tuati really was still only an untried, wayward youngster. The suspicion flashed upon him that Susi herself might be the actual center of the whole conspiracy!

(Continued on page 42)

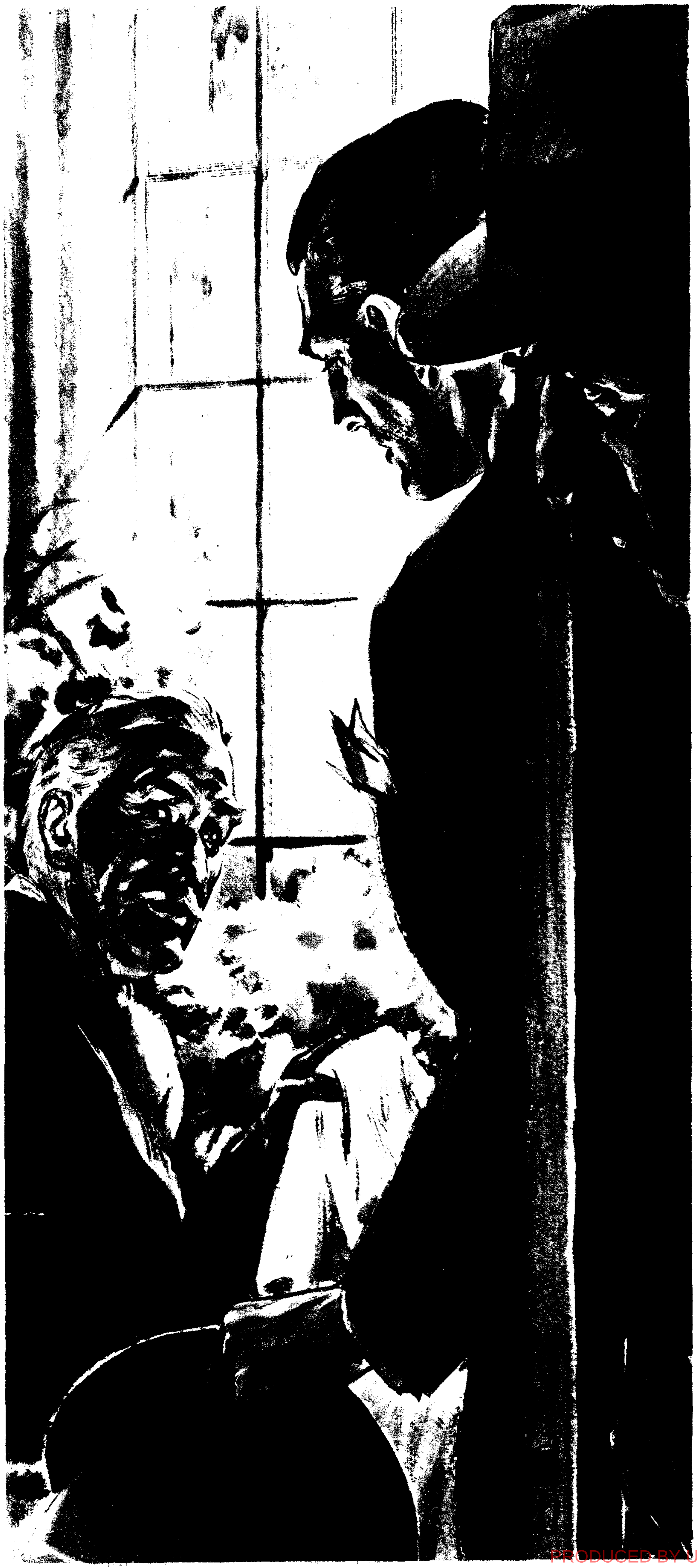


Then they picked the nearest child, looped an oil tin to her by its handle and slipped her gently over the rail to leeward

Traitor's Purse

By Margery Allingham

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN



He turned and smiled at his visitor. "Hello, my boy," he said, "I half expected you." Campion said nothing

The Story Thus Far:

ALBERT CAMPION awakens in a hospital room in England, to find that he can recall nothing of his past life. Convinced by a conversation that he overhears that he has attacked a policeman, he slips out of the hospital and makes his getaway.

An elderly man and a girl ("Mr. Anscombe" and "Amanda," both of whom seem to know him well) follow him in a car and pick him up. And, after a long drive, Campion, feeling as though he is a figure in a fantastic dream, finds himself in the home of one Aubrey—Lee Aubrey. There a letter is awaiting him. Reading it, Campion learns that he has been working for Scotland Yard on a matter of tremendous importance!

Startling adventures follow. In the course of them, Campion learns that the "Town Masters," members of a semisecret organization, are somehow involved in mysterious machinations of which he can make nothing. And presently he learns that he is suspected *of the murder of Anscombe* (the old man had been killed on the night he and Amanda had picked Campion up). Vaguely aware that he must remain at liberty, he is approached by Superintendent Hutch, a local official, who prepares to arrest him. Without the slightest hesitation, he knocks Hutch unconscious, steals his car and speeds away.

Adventure follows adventure. Campion can understand none of them. He learns that certain persons are hoping to bribe him. *But why?* Campion has no idea. He remembers, hazily, that the number 15 is of vital importance in his Scotland Yard work. Is it a date—or what? Campion does not know. . . .

Anscombe's sister, a little old maid, sends for Campion. He goes to her. Amanda—who, he has learned, is his dearest friend—is with the old lady. Miss Anscombe introduces herself; after which, she tells Campion that her brother had been deep in a smuggling plot. To prove that she is right, she shows Campion Anscombe's diary. One two-word entry catches Campion's eye: "*Minute Fifteen.*"

Shadowed by certain mysterious persons, Campion—assisted by a man named Lugg, who is obviously in his employ—boards a train for London. In his compartment, he has a companion—a man. The man says: "Aren't you Albert Campion?" Campion, in a perilous predicament, says: "No. That's not my name." But, as the train speeds on, he is terrified. Is this man a chief inspector? Is he, Albert Campion, to be arrested when the train reaches the next station?

VIII

CAMPION'S face must have given him away because the old man was looking at him curiously.

"We're just coming in," he said. "Can't you feel the train slowing down?"

"Of course." One crisis was over but another had arrived. "Of course," Campion repeated. "I hadn't noticed. I was so interested."

"Really? That's very gratifying." The old man was opening the carriage door and he was laughing a little. "I'm glad to hear that. Ah, thank you."

The final remark was addressed to someone outside on the platform. "What's that?"

There was a muttering which Campion could not catch and then his traveling companion glanced over his shoulder.

"I'm afraid there's some trouble," he remarked. "The police are looking for someone on the train."

"Oh?" Now that it had come, Campion was himself again. His thin face became wooden and his voice entirely natural: "What do they want us to do?" Once again there was a murmur from the official in the darkness. The old man nodded briefly.

"Quite," he said. "Very sensible. They've shut off the main platform," he continued, turning to Campion. "This last coach is just outside the barrier. The fellow here suggests he take our tickets for us and we go across the footway to the road. You'll want a cab, won't you?"

"Yes, please."

"Right. Well, then, this is where we part. Good morning to you. I enjoyed our chat. I'm afraid it was all about nothing."

"Goodby, sir," said Campion, and followed him into the gray darkness of early morning.

It was incredible. He had no time to realize his escape. It was like one of those wild rides in a switchback in a funfair. A blank wall looms up in front of the car. Nearer it comes, nearer and nearer, and then when the crash is imminent, when the impact and noise of it is almost a reality, the track swings away, the car swerves sickeningly, the corner is turned and the delirious journey continues.

He stumbled across the platform, which was littered with goods, trolleys, milk churns and mailbags. On his right, beyond a police-lined barrier, there was all the usual confusion of arrival. The detectives were waiting further on at the ticket gate, no doubt. Meanwhile, his own getaway was made absurdly easy. No one took the least notice of him. The railway official led the old man and Campion followed the pair of them. That was all there was to it.

He thought he saw exactly what must have happened. His traveling companion was obviously a constant passenger on this particular train. Probably he had used it every day for the past ten years or more. Railway servants get to know a man like that and if he is a good tipper will go to endless trouble on his behalf. He must have been in the habit of using the final coach and doubtless this was his regular porter who was waiting to meet him.

They came out at last onto a narrow road on the goods side of the station. The old man's car was waiting for him and he nodded to Campion as he climbed into it. A taxi crawled forward out of the darkness.

"Where to, sir?"

"The treasury," said Campion briefly, and climbed inside.

THE cab moved forward at once. There was no questioning, no delay, no pause at the station gates. He could hardly believe it. He had got away as neatly and smoothly as if he had been a ghost. It was an invigorating experience and he began to feel absurdly pleased with himself. The gods were on his side. He glanced out of the window and saw the chill gray outline of shabby old buildings, piled sandbags, and painted road signs. The streets were practically deserted.

A sudden thought occurred to him and he rapped on the window. The taxi drew into the curb and the driver turned to peer through the glass screen.

"Yes, sir?"

"What time is it?"

"Just on a quarter before five, sir."

"*In the morning?*"

"Lumme! I 'ope so. Otherwise I've been drivin' back through Einstein ever since the pubs shut last night."

Campion ignored the pleasantry. He was thinking. Even if he was halfway down the straight to Colney Hatch he yet had enough sense to realize that no cabinet minister is liable to be at his office before five in the morning.

"You'd better take me to a hotel," he said.

The driver shrugged his shoulders.

"Just as you say, sir. Got any particular place in mind?"

"No. Anywhere will do as long as it's open. I want to shave and get some breakfast."

The cabby beamed. He was an elderly cockney, with the bright little eyes and thin rodent's face of his race.

"You want a nice railway-station hotel, that's what you want," he said. "Leave it to me."

(Continued on page 46)

What's Left of Spain

By Frank Gervasi

The war-weary Spaniards realize now that it wasn't Franco who won the civil war but Hitler and Mussolini, and they are filled with hatred and bitter despair

Real ruler of Spain is not Franco but his Fascist-dominated brother-in-law, Serrano Suñer (right, bareheaded) with Italian Foreign Minister Ciano

ACME

Food in Spain is scarce and prices prohibitive. Below, Madrid citizens stand in line for hours waiting for government relief-station handouts

PICTURES, INC.

BREAD and parades are the meat and wine of dictatorships. The less bread there is to feed the people, the more the parades to make them forget how hungry they are.

Unique among totalitarian states is Spain. There is no bread. And there are no parades. The absence of circuses surprises the reporter in Old Castille more than the famine that withers the land. Hunger in a nation that has disemboweled itself in thirty-two months of war is understandable. It isn't any more surprising than a hang-over after a big night.

But why no parades?

And then when you see the limp, smudged stuff they use for money you realize that part of the answer lies in the fact Spain is broke. There is practically no money in Spain; what there is resembles cigarette coupons with just about their purchasing power. Spaniards have no faith in it, just as they have no faith in one another. They have no bread, no meat, tobacco, gasoline, coffee, and the only commodity of which there is a surplus is an intangible one called hatred.

Hatred hovers like a miasma over the ruins that remain where $23,000,000 worth of modern buildings stood on the site of University City. It is perpetuated by daily executions of captured Reds by the victorious Whites, and Spaniards do not say of themselves or of each other . . . "I am a Spaniard, he is a Spaniard" . . . but call each other Blancos or Rojos—Whites or Reds—in a nation half conquered, half victorious.

Spain swapped Republicanism for Fascism at a high price. The country is a heap of ruins where people live like rodents in shell-smashed houses that they are too poor and too tired to repair.

Spaniards ask themselves why they fought the war that lasted from July 18, 1936, until Madrid fell on March 28, 1939. They don't know. They have chaos with no personal power to do anything about it. At least under the republic, with its revolutions and periodic government upheavals, they could express themselves with the ballot.

Not only do they wonder why they fought the civil war at all, but they wonder if Franco really won it. They suspect, when they see Nazis and Fascists overrunning the land, the swastika hanging from the windows of German tourist bureaus, banks and trading houses all over Madrid, that Benito Mussolini and Adolf Hitler, who helped Franco, really won it.

They feel the need of a leader, someone to guide them out of their bewilderment and disillusionment. Spaniards who were stanch Francoites when the war ended told me the majority of the people are disappointed in him and that they are aware that Franco is not the real ruler of Spain at all, but a stooge for his brother-in-law, Don Ramon Serrano Suñer, minister of government and boss of the Spanish government party, *Falange Española Tradicionalista.*

Suñer, close friend of Italian Foreign Minister Count Galeazzo Ciano, married the sister of Franco's wife. He was educated in the Fascist University of Bologna, in Italy. He is in his early forties, and sold on the Fascist idea. When he speaks or moves, the wires that manipulate him are pulled from Rome and Berlin.

The Power Behind the Dictator

Important neutral diplomats as well as Spaniards told me that if Suñer lives long enough—he is reputed to suffer from tuberculosis—he will be the next dictator of Spain. Don Ramon has the power to obliterate Franco and prevent him from impressing Spaniards with his virtues and splendor. Spaniards call Franco, behind his back, that "pallid olive carved into the likeness of a man." But they respect this Don Ramon, a respect born of fear.

As minister of government he wields an enormous power. Through this ministry he controls the police whose upkeep forms the largest item in the secret budget of the country. Control of the police means control of the private lives of every citizen of the nation.

He is also in control of the ministry for the press and propaganda and thereby determines what Spaniards shall see in the movies, the newsreels, on the stage, read in their newspapers, and what foreign correspondents shall write about the New Spain. Every day, from twenty to thirty per cent of the news that correspondents try to send, already watered down to make it palatable to truth-allergic censors, is spilled down the drain by Suñer's lieutenants.

Suñer fused Franco's Monarchist-Carlist supporters and Traditionalist supporters with the Spanish Fascists and formed *Falange Española Tradicionalista,* whose program is autarchic and mildly corporative and whose economic and political program is directly patterned after that of Italy.

Ciano was partially responsible for the emergence of Spain as a Fascist Corporate State from the war that began as a revolt to restore the House of Bourbon to the throne. Ciano advised Suñer and through Suñer brought pressure on Franco to remember that a dictator must appease the masses to maintain power. This is why Spain still has, under new names—syndicates they call them now—the same labor unions it had before the war began. The old-age pensions, unemployment insurance and other social legislation of the old Republican regimes is intact.

But Spain needs more than a Suñer or a Franco to lead the country through the difficult period of reconstruction. Spain needs someone who knows the power of forgiveness and can wield its healing effect in a Spain where at least 250,000 and probably 500,000 Reds captured by the victorious Whites are still in jail and concentration camps.

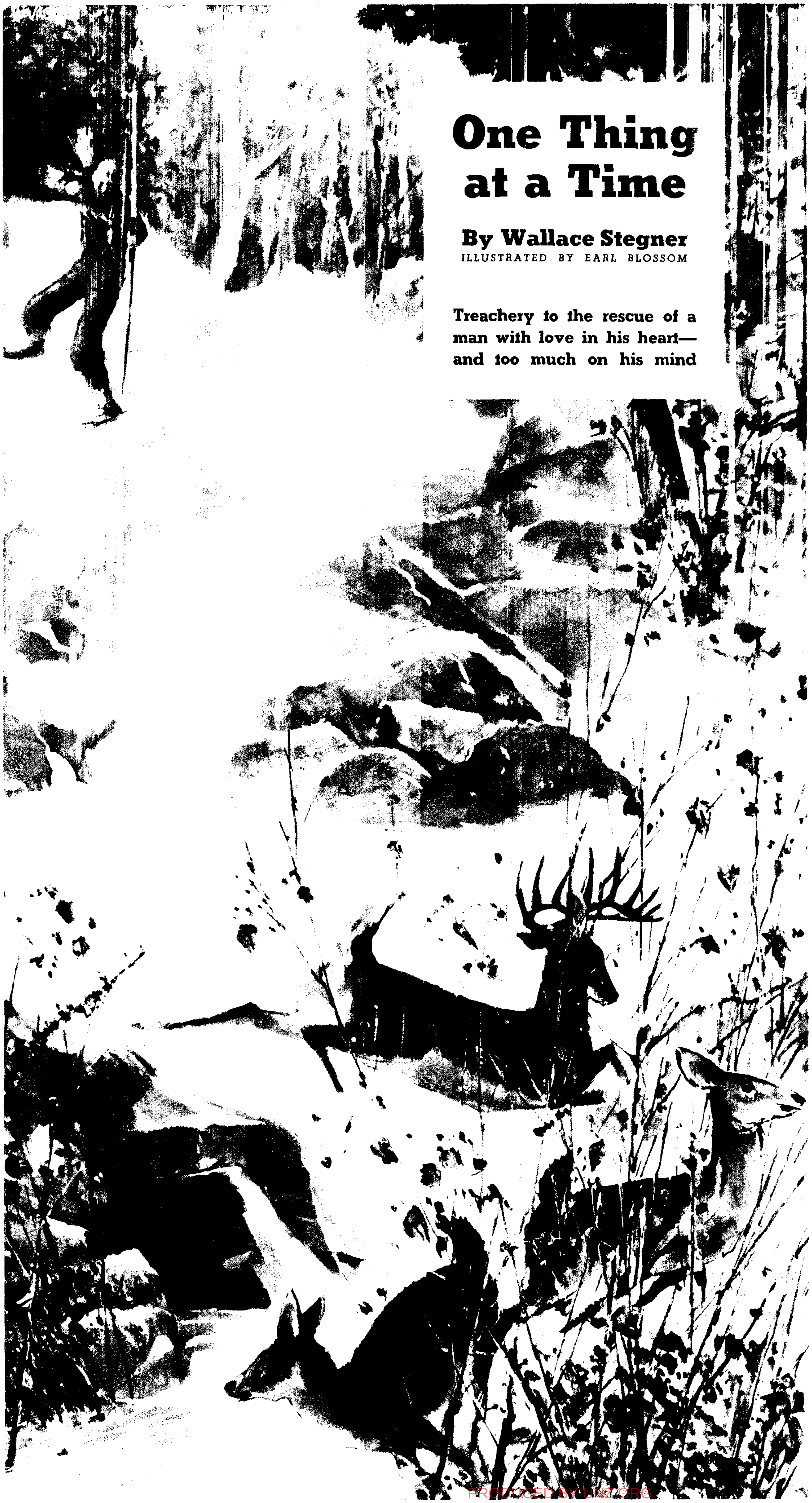
Every day twenty or thirty of them are shot.

They Needed a Lincoln

They needed an Abraham Lincoln or a General Grant when the war ended. They had only a Franco. Spaniards who ought to know told me that he wasn't meant to have been the real leader of the rebellion. More inspiring men such as General José Sanjurco, General Mola, General Queipo de Llano or young José Antonio Primo de Rivera were to have been the candidates for dictatorship.

Sanjurco, a lifelong Monarchist, was killed in an airplane crash in Portugal at the beginning of the civil war. Mola died in another plane crash in the middle of the fighting. Queipo de Llano,

(*Continued on page* 55)



One Thing at a Time

By Wallace Stegner

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

Treachery to the rescue of a man with love in his heart—and too much on his mind

DOWN in the House Rock country they'll tell you a lot of stories about Les Magowan. They'll tell you his tracks were fourteen inches long and eight wide, and that he rode a horse without stirrups, pushing with his feet like he was on a kiddycar, and that he had to duck walking under the plaster-mill flume, which was nine feet off the ground. But there's only one thing to remember about him: He made up his mind to things one at a time, and anything he made up his mind to he did, all except once.

He was that way even when he was a kid. I remember a time I came riding home from school, and about a quarter mile up the canyon road I caught up to Les, hopping on one leg like he was hurt. I thought his pony'd throwed him, so I stopped and says get on, I'd take him home, he couldn't make four miles on a bum leg.

But he just perches there in the trail like a one-legged buzzard on a carcass, and says, "I got to make her. My leg's broke and there ain't any help in thirty miles."

So I see the bug that's biting him, and play I'm all serious and sympathetic. "Hurt you much?" I says.

He leans on a fence post and waggles his head, and his leg dangles from the knee like he don't dare shift it fast, and he says, solemn as a owl, "Just bust your leg sometime and see. But I'll make her. I got to make her. I can't lay out here on the mountain all night." And off he goes hopping again. I look back from the top of the first rise just in time to see him miss a hop and fall down, but he doesn't stick down his leg to help himself. He falls like she's really busted, and lights heavy as a sack of fodder with his foot poked up in the air to keep her from getting bumped.

I told my old man about it that night, and laughed, but my old man didn't laugh. He just sort of nodded. "There's a kid'll amount to something," he says. "He'll get what he goes after. Maybe he ain't got sense enough to know what to go after, but he'll get it, whatever it is."

My old man was right, too. If Les had turned his mind to making money he'd been a millionaire. But he always seemed to get dead set on darn' fool things, like making pets out of mountain lions. He caught four cubs one summer, and tamed them, and when they got big he just turned them loose to roam the ranch. It got so you couldn't go within ten miles of the place, and the neighbors missed so much stock we finally got him to let us shoot them. But that's the kind of thing he'd do. He wanted to be tough as buffalo meat, for some reason. He'd go off on the mountain with one cartridge and a little jerky beef, and stay out till he got the lion or coyote or deer or whatever he went after. Lots of times when he was still a kid I'd see him after work, after he'd worked with a trail herd all day, standing by the sheep wagon muscling rocks to make his arms hard.

Like I say, he did everything he set his mind on, all except once, and that time he was trying to do two things at the same time. You can't say he didn't do what he said he would with that bow and arra, but he should have stuck to one thing or the other.

Up at the herd one day last summer I found Les setting on the ground whittling away at a big, long stick of wood. I ask him what he's doing, and he says he's making a bow and arra.

"What for?" I says.

"Getting ready for deer season," he says.

I think to myself this is the nuttiest yet, but I know it doesn't do any good to argue with him. "So you're gonna shoot deer with a bow and arra," I says.

"Indians did," he said, whittling away.

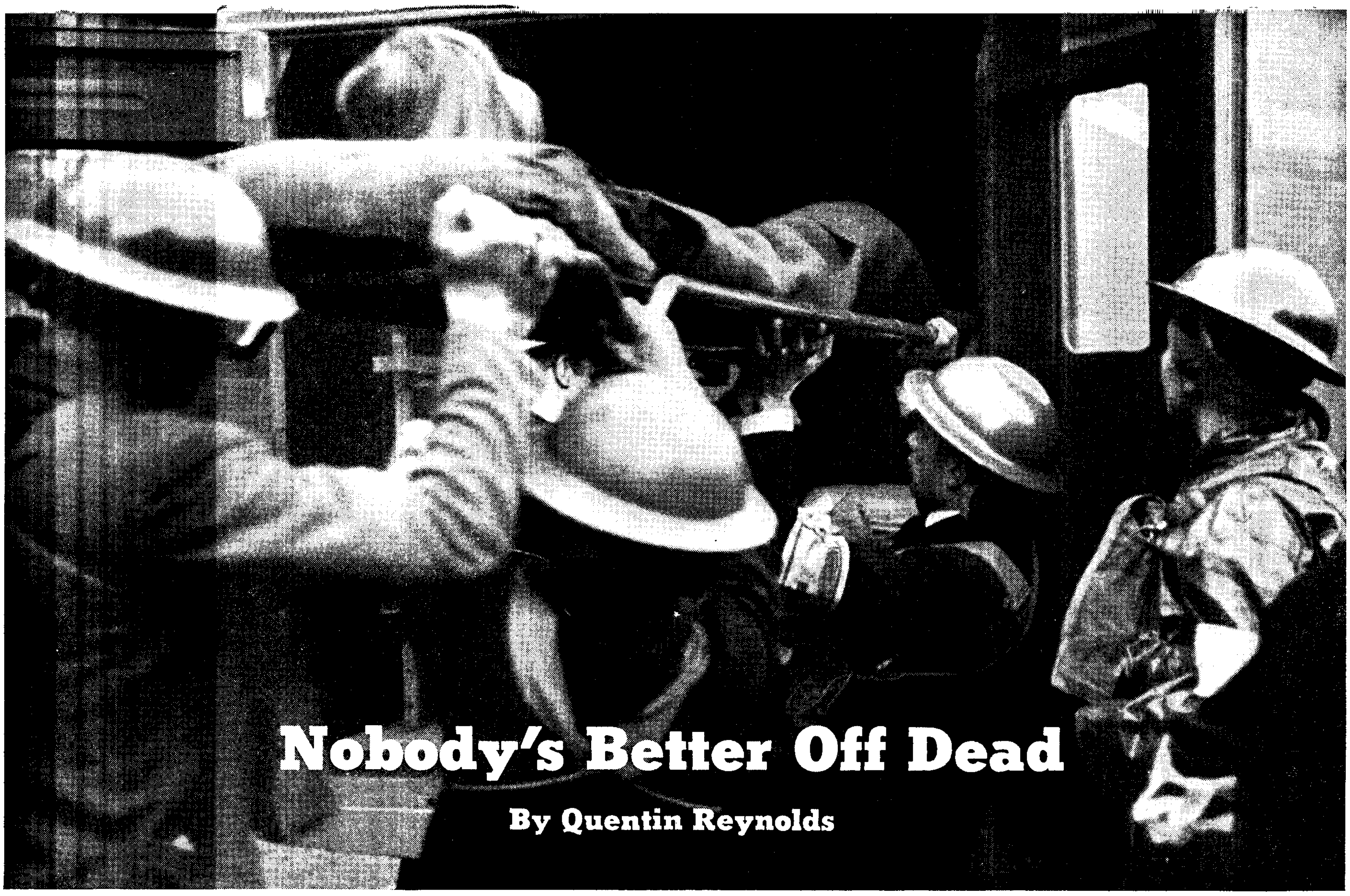
"Yeah," I says, "if the Indians hadn't've used bows and arras they'd still be boss in this country."

"You're really hunting with one of them things," Les says. "You ain't just butchering."

I have to laugh, he's so solemn-serious. "I'll be darned," I says. "Hunting with a bow and arra!"

Les sights along the *(Continued on page 58)*

Before you could spit Les has let fly two arras at them and the buck has cut into the brush along the wall



Nobody's Better Off Dead

By Quentin Reynolds

BLACK STAR

One of London's heroic women ambulance drivers superintends the loading of a casualty by air-raid wardens

Collier's correspondent takes a ride with a girl ambulance driver and helps to pick up the pieces as the bombers pass overhead

RADIOED FROM LONDON

THE ambulance stopped and there was an air warden standing there. He pointed silently. The two girls hopped down from the ambulance and ran into the air shelter. I followed them. This had been a tannery once but it was now an air shelter in the East End of London.

We went in, closed the doors and lit our searchlights. People came, ghostlike, out of the shadow and surrounded us. The two girl ambulance drivers were very businesslike. This was routine to them.

"Where is he?" one of them said.

Two of them led a huge, fair-haired man toward us. He was muttering angrily. There was a bandage on his head and one on his wrist. When one of the girls grabbed his wounded arm he pulled it away.

"He got hit by shrapnel on the head and on his wrist," one of the men explained. "Then he stumbled in here. But there's something funny about him. He's got no papers. Where are your papers?"

"Lost," the tall man said dully.

More figures appeared from the shadows. There were low mutterings. He had no papers. He spoke with a funny accent. Who was he? The girls tried to lead him out into the street and into the ambulance. He wouldn't go. Said he was afraid of the bombs and of the shrapnel. He wanted to stay where he was. He shouted it, because bombs were falling near the docks which were close by and the antiaircraft batteries were sending up a lot of heavy stuff. It was very noisy.

"Make him go along," someone muttered. "Why ain't he any papers?" "Who is he?" They were angry at the man. You carry your identification papers in London just as you wear your shoes. "Before you came he was yelling in some foreign language. Sounded like German," someone said.

Our small flashlights cut the darkness and grotesque shadows chased after one another on the walls. These people didn't understand the man, therefore they were afraid of him and being afraid of him they were angry at him. Fear hung limply in the heavy air of the place that had been a tannery.

No Place for a Drunk

The tall man was muttering again and I bent close to hear what he was saying. He was talking German, which was no language to talk in the middle of the East End at midnight during a particularly terrible air raid. But when he spoke I knew two things about him: first, he was a Belgian and second, he was drunk.

"You're a policeman," one of the men from the shadows said to me. "Why don't you hit him one?"

"I'm not a policeman," I told him.

"Well, you look like a policeman," he growled.

I told the two girl ambulance drivers that the man was a Belgian sailor and that he was drunk. Then I took the bandage off the man's head and the girls saw that it wasn't much of a wound at all. Neither was the shrapnel wound on his wrist. The girls told him sharply to go to the nearest police station. They'd dress his silly little wounds there. The girls told the people in the shelter who he was, and now the fear that had hung heavily in the air disappeared and everything was all right. He'd just got drunk and lost his papers.

"And us thinking him a blasted Jerry," someone laughed.

We went outside and the moon was very full and there were no clouds. We climbed into the ambulance and drove back to the station. This was all routine to these girl ambulance drivers.

They were part of the London Auxiliary Ambulance Service. They were two of 150,000 women who are on duty each night in London.

Their station was in a garage. Back of the garage was the dugout where they stayed between calls. They called it a dugout but actually it was an artificial shelter made out of sandbags. The sandbags on all four sides were four feet thick. Three feet of sandbags covered the roof. The dugout was thirty feet long and eight feet wide. Inside it looked like a sandbagged trench. There was a table and on it a telephone and an electric stove on which a kettle was boiling. The woman in charge of this station sat behind the table. Sixteen other women sat on long benches that ran the length of the dugout. The two girls made their report to the woman in charge.

They all laughed about the drunken Belgian sailor who had lost his papers. They laughed about me being mistaken for a policeman.

They all wore the blue uniform of the L.A.A.S. Half of these girls were drivers, the other half attendants. When the phone rang it meant that there was trouble. When it rang the two girls who were up next stood and walked to the table. Then quietly, casually, they walked out to the garage, climbed into an ambulance and set out through deserted but noisy streets on their errand. Six nights a week, four weeks a month, these girls do this job.

Things were active in the East End this night. They usually are. Occasionally we heard the planes over us and then we'd hear the angry symphony of the air barrage rising to a crescendo.

Close Call

"There's George," one of the girls shouted cheerfully. A German plane is "Jerry" to everyone in London. These girls called it George and they didn't know why either. Now through the sharp roar of the air barrage we heard the sound of the bombs. They were fairly close and then there was a terrific explosion and the dust from the sandbags filled the dugout and got into our eyes.

No one said anything. The noise and the concussion from a bomb that falls close stuns you for a moment.

"That was quite near," the woman in charge said calmly.

"Let's see if it hit the school," one of the girls said. It was a high-explosive bomb and it had landed in the schoolyard next to the garage. It landed exactly one hundred paces from our dugout. There was a large crater in the schoolyard but no fire. We went back to our dugout.

We all had fresh tea because the dust from the sandbags had gotten into our teacups and dust is no good in tea. The girls relaxed, some sitting on the wooden benches, some sitting on the floor. There was an alarm clock on the table. The alarm clock said 11:30. Someone said: "The clock has stopped. Actually it's just midnight."

The woman in charge laughed. "The

concussion from the bomb stopped it." She shook it, reset it, wound it and it began to tick on merrily.

"An American alarm clock," I said complacently. "Even a bomb can't hurt it."

"An English clock wouldn't even have stopped," one of the girls hooted.

A slightly built girl walked into the dugout. She took off her blue service hat and said to the woman in charge, "I'd like to work tonight."

"But, Ethel, dear," the woman said, "this is your night off. Why aren't you home in bed?" Then she looked at Ethel and stopped. And for some reason everyone stopped talking.

"When I got home this morning," the girl said, "I found I didn't have any home. I want to work tonight. Let me be first out, please."

The woman in charge was marvelous and understanding. The rest of us sat in silence. The woman in charge said casually, "Yes, Ethel, you and Pringle go out next."

Ethel sat down on the wooden bench. No one asked her any questions.

Businesslike Heroines

In the silence the kettle began to hum. Tea is more than a drink in London; it's a symbol of sanity and a reminder of days that were normal and that days will be normal again. One of the girls handed Ethel a cup of tea. "By the way, Ethel," the woman in charge said casually, "Wyndham Street was hit earlier this evening. It is full of glass. If you get a call in that section keep to the side streets."

Soon the girls started to talk again. They talked of small things as girls do. A few of them still keep their jobs during the daytime. They grab what sleep they can here in the dugout. The phone rang and everybody was quiet. Ethel and the girl they called Pringle got up. The woman in charge gave crisp directions. They set off.

Then it rang again. "Yes, I've got it. Yes, East End Avenue. Right away." She put down the phone. "Harris and Foster are up. Fire on East End Avenue."

They left and the woman in charge said, "I think I'll take a car and go along. That's a residential neighborhood. May need more than one ambulance. Care to come?"

I nodded. The woman in charge, who made me promise I wouldn't use her name, could drive. But then it was light. It was the kind of night poets sing about. We curse bright nights when the moon is full. On a night like this the Thames would be a white ribbon of milk pointing toward London. You can't black-out the Thames and the Thames tells the German bombers everything they want to know about London.

The streets were deserted, of course. This seemed like a dead city except for the noise. The antiaircraft guns were hurling up thousands of tons of defensive armor and the shells broke high against the stars in sharp, golden flashes. Bombs were falling and the combined noise of the guns and the bombs seemed to tear the energy and life from you and make you feel very tired. We sped along and now even above the guns we heard the shattering of glass.

"I told Ethel to avoid this street," the woman in charge said. "And now I go right into it myself."

We drove over glass for three blocks. It was a street of small shops. All had been shattered. Air-raid wardens, home guards and the police were all too busy for the moment to start clearing the street of glass. We crunched over the glass and miraculously didn't get a blowout. Then we hurried on past it. We came to East End Avenue. We turned right and saw the fire. A high wind had come up and the sparks were flying all over the night. The firemen were playing two streams of water on the house.

We saw the white ambulance in front of the burning house. It was a nice one in a row of good, substantial three-story brick houses. We walked up close to the house. I had borrowed one of the tin hats from the dugout. The ambulance girls wear steel helmets with a large black "A" emblazoned on them. No one asks questions when you wear one of these. We just walk in. We walked into the courtyard in front of the house.

The bomb had hit directly and apparently had fallen through the house into the cellar, where it exploded. The firemen concentrated on the bottom of the house. There were perhaps a dozen firemen, four policemen, a couple of air-raid wardens and ourselves there. The rest of the street was deserted. People don't "Go to fires" in London. The upper two floors were burning fiercely. But the water had nearly killed the fire in the cellar. Two firemen, shielding their faces from the heat, walked into the building. I crouched down and looked through a broken window into the cellar. The firemen were down there.

"I used to have a candid camera but it gave me muscles"

BARBARA SHERMUND

"All dead," one of them shouted.

"Maybe not," the other said. Then he called: "Stretchers."

The girls had the stretchers ready. They handed them through the broken window to the firemen in the cellar. Soon the two firemen came out of the building carrying a stretcher. They laid it down. There was a doctor there now. The woman didn't look dead. The doctor had a needle ready and he stuck it into the flesh just below her heart. Then he bent over and began to give her the kind of artificial respiration that lifeguards give.

Midnight Drama

The firemen came out with another stretcher. The doctor hesitated for a moment and the woman in charge of our ambulance group said, "All right. I'll carry on."

This was a woman too. She looked about thirty. The doctor gave her an injection. The doctor had a stethoscope around his neck. It was a white stethoscope so that he could find it easily in the dark. As he worked the arms of the woman rhythmically back and forth the white stethoscope swung to and fro from his chest.

"Take this damn' thing. It keeps falling over my eyes," the woman in charge said to me and she handed me her steel helmet. She kept on giving the woman artificial respiration. The firemen brought another stretcher out. This, too, was a woman. She was dead. I never want to see that again—someone who has been burned to death.

I stood up and went to the doorway of the house. A fireman came out. "Didn't need the stretcher for this one," he said. He had a child in his arms. The child had long golden hair and, strangely, it hadn't been touched. The fireman walked out of the courtyard and laid the child on the street. The doctor came hurrying over. The child was about three. She couldn't be dead. She was asleep. I turned away when the doctor pressed the needle. I suppose there was adrenalin in the needle.

The fire was crowning the top of the house. It would be out soon but it was flaring up obscenely as though glorying in the thing it had done this night. I walked a little away from the house. A man and his wife were standing there. They lived next to the burning building and the firemen had gotten them out.

I asked them about the three women and the child. They told me their names. The youngest was married and it was her child the doctor was working on. The other two women were her sisters. I asked why there weren't any men in the house.

"Her husband is in the army," the man said briefly.

"There's Jerry again," one of the firemen said.

We knew he'd come again at night. He could see this burning house at 20,000 feet. We heard the uneven hum of his motors and then the roar of the air barrage keeping him high, keeping him dodging shrapnel so that he couldn't get a good shot at us. The searchlights suddenly snapped on.

"Why does he bomb here?" I asked one of the policemen. "No targets around here, are there?"

He pointed down the street. "See that building?" he said. "That's what he's after."

It was so bright that I could plainly see the huge building. "What is it?" I asked.

"It's a hospital. One of the largest in London," the policeman said. "He's been after it for three nights."

Jerry was dropping his bombs but he was missing us. One of the firemen was working over the child now. The doctor was in the courtyard.

"Put these three women into the ambulance," he said.

One of the girls said, "Shall I take them to the hospital, doctor?"

He shook his head. "No," he said wearily.

This is War, 1940

There was only the child left. The doctor bent over her again. There wasn't a burn on her tiny body. The doctor put his arms underneath her and lifted her up a foot.

"Keep her head down," he said.

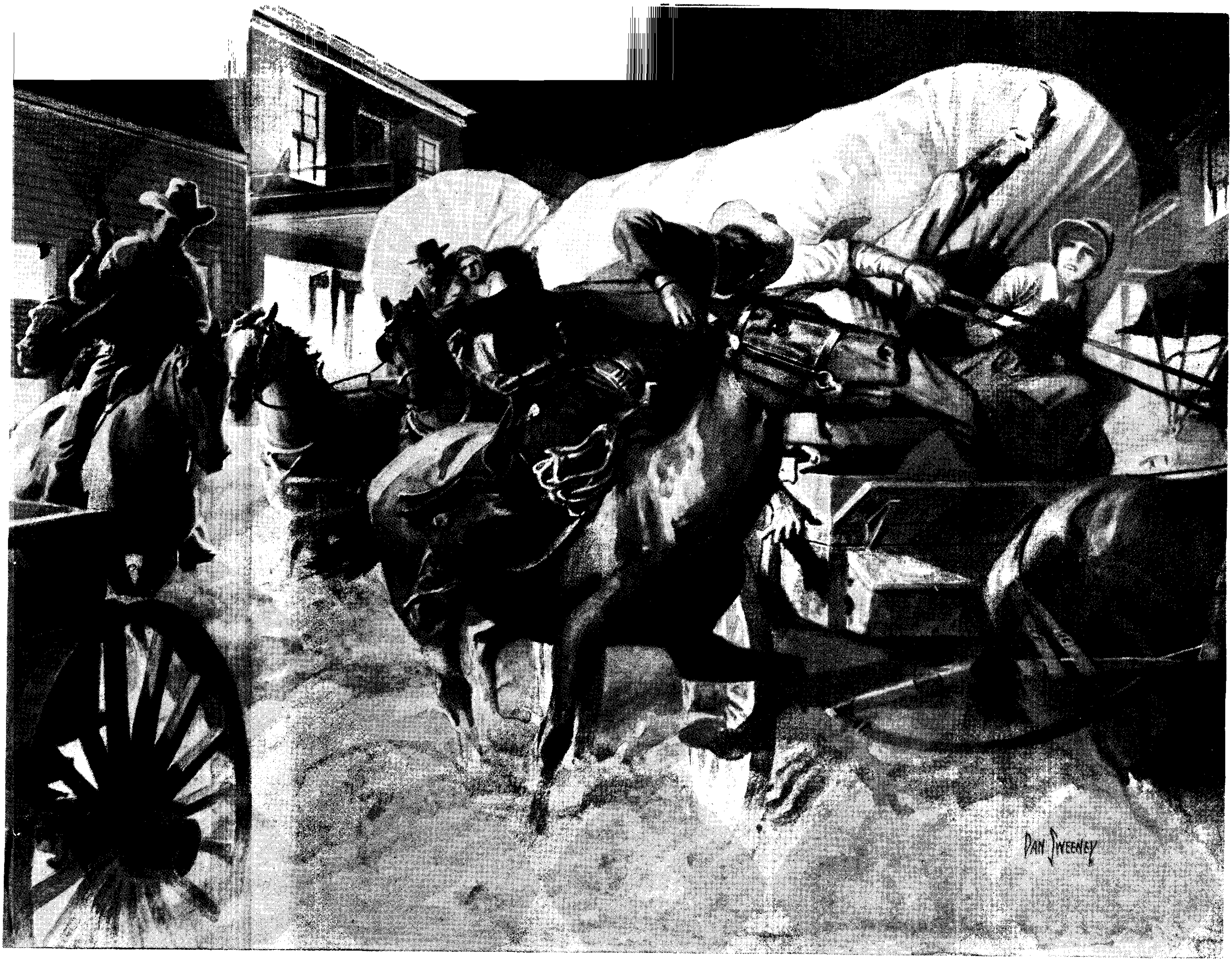
I held the head down and the golden curls were soft to touch. I found myself saying, "Wake up, wake up, wake up."

She couldn't be dead. She was asleep. I've seen three-year-old girl children asleep and this is how they sleep. A three-year-old child always sleeps with a faint frown on her face as though daring anyone to wake her. This child was sleeping like that.

The doctor reached for her arms again. I stood up. The ambulance with the three bodies in it rumbled away—not to the hospital.

I know this isn't a pleasant story to read. It isn't a pleasant one to write. It's much better to read and write about the fighting pilots, the "gay, laughing-eyed knights of the air." Sure, that's what war is. Glamorous and exciting. If death comes, well, it is swift and clean. War? Why, war is a line of gallant British battleships plowing through azure waters with flags flying and bands playing and a tot of rum for the lads on watch at night. Sure, that's what war is.

But that isn't the war I see in London every night. This is the war I see. If you want a front seat to the war come and stand over this three-year-old child with me. Don't be afraid of the bombs that are falling close or the spent shrapnel that is raining down on us. You want to see what war is really like, don't you? Take another look at the baby. She still looks as though she were asleep. This is war—fall style, 1940. This is the war that Herr Hitler is waging.



Jesse Morspeare charged against a wagon and reached out, pulling a homesteader from the wagon's seat

The Drifter

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

The Story Thus Far:

NEAR the frontier town of Prairie City, the cattlemen—led by Grat DePard, owner of the Broken Bit outfit—plan to drive out the homesteaders. The sheriff, Ben Borders, will not co-operate with them. So they agree to vote for a man who hates homesteaders—Jesse Morspeare—at the coming election.

Jim Keene, a wandering Texan, reaches Prairie City. He soon learns what is happening. Then, touched by the desperate plight of a girl homesteader—Aurora Brant, whose father has just died, leaving her almost nothing—he decides to remain and see to it that she and her friends get fair play. In need of a home, he builds a shack near Aurora's cabin; and he helps her to start a little store (financed by Tim Sullivan, a kindly saloon man). . . .

Accompanied by Red John, his foreman, DePard calls on Aurora and informs her that she must move away from the "cattle graze" land on which her cabin is located. Aurora defies the two men.

A few minutes later, Keene tries to inveigle DePard into a gun fight. But DePard refuses to fight.

Portia Crews, daughter of the owner of Rafter T, *likes Aurora; and she is deeply* interested in Keene. She tells them that, if Morspeare gets the sheriff's job, DePard and his followers will start a reign of terror, and that no homesteader will be safe. . . .

Taking advantage of the darkness one night, someone shoots, and wounds, Fritz Spackman, a homesteader. The would-be assassin is not recognized. But Keene feels sure that Morspeare has fired the shot.

Spackman's son, Joe, is in love with Jennie Cannon, the daughter of a poor homesteader. Jennie is a sweet girl—but weak. Strongly attracted to Red John—a cynical, ruthless bully—she is unable to resist his advances. Meeting him one night, near her home, she permits him to take her in his arms, kiss her. As he holds the girl, in the darkness, Red John laughs—inwardly.

IV

KEENE and Aurora left the store during the middle of Wednesday afternoon and reached Prairie City near suppertime, entering a street so jammed with wagons and rigs and saddle ponies that they had to leave their horses in an alley behind the stable. Keene, sensitive to his surroundings, felt fear and suppressed excitement blow along the street like gusts of dry wind.

They entered the courthouse. Aurora took place in line before the voting room while Keene rested himself against a wall, building a smoke. Ben Borders was at the doorway of the voting room checking the eligibility of those passing *into it from a list in his hand.* Now and then he shook his head, sending a man out of line. Jesse Morspeare stood beside Borders and watched the sheriff with a dull, constant suspicion. Lifting his glance, he saw one homesteader he knew.

"You get out of here. I saw you come to town last June."

Borders looked at the homesteader. "Charley Knorr," he said and studied his list. "No, you're all right, Charley. Eight months here."

Jesse Morspeare stared at Charley Knorr, his eyes showing the hot brutality of his threat. It was Charley Knorr's turn to enter the voting room but nobody pushed him; all these homesteaders knew what was in Knorr's mind as he dropped his strained face from Jesse Morspeare's glance. Ben Borders said at last: "Go on in and vote, Charley."

Knorr shook his head. He lifted his eyes to show the surrounding group the complete humiliation he felt; he stepped from the line, leaving the courthouse with the slow, springless step of a man whose pride had been destroyed. Jesse Morspeare grinned at Ben Borders. Borders was angry. He said: "Cut that out, Jesse."

"Not doin' a thing," retorted Jesse. "Just standing *here—which is my* right."

Aurora moved to the door. "You

sure you want to vote?" Morspeare said to her.

Keene strolled from the wall, at once becoming the target of Jesse Morspeare's eyes. The big man, Keene noticed, showed an off-guard uncertainty, a crafty change. He moved his hands slowly down across his hips and held them motionless, trying to make out Keene's intentions. Aurora had stepped into the voting room. Keene removed the cigarette from his mouth; he held it between his fingers and he let his fingers drop, the hot tip of the cigarette falling against Morspeare's hand. Morspeare jerked away; he stepped back. Keene laughed at him. He was close to Morspeare but he stepped closer, and fresh blood turned his face ruddy. He had the big man's mind dead-centered and unable to move; this was something Morspeare couldn't grasp, this deliberate affront.

Keene crowded him suddenly. He stepped on Morspeare's foot and moved back, circling Morspeare. He stopped; he threw the cigarette in Morspeare's face and waited for the big man's answer. Morspeare dodged with his head. The cigarette dropped against a fold of his coat and the smell of the burning coat began to penetrate the hall. Morspeare swept the cigarette away with his *huge hand. He was against the wall,* hating Keene with his close-set eyes, frozen by his uncertainty. Keene stepped slowly backward. The corner of his eyes caught sight of a cuspidor; he reached down and caught the cuspidor by its brass flange and threw it against Morspeare's chest.

It caught Morspeare in the pit of the belly, doubling him over and driving a great grunt out of him. The water of the cuspidor dripped along his clothes; the sound of the cuspidor when it struck the floor was metallic in the hall's complete stillness. Sweat lay like oil on Morspeare's cheeks, the corners of his lips sagged and cut two bitter curves against his skin. He was a great, savage dog straining against an invisible leash—the leash of something he didn't understand and therefore feared. He moved his head gently from side to side.

KEENE nodded at the back door. The big man looked at the door and snapped his attention back to Keene; in his slow, dim mind was a beast's hatred and a last surge of cunning. Keene took one more step backward; he put his glance on Morspeare's belly and he drew his right hand slowly upward until the elbow crooked. Morspeare turned to the rear door, dragging his feet heavily on the boards. When he reached it he stepped through rapidly. One sudden plunge carried him from sight.

Borders, standing witness to this scene, drew a hand across his mustache. Keene grinned at him and the two men watched each other, Borders at last nodding. A moment later Aurora came from the voting room and Keene left the courthouse with her.

She didn't say anything until they got into the crowd. She held to his arm, pulling him into the crowd's protection. Then she spoke: "We must leave town right now."

"Supper first."

"Oh, Jim! Don't you know what you've done?"

"Sure," he said, and turned her to the hotel. "I got him out of the courthouse so he wouldn't *scare those folks.*" The strong flush remained on his face and the pleasure was there—the same hard-tempered amusement she had seen before. They moved through the lobby and found a table in the dining room. She started to take a chair facing the dining-room door but Keene's arm guided her to the opposite chair. He took the one facing the door. She was upset enough to be pale. "You quarreled with him—as you quarreled with DePard."

"Sure," he said. He had never, in the time she had known him, spoken a hurried or impolite word to her but now she heard a coolness that closed her out. He fought his battles alone and wanted no advice.

She said: "All right, Jim. When will we know about the election?"

He looked at his watch. "They've started counting now."

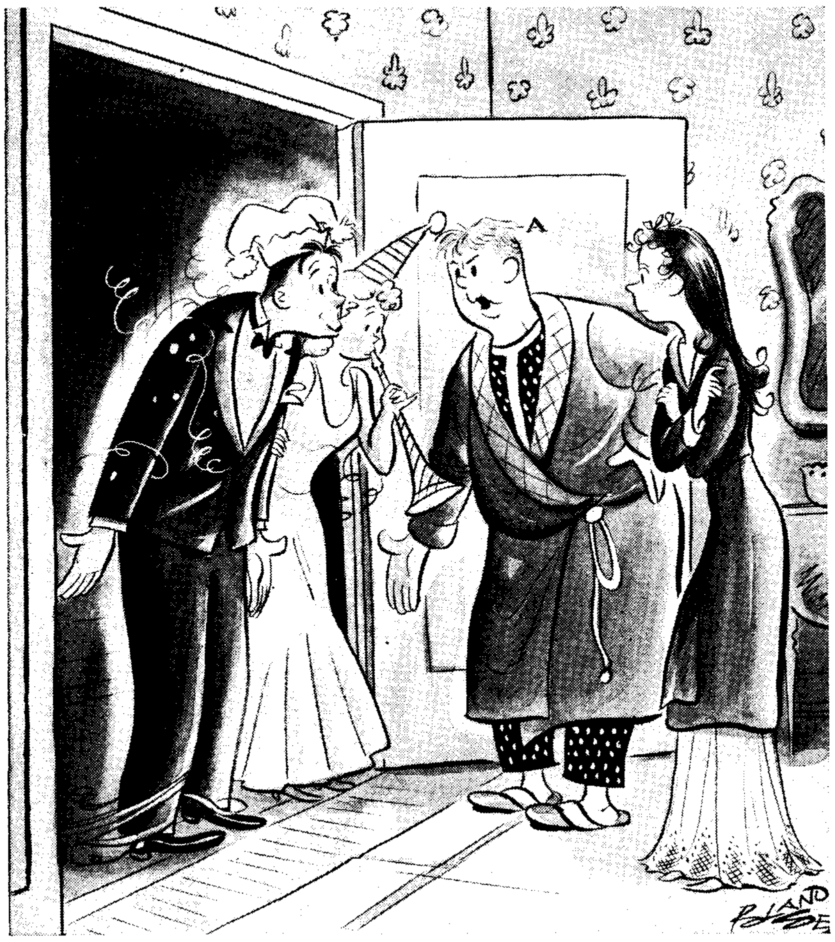
The dining room was full. They were half through supper when Cleve Stewart came to the table. He gave Keene the briefest nod, his manner resenting Keene's presence. Aurora said: "Sit down, Cleve." She had a swift moment's glance at Jim Keene and saw the coolness in him.

Stewart took a chair, ignoring Keene. "Going back tonight?"

"Yes."

"My outfit will start home as soon as the election's known. Better go with us."

"We're all right, Cleve."



"But I tell you we don't mind the noise! It's your coming down to apologize that keeps waking us up!" ROLAND COE

"No," he said, "I don't think you are. I don't presume to interfere with your private affairs, Keene, but when you pick a fight with Morspeare you get Aurora in trouble. Not thoughtful of you."

Keene said: "Morspeare's your man. You cattlemen want him in office. So why don't you trust him?"

Stewart reddened. "That's my affair."

"For a fact," drawled Keene. "But you opened the subject."

CLEVE STEWART sat straight, openly angered. Keene *leaned back* in the chair, seemingly disinterested and detached. This was a surface impression only; at the corners of his eyes Aurora noticed the iron pressure of temper.

Cleve Stewart said: "It would be a darned sight better for Aurora if you pulled out alone. You're the man DePard will shoot at. Don't put your troubles on her."

Keene's answer drifted like a soft summer's wind: "You're speakin' for DePard?"

Aurora broke in sharply: "Not at this table, please." She rose and left the room. In the lobby—back in a quieter corner of it—she waited for Keene to come up. "Let's stay until we know who wins. I'll wait here."

"All right. I'll be back in a little while."

SHE watched Keene cross the lobby and push his way to the street; a moment later Cleve Stewart came from the dining room, walking rapidly. He was obviously angry clear down to the bone.

Keene moved by a group of homestead women standing before the hotel and went across the dust toward Worsham's store. Half the town had gathered in front of the courthouse, awaiting the election returns. The Broken Bit outfit had collected near the Cattleman's Palace. Red John leaned against the saloon wall, watching the courthouse. The street now was shadow and lamplight beneath a dark sky and fall's wind came in to catch the agitated dust and carry it onward in slow, thin waves; and in the wind was winter's first chill. Keene was in the dark pool of Worsham's store and he paused here, finding young Joe Spackman near him. Young Joe was rooted to the walk, so intent on whatever he saw that he was unaware of Keene's presence. At that moment Jennie Cannon came out of the crowd near the courthouse and gave Red John one long look and disappeared in the darkness beyond the stable. Red *John had a cigarette in his mouth; with* a quick gesture he threw the cigarette into the dust and walked past the stable.

Young Joe Spackman spoke a quick, groaning word and whirled on his heels, crashing into Keene. He pushed himself blindly by Keene, hurrying aimlessly down the street. Keene turned, idly walking toward the depot; he was at the corner of the feed-store alley when he heard somebody say, "Keene," and turned to find Cleve Stewart advancing at a swift walk.

Stewart came before him, clearly self-pushed to the edge of trouble. Like the bulldog he so resembled, he had set his jaws, he had closed his mind.

"I've known that girl a long time," he broke out. "I feel responsible for her safety. I don't propose to have a stranger come here and get her in trouble."

"Then," asked Keene, "why don't you help her when she wants help?"

"She shouldn't be across the river. You know well what DePard's up to."

"What's that got to do with it?" asked Keene.

Stewart cried out: "Don't you *understand?*"

Keene said: "You're straddling, Cleve. I'd guess you never had much practice in taking the tough side. DePard's got you buffaloed and you want to duck trouble by asking Aurora to pull out."

He was unprepared for Cleve Stewart's outraged reaction, not knowing how accurately his words hit Cleve Stewart's tender spot. Stewart, long uncertain of his own fighting ability and his own toughness, felt blackness close down on him and knew that this was the one moment of his life in which thinking would be fatal. He had to know the quality *of his courage, even though it killed him.* His jaws clapped together and he caught Keene on the side of the chin with a roundhouse swing. Keene, only half braced for it, fell backward into the alley; and rolled and was up. Stewart ran at him, using his arms in the awkward manner of a man who had never learned to fight.

KEENE pulled aside. Stewart's rush carried him past Keene who caught him in the ribs and slammed him against the nearest building wall. Beyond that thin partition some object crashed to the floor. Stewart threw himself from the wall; in this blinding darkness, Keene saw only the blur of the other man, only the swing of his shoulders. He missed a punch and took one in the chest. He met Stewart in the center of the alley, tied up his arms and jabbed him in the belly, and threw him away.

They circled slowly toward the front of the alley, Stewart's wind sawing the silence. Somewhere people were calling; that noise grew along the street. Stewart let out a grunt, pushing himself at Keene again. They stood at arm's breadth, slashing away, arm fouling arm. Keene caught Stewart's next rush on the point of his shoulder. He rolled Stewart off his shoulder, struck him flush on the chin. Stewart fell like a log. He groaned—and killed the groan as soon as he heard it. They were clear of the alley, in the street again. Voices called more clearly from the courthouse.

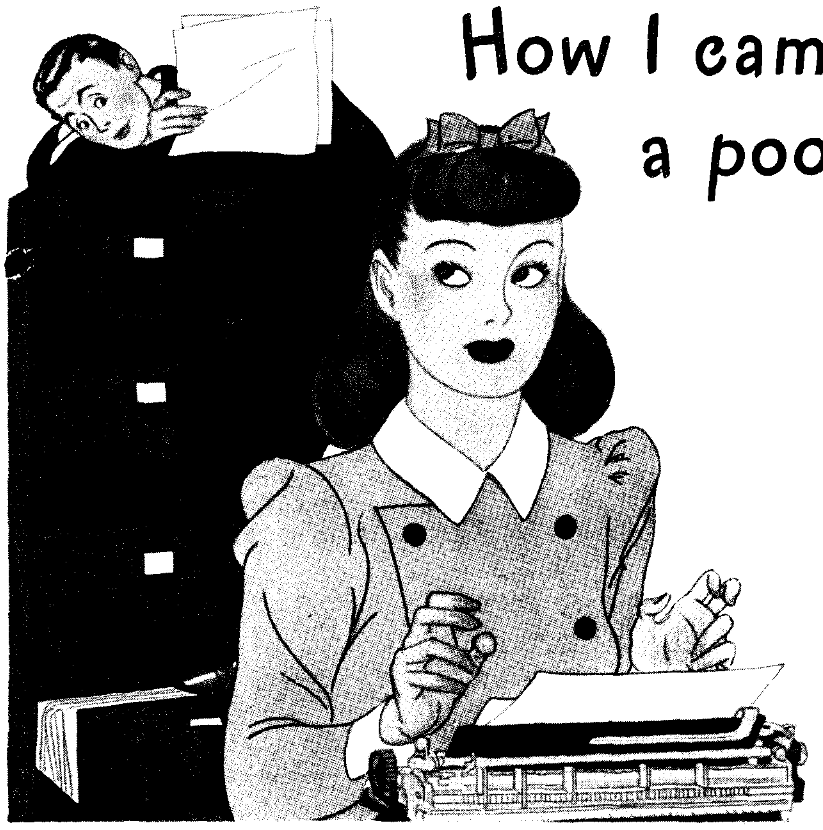
Keene said, between the lift and fall of wind: "Don't be a fool, Cleve."

The crowd at the courthouse grew thicker and thicker. Talk rose high and quarrelsome. Cleve Stewart pulled himself from the ground. One ragged track of blood lay across his mouth and for a moment he let his head drop, as though to throw himself again at Keene. But this was curious: he lifted his head and all the gray, bitter feeling passed out of him and he was laughing at Keene. It was a relieved and free laughter scouring away malice.

"All right," he said, "you licked me." *And again he laughed. "I should have* learned how to do this a long time ago. This is the first fist fight I ever had."

He walked forward, his hand extended, and when Keene took his hand Stewart said, "Well, it was none of my business." He ran the flat of a palm across his mouth, staring strangely at the blood there. "I didn't feel you land that blow. Odd." He wanted to say something to Keene, but he could not

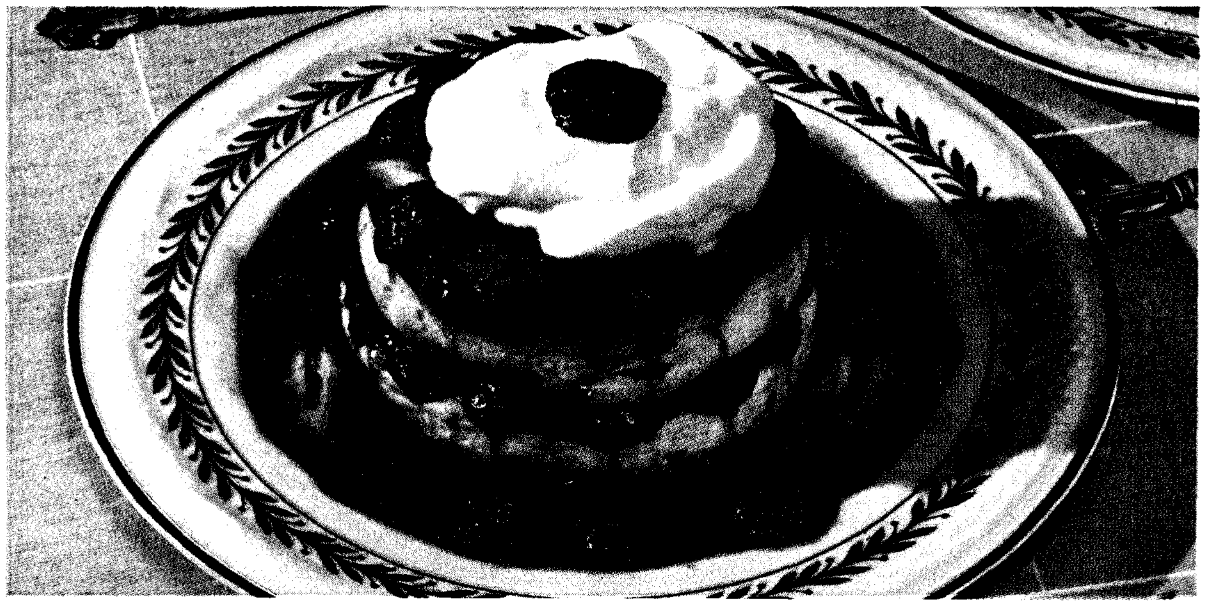
How I came to marry a poor girl



1. I'm like all the other boys who say it's as easy to fall for a rich girl as a poor one. I spot a typist in our office with red hair and big blue eyes—and after two movies and a talk about art and life, I'm walking on air because she's invited me to her apartment for dinner.

2. I'm so moon-eyed I don't even notice the food till we come to dessert. Then Helen trots out a strawberry shortcake so big I let loose a whistle. "Strawberries," I say to myself, "are out of season. The gal must love me." Then I taste the shortcake.

3. Those berries, oh mama! They're so juicy and tender they almost pop when you look at 'em . . . so fresh-tasting you'd swear they'd just been picked. "What's the secret, baby?" I ask her. "Got a greenhouse?" "No," she smiles. "Birds Eye Quick Freezing is my secret."

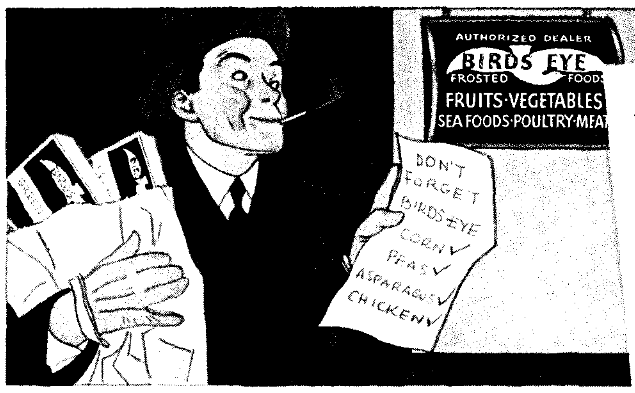


4. "The Birds Eye People," she goes on, "select the most luscious strawberries there are. Then the berries are picked peak-ripe, and *as soon as they're picked* they're cleaned, sliced, and popped into the Quick Freezer which *seals in* their gorgeous field-fresh flavor."

5. "Aren't these Birds Eye berries kind of rich for your pay check?" I ask her. "No, Mr. Inquisitive, they aren't," she answers. "When you figure there are no bad berries, no leaves and stems, they're almost cheaper than berries in season. One box makes 4 big servings."

BIRDS EYE
SLICED STRAWBERRIES

6. Then, for several months on end, a couple nights a week, I get first-hand information about many of the other Birds Eye fruits and vegetables, fish and meats and poultry, across the table from the red-head. Before I know it, I'm married to both Birds Eye and Helen. And you can have the heiresses!



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7. Where can you buy these delicious foods? . . . You may not always find a Birds Eye dealer right around the corner. For all stores do not yet have these grand foods. But it will be worth your while to look for one. Finding it, can bring you the food thrill of your life. Remember, Birds Eye represents only the *top* quality in quick-frozen foods. Therefore, be *sure* you look for the Birds Eye in the window, and the Birds Eye on the package.

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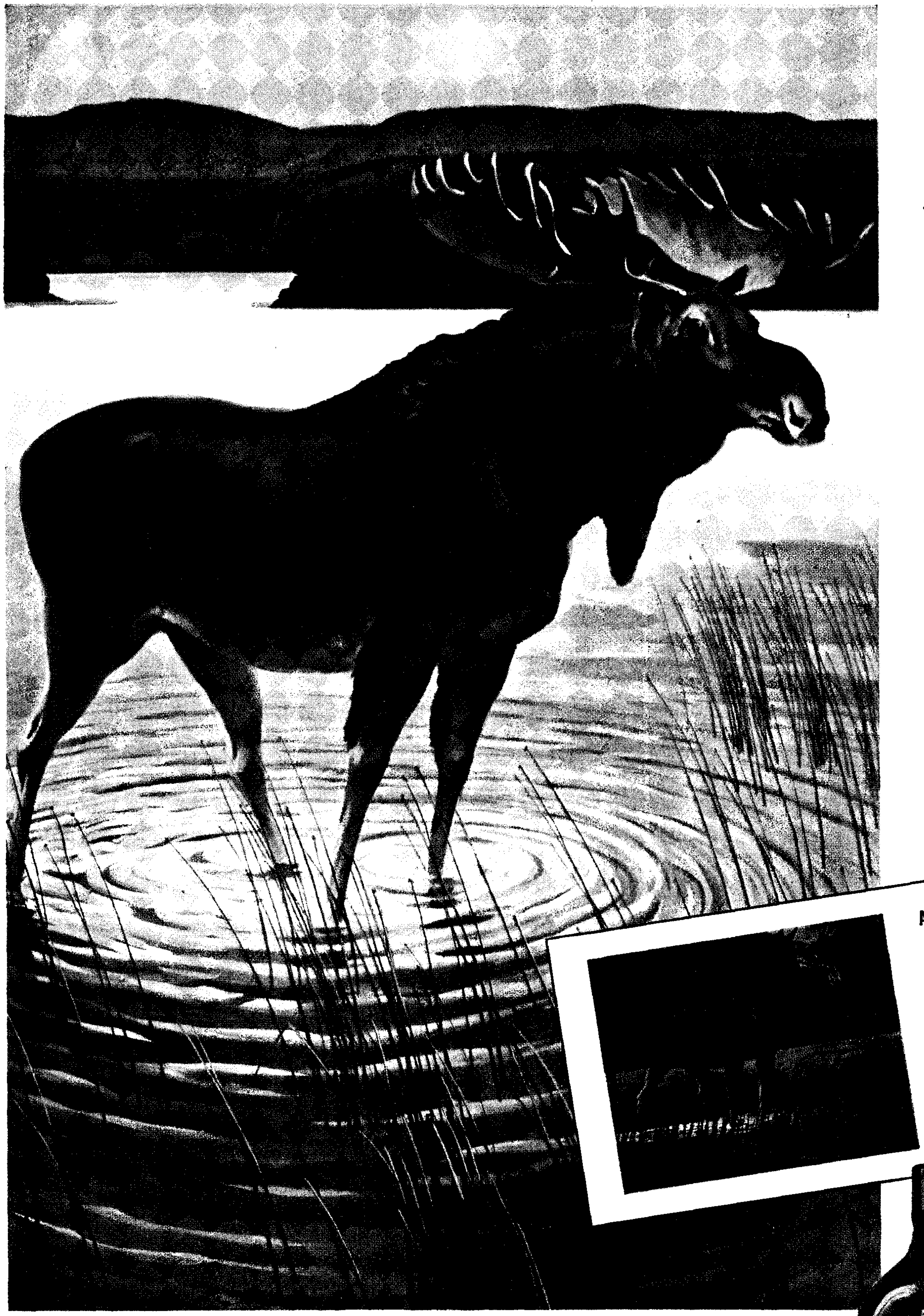
NATURE'S PROTECTIVE BLENDING PROTECTS THE MOOSE



CALVERT'S PROTECTIVE BLENDING

protects the flavor and good taste of Calvert Whiskey

TRY Calvert next time in your favorite cocktail or highball and see for yourself just what Protective Blending *does* for this famous whiskey. See how much it adds to your drinking enjoyment.

Then you will understand why Calvert enjoys such outstanding popularity from coast to coast—then you will know why *the sales of Calvert "Special" Whiskey are the largest in the world.*

ABOVE: The bull moose is an easy target for the hunter when he abandons the security of Nature's Protective Blending and ventures out against the open sky.

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The whiskey of good taste

CLEAR HEADS (CLEAR-HEADED BUYERS) CALL FOR Calvert

RICHER COSTS A LITTLE MORE

LIGHTER COSTS A LITTLE LESS

BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 90 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits...Calvert "Special": 90 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Copyright 1940, Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City bring himself to admit the depth of fear that had been in him—the fear of being afraid. Nothing but the bitterest torture of soul had driven him to this fight, nothing but the insufferable agony of a man who had to know about himself at last. Now he was silently saying, "The worst of it is the thinking of it—afterward there is nothing to be afraid of," and a great load rolled off Cleve Stewart's heart and he was a bigger man than he had ever been.

Keene put an arm on his shoulder, showing Stewart a penetrating kindness. "Fine—fine," he murmured, and that was all they ever said about it. Next moment both of them were turned by the sound of a shot and the long cry of a voice, saying: "Broken Bit!" The crowd fell apart, men running away from the courthouse. Women screamed and raced for the shelter of the hotel. Keene and Stewart, going up the street in long strides, heard another voice cry: "We voted Borders in!"

BUT the homesteaders kept racing down the street toward their wagons and Broken Bit men were throwing themselves into this stream, fighting toward the head of the street. Keene collided with a homesteader, tripped and went flat down in the dust. Cleve Stewart was by him shouting, "Trouble up there Jim!" and gave Keene a hand up, both of them plowing forward. Another woman screamed, so near to Keene that his ears rang. Dust thickened. Through this dust he had one incomplete glimpse of Ben Borders standing on the courthouse steps—tall and lonely and motionless. He saw Borders reach for his gun. That was all he saw, for a wagon and team, swinging down the street at a dangerous run, cut off Keene's vision and made him jump aside; and afterward the dust shut out everything. Shots beat along the street, those echoes rattling against Prairie's loose windows. A man shouted loud and long and more homesteaders were racing out of town, wagons wheel to wheel. One voice kept shouting: "Broken Bit!"

Keene hugged the wall of Worsham's store, pushing forward with Cleve Stewart beside him. Tim Sullivan showed up in the dusty, lurid night; his mouth was wide open and a cigar fell out of it. "They shot Ben!" Suddenly Broken Bit was in the saddle, out in the street's middle, and Keene saw DePard wave his arm at his crew. Broken Bit swung through the mass of wagons and rigs. Red John was tall and saturnine in the night and faintly amused. Blackie Naves turned and shot point-blank at the head of the street and Red John bent in the saddle and knocked up Naves' arm. Jesse Morspeare cursed at the crowd as he rode, sullen and full of hatred at his defeat. He charged against a wagon and reached out, pulling a homesteader from the wagon's seat. The homesteader fell deep in the tangle, his yell coming wildly up through the dust and the churn of horses; and presently Broken Bit was gone and to Prairie City, now half emptied of its crowd, came a semblance of order. Through the lessening noise Keene heard a small boy's voice crying out forlornly: "Where's my mother?"

Keene ran on toward the courthouse and the group already gathered there. He saw Ben Borders half sitting and half lying on the steps and for an instant he thought the old man merely tired; but as he came up he noticed the stain on Borders' vest. Tim Sullivan pushed the crowd aside and caught Borders at the shoulders, holding him straight. Tim called: "Ellenburg!"

"Tim," said Borders, "I'm a little thirsty."

"Who did it?"

"A short drink of water," said Borders, in a voice that was small and gentle and perfectly unafraid. "Be mighty dry where I'm going."

"Who was it?" repeated Tim Sullivan.

Borders saw Keene. He raised the back of a hand and brushed it across his mustache, looking closely at Keene. There was a freshening of interest in his eyes. "You're still here?" he murmured. "And stayin'?"

"I'll be staying."

"Pleases me to know it," said the sheriff. His words were fading and he spoke with a conscious preciseness. "I want to tell you something. I followed the trail for many years. When you get to the other side of the hill—remember this, son—the only thing you'll find there is just what you brought with you."

He bowed his head and seemed to be thinking deeply. Sullivan said, "The old man's dead," and sat down on the steps and held the sheriff.

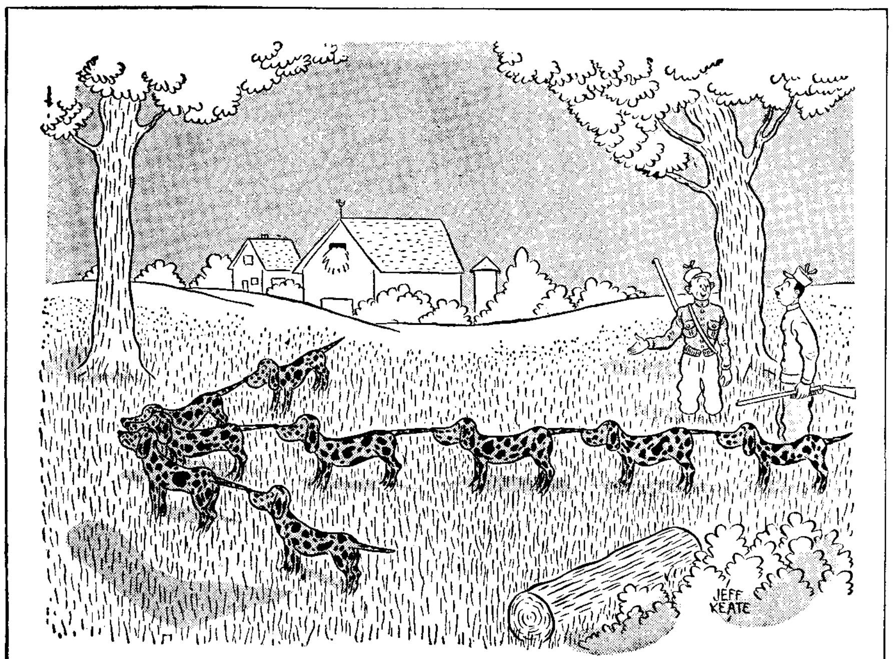
Somebody behind Keene spoke: "Now where's the law on the Silver Bow?"

Turning, Keene saw Cannon and a small group of homesteaders. Aurora stood in the shadows. Ellenburg came up the street.

"Why," said Tim Sullivan, "there ain't any. If you want any law, friend, you'll have to make it."

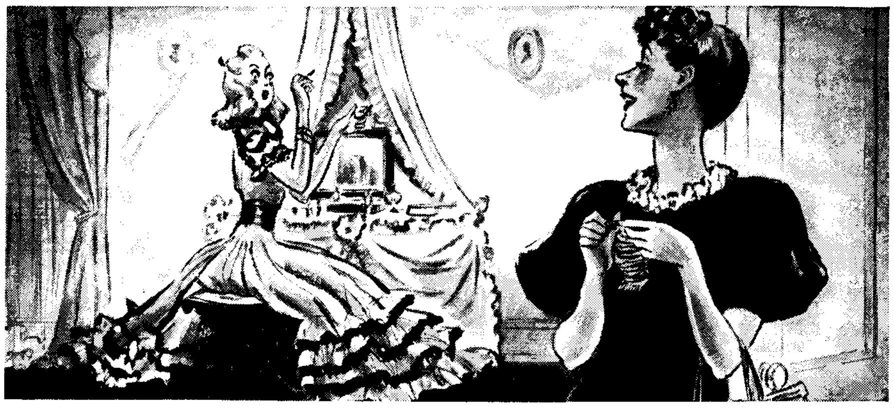
Cannon said sadly: "That's the end of us homesteaders."

Keene swung away. Aurora said,

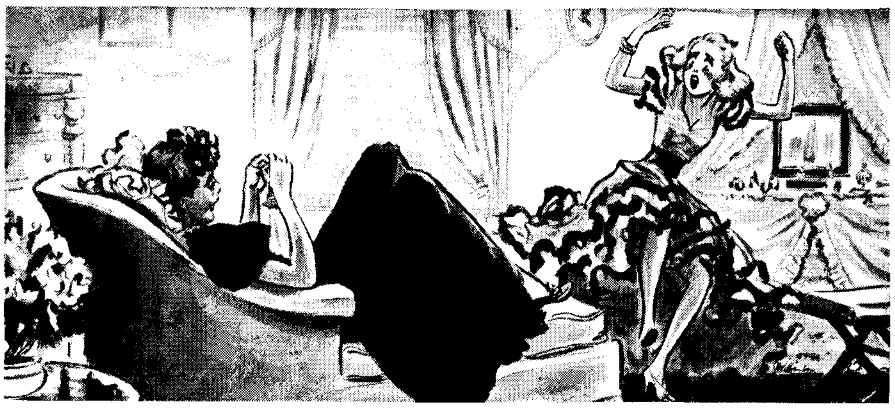


"When my hounds point, they point!" JEFF KEATE

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Williamson

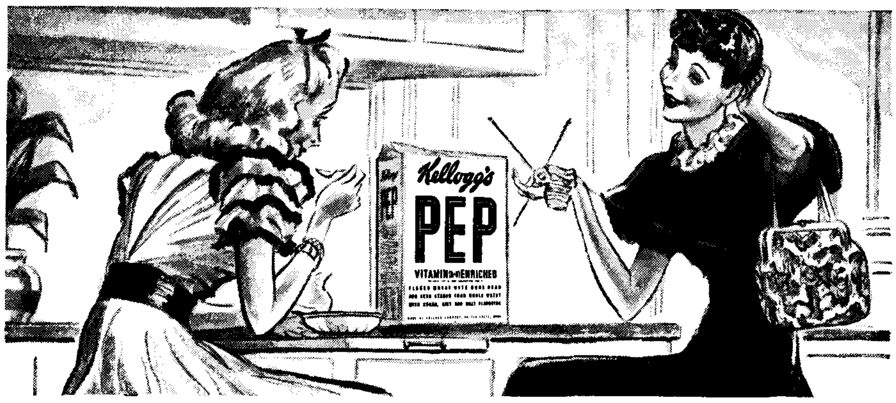


Sis: Why the war paint, Babs? Impersonating a femme fatale?



Babs: Quit picking on me, Sis! You're terrible! A girl's *got* to have a *little* glamor these days.

Sis: Glamor is spinach, darling. If you had more pep in your bones, you wouldn't need so much paint on your face. I'll bet what you need is *vitamins.* And that reminds me. Come downstairs a minute—for lesson No. 1.



Sis: We can't have pep without all our vitamins, my cherub. And one of the best ways to get two of the important vitamins, B_1 and D, is right in that delicious cereal you're sampling—KELLOGG'S PEP.

Babs: Say, where have you been hiding this? It's the grandest tasting cereal I ever ate. Boy! Are you a discoverer!

Babs: (another night) Good-bye, Teacher! I'll see if your lesson works.

Sis: Where there's pep there's hope!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

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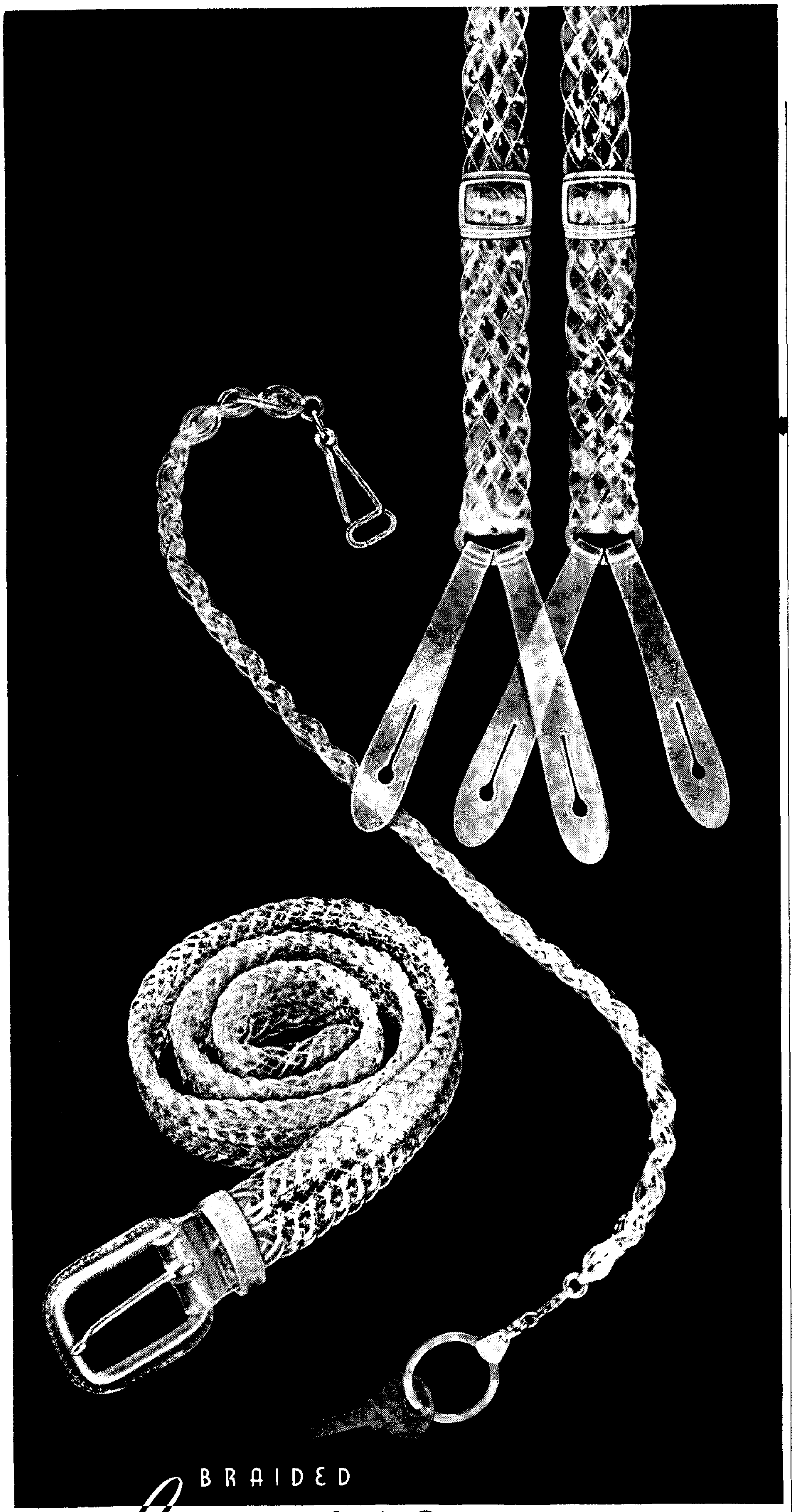

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"If you're ready—" and they walked through the alley to their horses. When they came out they found Cleve Stewart and half a dozen of his riders waiting; the whole group left Prairie City at once.

Cleve Stewart said: "I'm sorry you had to see that, Aurora. If you're upset, come on to my place."

"No," she said, "I'll stay."

Very little was said during the rest of the ride. Crossing the ford, Cleve Stewart broke a long silence: "DePard didn't think he'd lose. None of us did. The killing, of course, was not accidental."

Keene said: "Who did it?"

"Naves."

"You're sure?"

"Tim Sullivan told me. He saw the shooting." They had stopped at the edge of the yard. Cleve moved his horse in until he had a better view of Keene in the dark. He spoke in troubled tone: "He was a fine old man—Borders. But if I were you, Jim, I wouldn't entertain any notions regarding Naves. You saw how that outfit works. The lid's off now."

Keene's mind still ran close to the shooting. "Naves—the little one," he mused. Cleve Stewart looked into the future and had his dark visions and spoke earnestly to Aurora: "Aurora, I hate to harp on this but do you think you ought to stay here?"

"Yes, Cleve."

"Well," said Cleve, "good luck," and rode away with his outfit.

Keene and Aurora rode into the yard and for a little while remained mounted, listening to the steady ringing rasp of the crickets through an otherwise silence. Keene rolled a cigarette and lifted it to his mouth and drew out a match. But, watching him closely, Aurora noticed the old, swift caution come to him. There was no warning in the night for her, but for him something happened. He held the match unlighted and his head turned, and then he moved his horse toward the lean-to stable beyond the cabin. He stopped and she saw him bend forward and presently urge the horse closer to the stable. After that he rode back to Aurora. He lighted the match and cupped it against the cigarette. That glow etched out the bony squareness of his face and the hardening length of his mouth. The light died. Keene said:

"My team's gone."

She felt the quick thrill of fear, for she knew, as well as he did, what had happened to those horses. She didn't need to ask.

"And now it begins, Jim?"

"Yes."

"You'll be going after them?"

"In the morning."

HE STOOD in the yard after breakfast saddled and ready to go. Earlier he had scouted the immediate flats, to find the print of pony tracks leading straight at the ridge. He was always a man to have his cool look at the future, Aurora thought. His mind was going on ahead, visualizing how it would be. The pressure of it, and the cool expectancy of it was on his face.

He swung to the saddle and for a moment his eyes admired her. She showed no fear and she said none of those things that disturbed a man or tried to take him away from the things that had to be done. She had will, she had composure. As she lifted her head to him he saw one quality appear which he had not before seen—a kind of iron resolution which suppressed emotion. He said: "I may be gone a few days."

"I know."

"Remember what I told you about using that gun."

She said: "Do you really have to do this, Jim?"

"Yes."

"Good luck," she murmured.

There was nothing hard about the trail before him; it led to the ridge in a straight pattern of trampled grass, reached the trees and stamped itself plainly on the dark forest mold. The horse thieves had neither concealed nor had wanted to conceal it. They were saying to him, every foot of the way: "This is the way your horses went. Come and find them."

Before he entered the timber he looked back. The store cabin was a dark square against the sun-yellow grass, his own soddy squatted under day's new, strong light, the river made its sparkling bend at the ford. Aurora stood in the yard; he saw her arm lift at him and he answered it and pushed into the timber.

He had no doubt of his destination. Broken Bit had taken the horses, therefore to Broken Bit he was bound. He was in no hurry and had covered less than ten miles by noon. He came upon a fork of the valley's creek and stopped for a drink. Coolness had gone from the timber; now and then through tree gaps he saw the bright sun shining. Shortly after noon he pushed on, coming to a fork of the trail. The main trail continued north along the spine of Lost Man, containing the print of the horses; a lesser trail curled downgrade toward the east.

THEY had drawn a line fifteen miles long for him to follow and every foot of the way was an invitation. DePard, he thought, was a clever man, for DePard knew he would take up the invitation. Keene smiled at the thought; the old eagerness buoyed him. But at this point he abandoned the direct trail and swung to the left, descending the flank of the hill a mile or more; after that he left the narrow pathway and took to the pines. Ahead of him a bay of brightness showed. Reaching the edge of timber he looked upon a half-overgrown meadow and the slattern shapes of an abandoned house and barn. Beyond this meadow was a narrow screen of trees; beyond the trees he saw a small, shallow valley—with broken country to its east.

He skirted the meadow and turned back toward the crest of Lost Man. He came to the crest, found the sign of the horses on it again and quickly retreated into the timber. Through a vista of trees later he saw ranch quarters lying below him near the edge of Cloud Valley; this would be Portia Crews' home. The outer day was still bright but in these woods twilight settled to its first violet shades. He reached an east-west road, scouted it and crossed it. Here the main mass of the Thunderhead Range met him and he rose through denser timber and more rugged contours; high on the mountainside, near four o'clock, he came out to a ledge and discovered DePard's ranch below him.

The trail dropped in quick switchback loops. Above him the sky made its spectacular evening shift from bright gold to the sunless clarity of evening; and so quiet was the world that the sound of a man's voice in the yard below him, still a quarter mile away, ran up the slope in magnified resonance. When he came off the last turn of the trail he faced the back side of the main house and the blank end of a bunk house. A man sat at the base of a corral, hat low on his face. It was the same man, Keene realized, he had thrown at Red John in town.

He lifted his head as Keene entered the yard, and dropped it again. Keene passed on, cut around the corner of the house and found DePard on the porch.

DePard said: "Took you all day to get here, friend. What you been doing since six o'clock this morning?"

He sat in a rocking chair, his two

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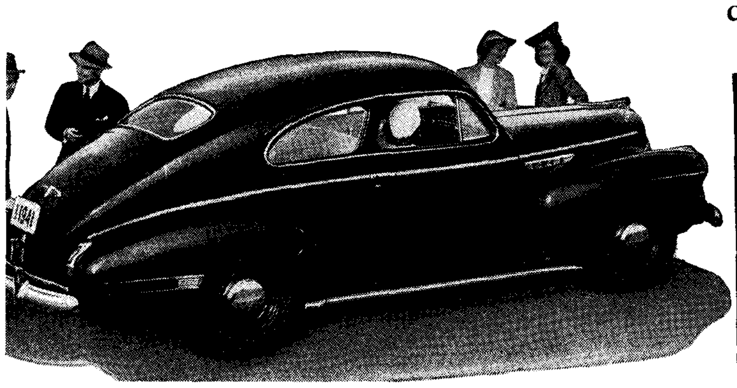

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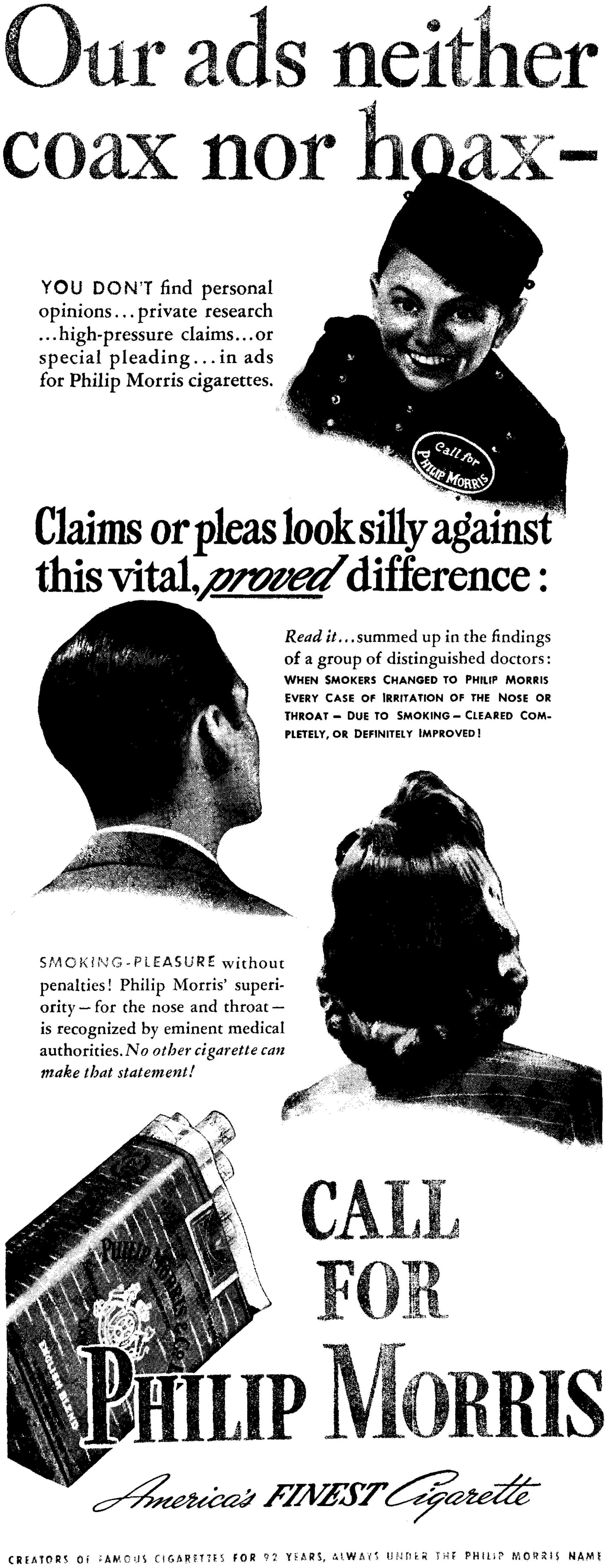

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heavy hands idly dropped on the rocker arms; he had been teetering himself gently, and now was still. On the surface of his wide and fleshy neck the pulse of his heart broke heavy and slow. He wasn't surprised. He had known Keene would come and on his face was the gray satisfaction of guessing right. "Naves is out there on the main trail, expectin' you."

"I wouldn't be that much of a sucker," drawled Keene.

"No?" said DePard. "Well, I'm glad you're here. Step down."

The man Keene had seen at the corral stumbled around the corner of the house, took one brief look at Keene and moved back to the corral; when he sat down it was at a position which kept Keene before him. DePard said: "It's all right, Snap." Two other men moved from the barn and paused.

"Now, friend," said DePard, "I know you like a book. You ride high until you see a man that casts a big shadow. And then like every tough one in the world you stop to see if that fellow is as big as you. I'm that fellow, friend, and that's what's in your craw now."

BACK of the house a door banged, its sharp clap running sheer and flat across the yard. A triangle began to beat steadily, ringing like a great bell. DePard stood up.

"I'm as tough as you," he repeated, "and you're as tough as me. Which makes it kind of interestin'. Light and eat, friend."

Keene had DePard centered before him; he could take his chances with the three men visible in the yard. But somewhere, like a breath of air on the back of his neck, was the threat of two other men he had seen from the heights. This was the thing that held him. He stepped from the saddle and went into the house. He followed DePard to a mess hall, took one swift look around him, and moved to the chair at the foot of the table. One by one the other men walked in. He counted them in his head, waiting until all five had arrived; that was the moment he had chosen—when all five were together in front of him. But one man never came and he saw DePard's heavy lips creased in half-suppressed amusement. DePard knew what he was thinking. Keene sat back, the drive leaving his muscles. Nothing showed on his face.

A rider came out of the hill trail and whirled before the house, and stamped through the house; at the doorway of the dining room he stopped as though a stretched wire had caught him across the chest. This was Naves, shocked still; his little eyes raced from Keene to DePard in swift search.

DePard said: "I said you'd be wrong, Blackie."

There was an empty chair on the far side of the table. The little man moved on, intending to pass Keene's back. Keene looked at him; he had a coffee cup in his hand and he held it half lifted, looking over its rim. Naves flashed one more glance at DePard and turned the opposite end of the table. He sat down, saying nothing; and, as the rest of them did, ate his meal in hurried silence.

There was one more man in the yard. That man clung to Keene's mind; it was a weight that tipped the scales gently down, against action. He watched the group finish eating—and the urge to make a play crept into his muscles and turned to a half-formed impulse. But he sat still. That coldness still was on the back of his neck. He relaxed on the chair, heavy and inexpressive, watching the crew go out. DePard remained. DePard rolled a cigarette, his stout, stubby fingers turning and tapering the paper.

"You threw the hook into me the other day," said DePard. "I ought to be tough about that. But I ain't. When I meet a man of your kind I'd like to have him with me. That's why I took your horses, friend. I wanted to talk. There's a job here for you."

"No," said Keene. "I guess not."

"Friend," pointed out DePard, "you could raise a lot of hell. If I didn't think so I wouldn't be foolin' with you. There ain't room for the both of us in the country. Either you ride right on out of here, or you take this job."

Keene said: "Quit singing that same old tune, Grat."

DePard stared at him through the rolling smoke of his cigarette. He propped an elbow on the table and sank low in his chair, animal-keen in the things he knew. There was a chestiness to him, a broad flare to his nostrils, stallion's boldness to his eyes. Slouched in the chair he showed power and an insensitive vitality.

"I admire you," he repeated. "I could trust you as much as any man, which is not much. You got the same ideas I've got, which is to take what you want and do what you want to do and to hell with what the other fellow says. This is my country. I run it. All that talk about law and rights—what good's that if they can't make it stick?"

"When you trouble those people across the Silver Bow you're overplayin' your hand."

"Little fellows," said DePard. "They hide in the grass like crickets and you don't see them until they cover the country. Then they eat you up. They're going out of here, friend."

"You'll lose."

"Me?" said DePard, really surprised. "Oh, no. They'll run." He came heavily back to his main subject. "I like smart men. Don't disappoint me, friend. Don't do somethin' that ain't smart. Hell, here's a whole thousand square miles for you. Go out there and take your piece of it. I'll stand you some cows to start on."

Keene gave the thought a long consideration. It engrossed him, it took his fancy. But he smiled and shook his head. "What would I want with that?"

DE PARD displayed his first sign of puzzlement. The hearts of men, according to his philosophy, answered to fear and to profit. These were the major compulsions. He had tried them both on Keene, but this man laughed at him. He was less sure of Keene: he was curious. "What do you want, friend?"

"As to that," answered Keene, "I do not know."

"Don't spend your time lookin' for nothin'. If it ain't somethin' you can see or smell or bite between your teeth—" he stretched out a solid arm and closed his fingers slowly, "if it ain't somethin' you can get between your fingers, it ain't nothin'."

"I knew a man once, down the trail," observed Keene. "He owned the town. He walked down the middle of the street and folks stepped aside. He rode high and he cast a pretty big shadow. One day a little fellow—just a little fellow scared of his own skin—walked up to him and said, 'Hello, Bill,' and shot him dead."

"Bill," pointed out Grat, "was a fool for bein' careless." Then he asked in a quick way: "What happened to the other fellow?"

"One of Bill's friends killed him."

"You see?" pointed out Grat DePard, and blew a long breath through his nostrils, "The little fellow was a fool, too. He's dead. What good did it do him?"

"Something you don't see and can't bite. You could reach for it forever and never get it in your hand. How about those horses, Grat?"

DePard stood up. "Naves was right. You're not as smart as I figured. Your pony's out there where you left it."

The cook moved around the kitchen. That, Keene decided, was the extra man he'd been worrying about. Evening's silence hovered over the ranch, the silence of waiting, the silence of preparation. One thing alone broke it—the cry of a coyote somewhere in the hills. Keene looked down at the table, no longer needing to watch DePard, for he had already seen the involuntary break-through of the man's purpose. He had observed it before in other men—that dark emanation that no pair of eyes and no face could ever conceal. They would let him rise to the saddle; they would never let him ride from the yard.

He said: "Thanks for the meal. You've got a good cook."

"Chinaman."

KEENE thought: The extra man was a Chinaman. No danger in him. The kitchen was a way of exit, but it left him without his horse. He moved along the table; he stopped near the doorway that led into the front room. The front room was still unlighted and the mess-hall lamp thrust one bright yellow corridor straight across the living room to the front doorway. To either side of this corridor shadows clung. He fished out his cigarette papers and shook up a smoke. He tapered it, he lighted it and pulled his lips back from his teeth, relishing that first fragrant draw of smoke. Grat DePard stood at the doorway, his faithless, animal-alert mind anticipating every possible play in Keene's head. Knowing his man, Keene started for the doorway. It surprised him when DePard stepped into the living room ahead of him.

Keene said: "Just stop there—and keep your voice down."

DePard's confident answer came back at him: "You damned fool, you're as good as a mile from that horse. Put up the gun."

"Slide your hands into your pockets. We'll walk to the porch. We'll stop a minute. We'll move out to the horse and just walk along."

"And you showin' a gun in your hand, friend?"

"It's still in the holster. Go ahead."

DePard was close to open laughter. "Now you'll see why I like smart men. See how far Blackie Naves lets you walk."

"Go on."

DePard stepped to the porch, with Keene behind him. Keene said: "How far over this ridge to the river, Grat?" In the stillness he heard his own voice carry—and wanted it to carry.

DePard made a half-turn to him. "Nineteen miles."

Keene slid a match along his leg, lighting it. He brought it to his face, holding it steadily against the cigarette. The light reached out to DePard and caught the round, wide-open surfaces of the Broken Bit owner's eyes. Keene watched the dark pupils grow small against the light; he saw the flame of the light dance as tiny pictures in those pupils. The match died and he heard DePard's short, strong sigh of growing strain. That same strain made hollow places inside Keene; it dried him up and made all his nerves too sharp, it stung like sweat on his face. Water fell into a near-by trough. The smell of the hills moved steadily down the narrow canyon meadow and the weight of the hills pressed against the meadow. He noticed one shadow erect against the corral.

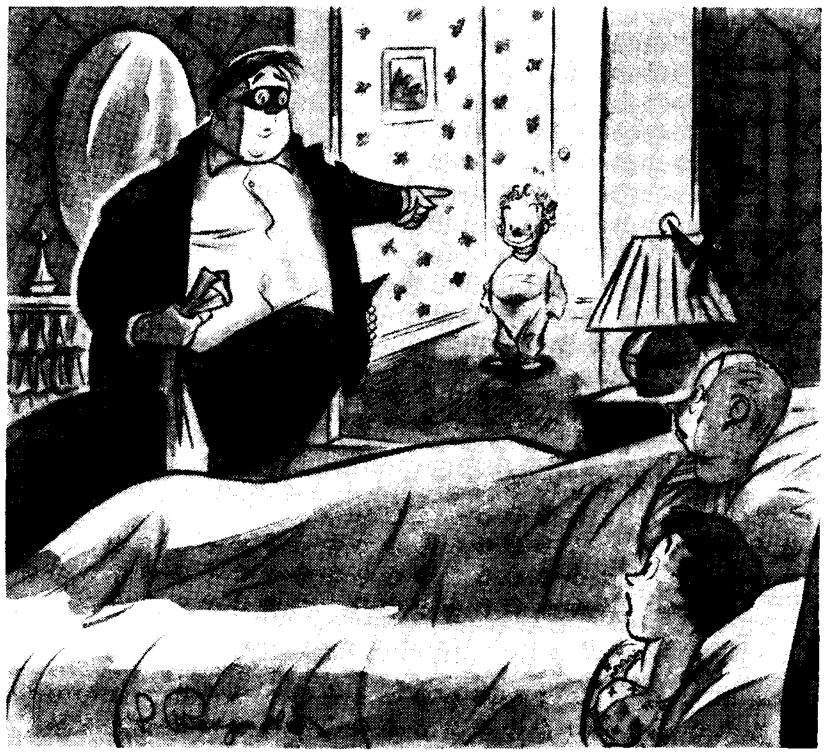
"Well," he said, and moved toward the head of his horse. DePard dropped down the steps, in front of him. Keene caught up the reins. He had the horse on his left, he had DePard close to his right. Then he said: "Let's call Naves over."

DePard set himself. He meant to resist. Keene pushed a shoulder point gently against DePard and held it there; he felt the steady strike of DePard's heart.

"Blackie," said DePard.

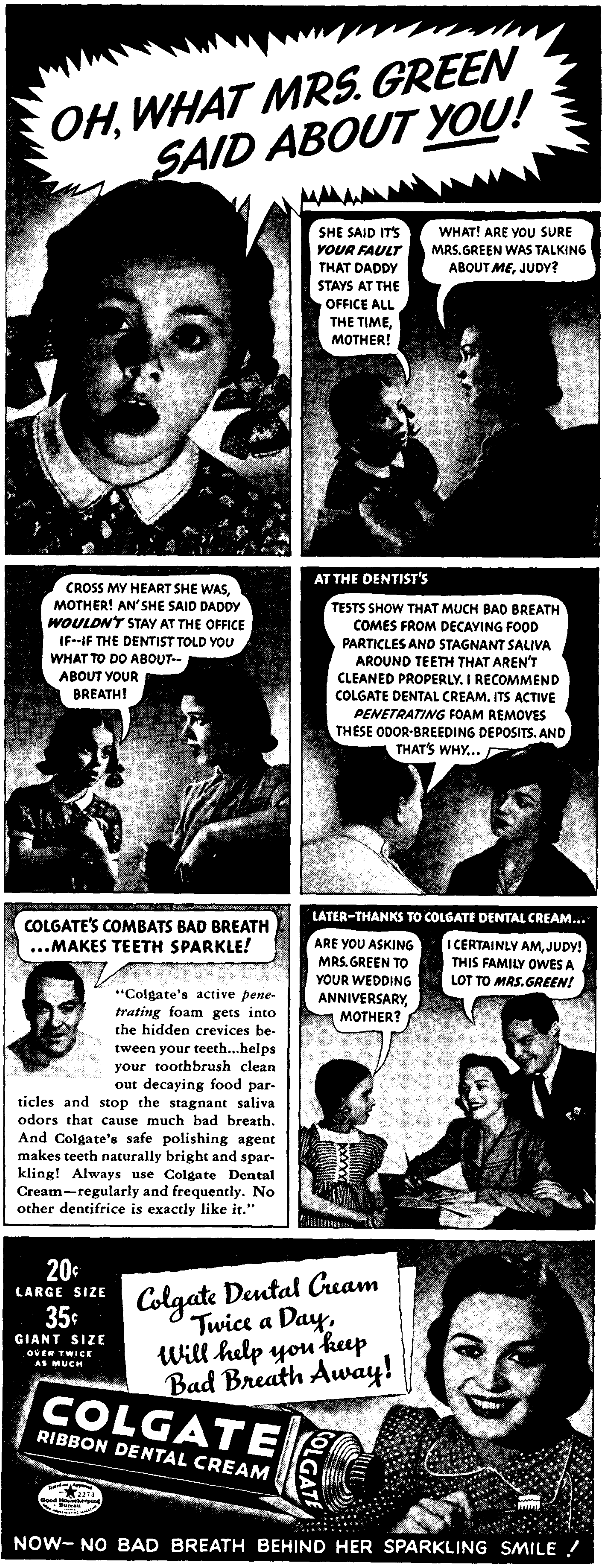
Keene said: "Walk on a piece and I'll tell you about this." He stepped ahead, DePard's feet keeping time. Keene, looking into the shadows, saw only that one still shape against the corral wall. He heard the scuff of boots elsewhere to his left. There was also a man, he presently discovered, hard by the barn. And Naves called out: "What's up?" He was opposite the house, near the pines; and now his boots had quit moving. DePard's head turned and Keene saw satisfaction tighten his mouth. Keene pulled his horse around, aiming between house and corral, thus putting Naves behind him. He passed the silent shape at the corral. He reached the kitchen door, he aimed at the hill trail out of which he had come.

(To be continued next week)



"Make him tell me where he hid my burglar tools!"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS



OH, WHAT MRS. GREEN SAID ABOUT YOU!
SHE SAID IT'S YOUR FAULT THAT DADDY STAYS AT THE OFFICE ALL THE TIME, MOTHER!
WHAT! ARE YOU SURE MRS. GREEN WAS TALKING ABOUT ME, JUDY?
CROSS MY HEART SHE WAS, MOTHER! AN' SHE SAID DADDY WOULDN'T STAY AT THE OFFICE IF—IF THE DENTIST TOLD YOU WHAT TO DO ABOUT—ABOUT YOUR BREATH!
AT THE DENTIST'S
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
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I CERTAINLY AM, JUDY! THIS FAMILY OWES A LOT TO MRS. GREEN!
20¢ LARGE SIZE
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Colgate Dental Cream Twice a Day, Will help you keep Bad Breath Away!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
COLGATE
Good Housekeeping Bureau 2273
NOW— NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

EVER SHOOT A BURGLAR?

JOHN WAS OUT LATE working. I was reading myself to sleep, when I heard a crash downstairs. I tried to call, "John! Is that you?" but the words stuck in my throat . . .

SCARED SILLY, I got Junior's air rifle and snuck downstairs. "Hands up!" I squeaked, snapping on the hall light, and there was John, nursing his shin and cursing a chair. "Oh dear," I said, "I thought you were a burglar!"

"SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU," John growled, "but if there's any burglar, you're it! I try to come in quietly, and you've swiped the last bulb in the living room!" That made me laugh. "You swiped it yourself for your workbench! But don't worry, darling, I won't shoot you! Tomorrow I'll take a dollar and buy so many new G-E MAZDA lamps we can both swear off bulbsnatching forever!"

SEE HOW LITTLE THEY COST!

7½, 15, 25 watt . . . now only 10¢
40, 50, and 60 watt were 15c . . . now . . . . 13¢
75 and 100 watt already down to . . . . 15¢
100-200-300 watt already down to . . . . 60¢

Made to stay brighter longer

G-E MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC

A Berth in Bermuda

Continued from page 10

men's work. Tearing down is kid stuff, like breaking windows."

Niemoller thrust out his jaw. Will Gage flung a hand at the foredeck. "Think I can't figure why you're filling this ship with reinforced concrete?" he asked. "You Nazis are planning to scuttle her in the narrow channel so ships can't get into the naval dockyard and Hamilton harbor. What's so grownup about that?"

Niemoller was not pleased at this guess. Schnabel stayed rigid.

"First we tear down and root out the old," Niemoller said curtly. "Then we build the new—"

"Baby talk!" said Mr. Gage. "Can a kid put a watch together again?"

Niemoller's fist flashed out. Mr. Gage got the man's knuckles full in the nose.

He tottered backward into the sail room. Niemoller clanged the door shut as he scrambled up.

"Assassin!" Niemoller roared through the grille. He was sincerely shocked.

Will Gage pawed at the door and at his bleeding nose. "Machine-gunning women on a road is part of your total war!" he shouted. "Getting dictators is part of ours!"

Niemoller started to open the door. Schnabel touched his arm. Schnabel's face betrayed no emotion. Gage's eyes were held by his cold, controlled features. Then he saw that Schnabel was holding his American passport, which had been in his bag. Schnabel spoke softly to Niemoller.

Niemoller nodded. His rage eased; red color ebbed away. He ordered the door guarded and walked away with Schnabel.

Mr. Gage swabbed his nose.

"By rights a second mate shouldn't have to think," he muttered. "But show me another out—with twenty Nazis being tough for der Fuehrer."

His nose felt the size of his head.

Blocking the Bermuda ship channel with a concrete-filled ship was bad. But the way Schnabel had held his passport was worse.

Gage's imagination dwelt on the destruction a nut with an American passport could do. Bermuda was a naval base.

A German came and snapped a padlock on the door. He and the one left on guard went back to the job of concrete making.

Mr. Gage nursed his nose. "I won the argument. War from the top down."

THEY made concrete that day and that night. Around midnight, as some other ship approached, the glaring cargo clusters were extinguished and the work paused.

Will Gage was fed. But he couldn't sleep. He tortured his skull about how to get across Niemoller's hawse. He finally dropped off on the sails. He dreamed of babies and Nazis. His nose hurt all night.

At noon next day he was led to the captain's office. He spotted Schnabel shoving his passport under a book on the desk.

Niemoller was affable. He apologized for having lost his temper. No mention was made of war from the top.

"You are released," he said, after a time. "Make yourself at home, Mr. Gage."

"Swell!" said Gage. His long arm shoved aside the book under which Schnabel had concealed his passport. He picked it up. "I get back my passport," he said.

Neither man had been quick enough to stop his move.

"Later," said Niemoller. He reached out a commanding hand. "You understand? We must check your story."

Gage handed back the passport. He had seen that his photo had been carefully removed. They meant to use it.

"Okay," he said. "I get it later."

As all three left the master's room a Nazi guard with a revolver in his belt came and took a station by the door.

Niemoller amiably gave him the freedom of the ship and left him. Mr. Gage felt low. Nazis were under orders not to molest Americans, but the true owner of a passport being used by a Nazi for espionage or sabotage was as useful to them as a cancer. He had reason to feel low.

He plodded around the ship. The concrete mixing had now shifted to the afterholds. He noticed he was always under observation.

They were shoving that ship fast enough to kick the rivets out of the plates. She must be doing nearly ten knots. She'd make the reefs around Bermuda within thirty-six hours.

By evening he knew a hide-out within fifty feet of any spot outside the holds. At each point of control a Nazi underleader was in command, with a seaman standing by.

"Why a guard at the captain's door?" Mr. Gage asked himself. "It's to guard the room, not Niemoller. He's got a gun. He lets the guard go off when he's inside. What's in there that needs guarding? Just my papers?"

Niemoller could stick his papers in the safe or carry them around. There was another reason for that guard.

Aft on the main deck Mr. Gage stumbled upon Schnabel overseeing a gang calking and rigging a sail on an old workboat, smaller than the lifeboats.

Niemoller joined him. Mr. Gage answered questions moodily and incorrectly. He hung on the rusty rail, staring glumly down into the blue water. He oozed depression.

Niemoller studied him curiously; then walked away. Mr. Gage saw him glance at the low sun and then call a man, gesturing toward Gage. Gage guessed he wasn't to have liberty at night.

Slowly Mr. Gage paced aft. In the alleyway, out of sight, he darted up a ladder, crossed the deck unseen and slipped down another ladder. In front of the sail storeroom he snapped shut the padlock. That made it useless till reopened with the key. Then he ducked into his old prison. He dug in deeply among the sails.

HE HEARD feet pounding past and voices throwing German at one another. He was gambling that they would think this the most unlikely place for him to hide and would not search it too minutely.

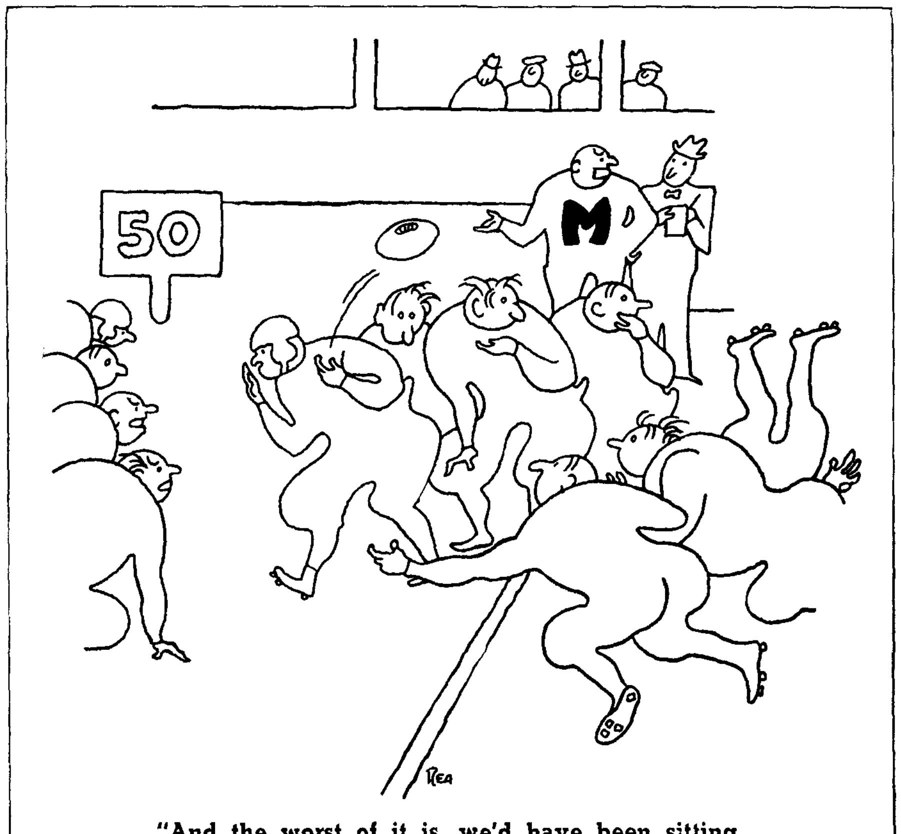
For eight hours, sometimes cat-napping, Mr. Gage lay doggo. Twice, breathless, he narrowed himself down to a mere thread. But nobody rummaged deep in the sails or opened the padlock and shut him in.

About one A. M., when the midwatch had settled down, he took off his shoes, listened and emerged cautiously. Concrete was still being poured aft. He picked up a hundred-pound bag of cement from a pile and lugged it to the saloon deck.

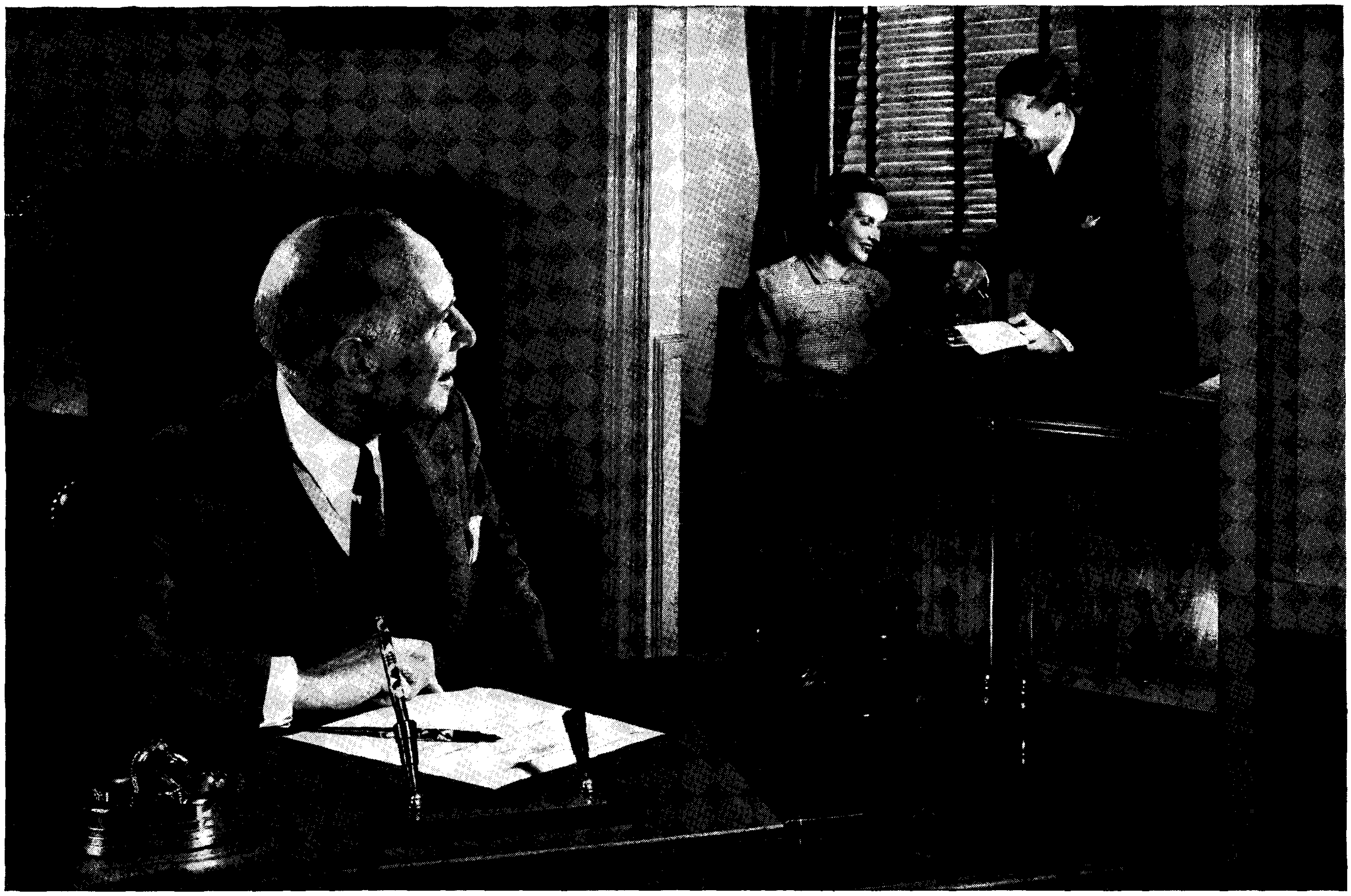
Under the bridge, with the feet of the watch officer clacking above him, he drew in all the air his lungs could hold. He then dumped the bag of cement over the side. As it hit the water he vented a wild yell that raised his own hair. He fled softly with the whistle of the officer screaming in his ears. The bridge guard was covering the wheelhouse, chart room and helmsman with his gun ready. There wasn't a chance of stealing a flare or rocket.

Mr. Gage dropped down to the saloon deck. He glanced into the corridor by the captain's room. The guard was still in position. That meant Niemoller was already outside. Good discipline was being maintained. Mr. Gage retired to his sail room.

The ship did not stop. He heard a



"And the worst of it is, we'd have been sitting pretty this season if our star quarterback hadn't been dumb enough to graduate in three years" GARDNER REA

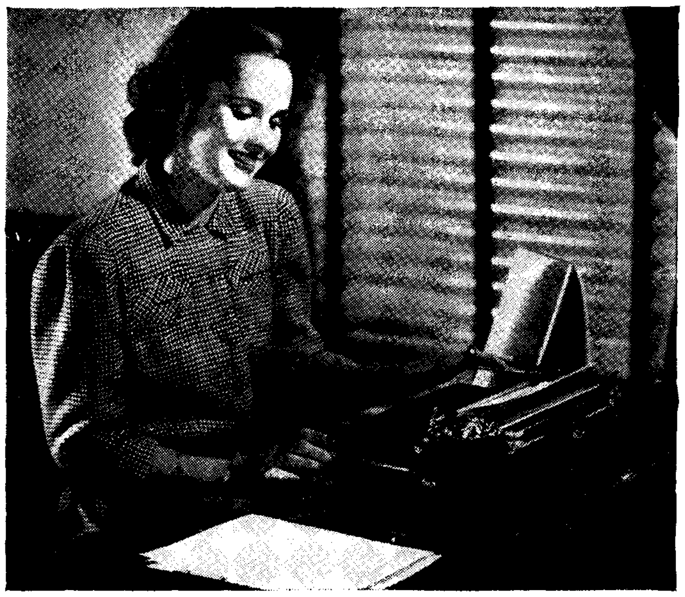


One decision the wise employer leaves to his secretary

THIS IS OUR PLEA for your secretary. *Let her pick her own typewriter* . . . as a favor to her that will turn into a favor for you!

Why? Because she'll do *better* work *faster* on the machine of her choice, the one that suits her style of typing best. And it's only human nature for a spirited, competent young woman to show greater loyalty to that employer who respects her wishes in such an important matter as the make of machine she uses.

So, if it's new-typewriter time in your office, let your secretary decide!



If she's an alert young modern who learned to type in one of the better schools, the chances are—she'll pick a *Royal*... the leader in over 20,000 schools, as it is in the business world. For naturally, she wants the finest quality machine...the machine that stands up longer, is faster and easier to operate . . . the one on which the all-time speed record was made. In other words, the Royal.

ROYAL
WORLD'S NUMBER 1
TYPEWRITER

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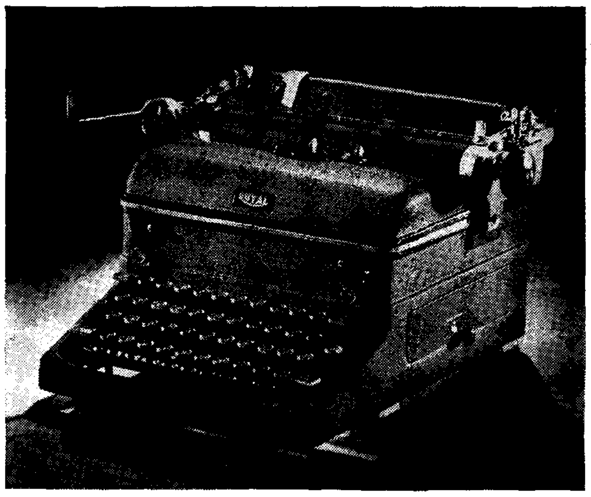


Less physical effort on the Royal. Whether her typing touch is light or heavy, a simple twist of Royal's Touch Control* dial will adjust the keys to her exact pressure. To change margin stops, just flick the MAGIC* Margin lever, and—*click* . . . it's set! Changing ribbons, too, is only a matter of moments on a Royal. No messy fingers!

Less nerve and eye strain. On the Royal, no flashing type bars blur the eyes. Nor does the carriage clatter and pop up when the shift key is struck. The Royal has a quiet, locked, bob-less shift. Finger-comfort keys and Royal's no-glare finish eliminate dancing light reflections.

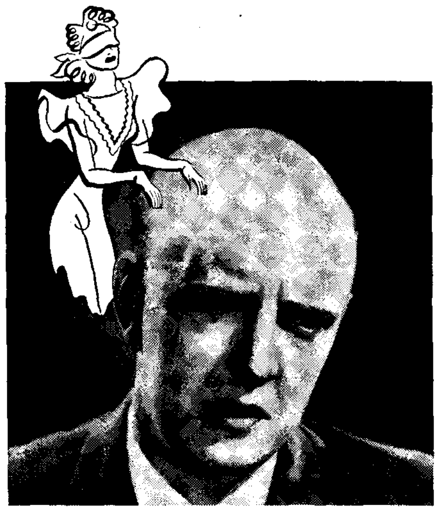
Do your secretary a favor that costs you nothing. Call your local Royal office for a free "desk test." We're so confident of Royal's superiority that we'll gladly put a new Royal in your office on trial. Compare it with any other make—we're certain you'll find that a Royal will save your secretary time and effort . . . mean better work for you . . . and give you more typewriter for your money!

FAMOUS MODEL PLAYS BLIND MAN'S BUFF

Marion Whitney, one of America's most beautiful and popular models

"*I KNOW* this is Don. I can tell because his hair feels dry and bushy as a tumbleweed. He ought to stop dousing it with water and use Kreml.

"*TAKE* that grease out of your hair, Jim. It feels just as sticky as it looks. Kreml would keep your hair in place without that 'sheiky' look.



"*PAUL* couldn't fool me even with a wig—well, not if I took this blindfold off. Too bad he didn't take care of his hair when he had it.

"*ONE* moment, Pete, while I tell how nice Kreml keeps your hair. It feels so soft and natural, in perfect order. Not sticky or greasy, either."

KREML is a marvelous tonic dressing, famous for keeping hair lustrous, well-groomed, and easy to manage, without being sticky or greasy. It removes dandruff scales—checks excessive falling hair—and relieves itching scalp.

LADIES! Marion Whitney says that Kreml puts her hair in splendid condition for permanents, makes her permanent look lovelier.

Ask for Kreml at your drugstore or barbershop.

Kreml Shampoo is a splendid ally of Kreml Hair Tonic. Made from an 80% olive oil base, it cleanses hair and scalp thoroughly, leaves hair soft and easy to manage.

KREML

Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES — CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY — MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

search party working aft. His suicide dodge, though flimsy, injected a little doubt as to his presence aboard. Searches might be more perfunctory.

That night and all the next day Mr. Gage suffered pangs of malnutrition and lack of human society, almost as bad.

"An insult!" Mr. Gage told a sea anchor that day when he heard the steam whistle commanding "Abandon ship!" "An old gag like that—and they expect me to come rushing out of hiding! No wonder I don't like Nazis."

During the day he cut from a jib a snap-hook, heavier than several pairs of brass knucks, and fastened it up his sleeve with a short lanyard. The ship was searched twice that day.

"They miss me," he decided, almost mollified. "They're worried about using my passport."

LATE that night the shuddering thrust of the 'Poulos' engines softened to a gentle urge. Mr. Gage's head came up off the canvas. The slowing wasn't due to weather; she had been shoving along across smooth seas since crossing the turbulent Gulf Stream. She was getting close to Bermuda.

No bells were rung that night. Mr. Gage emerged during the middle watch. The ship was blacked out, which helped. He insinuated himself over the steel plates out onto the well deck to look at sky and sea. His first glance at the stars startled him. They were all out of place.

That meant she wasn't heading as he had figured she would. Next instant, at the side, looking forward, he understood why. A few dim lights showed the Bermudas to northward. The 'Poulos had swung around to southward of the group. With her sounding machine she was groping for the hundred-fathom curve or some other mark that would establish her position. She kept edging in toward the reef.

Mr. Gage remembered that clumsy, small boat with the sail. His passport had changed Niemoller's plans. The matter of sinking the ship in the narrows or other part of the ship channel was held up.

Schnabel, protected by Gage's papers, was to head for shore on some mission of frightfulness. That clumsy hull would sail only downwind, or thereabouts. The likely wind at this season was southerly or westerly. That was why the ship was south of the islands.

With nose lifted Mr. Gage sniffed the air. Practically a flat calm on the sea. The ship kept crawling in closer, heading now well to west of north. Mr. Gage remembered that the reef to the southwest ran out five miles from the land.

The ship crept on, drifting occasionally on the black sea. On the bridge the low talk in German was probably about the absence of breeze. There was no use shoving Schnabel off in that boat unless he could make land before daylight.

Mr. Gage slipped back to the alleyway for a peep down into the engine room. He could see three Nazis, all alert, without half looking. Aft in the steering-engine house he spotted two more. There was a little knot around the small boat. The chance for decisive disabling seemed doubtful.

There were at least three men on the bridge and two in the wheelhouse. The guard still stood by the master's door. Two men were talking in the radio shack. All points were covered. No Greeks were in sight.

Lingering by the fiddley, Mr. Gage suddenly heard Nick's water-front accents. When Nick emerged from the steward's pantry Mr. Gage followed. Not till he was well aft of the radio room did Gage stop him.

Nick was jolted. When he couldn't see stars through Mr. Gage's body he recovered his aplomb. "They got me provisioning the boat in case the tide carries Schnabel past the islands," he said.

"Why is the master's room guarded?" Mr. Gage demanded.

Nick shrugged. "They won't let me make the bed without a guard watching me."

"Is anything changed in there? Any wires in sight?"

"Wires?" Nick muttered. "No. Why? What's—"

"Do the officers knock when they go to Niemoller's door?"

"Yeah. These wires— What—"

"Greek crew all locked up forward?" Mr. Gage talked fast.

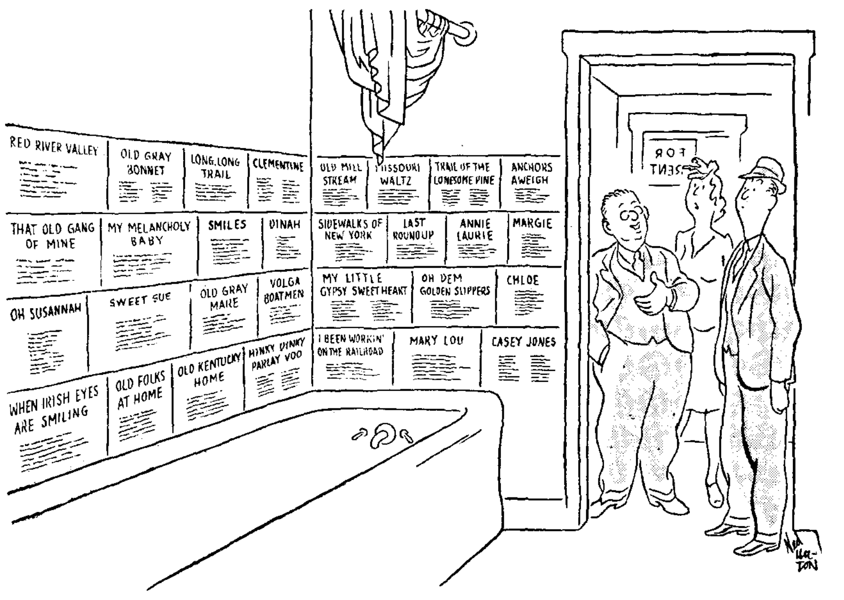
"Every man but me in the fo'c'sle. What was—"

"Get set to let 'em out." He slipped away in the darkness.

The ship kept edging to the northwest. A leadsman was sent to the chains. They were closing with the sleeping reef. No air. Mr. Gage crept forward to peer at the leadsman hauling his line. The short scope told him this was shallow water. He thought he heard the distant thunder of the lazy swell breaking on coral.

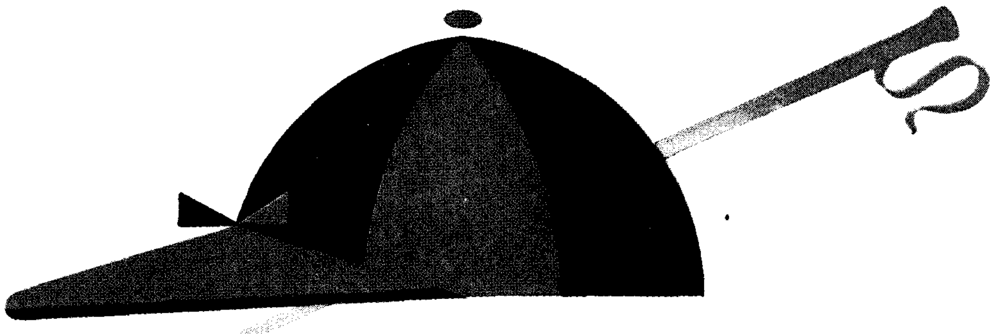
Niemoller and Schnabel—their voices were unmistakable—came up on the flying bridge. The ship stopped. On that high platform the two spoke in low gutturals. Their occasional tense pauses when a breath of air stirred told Gage much. He prayed for a flat calm.

Niemoller, listening to the low re-



"As an added feature, we give you the words of all the good bathtub songs"

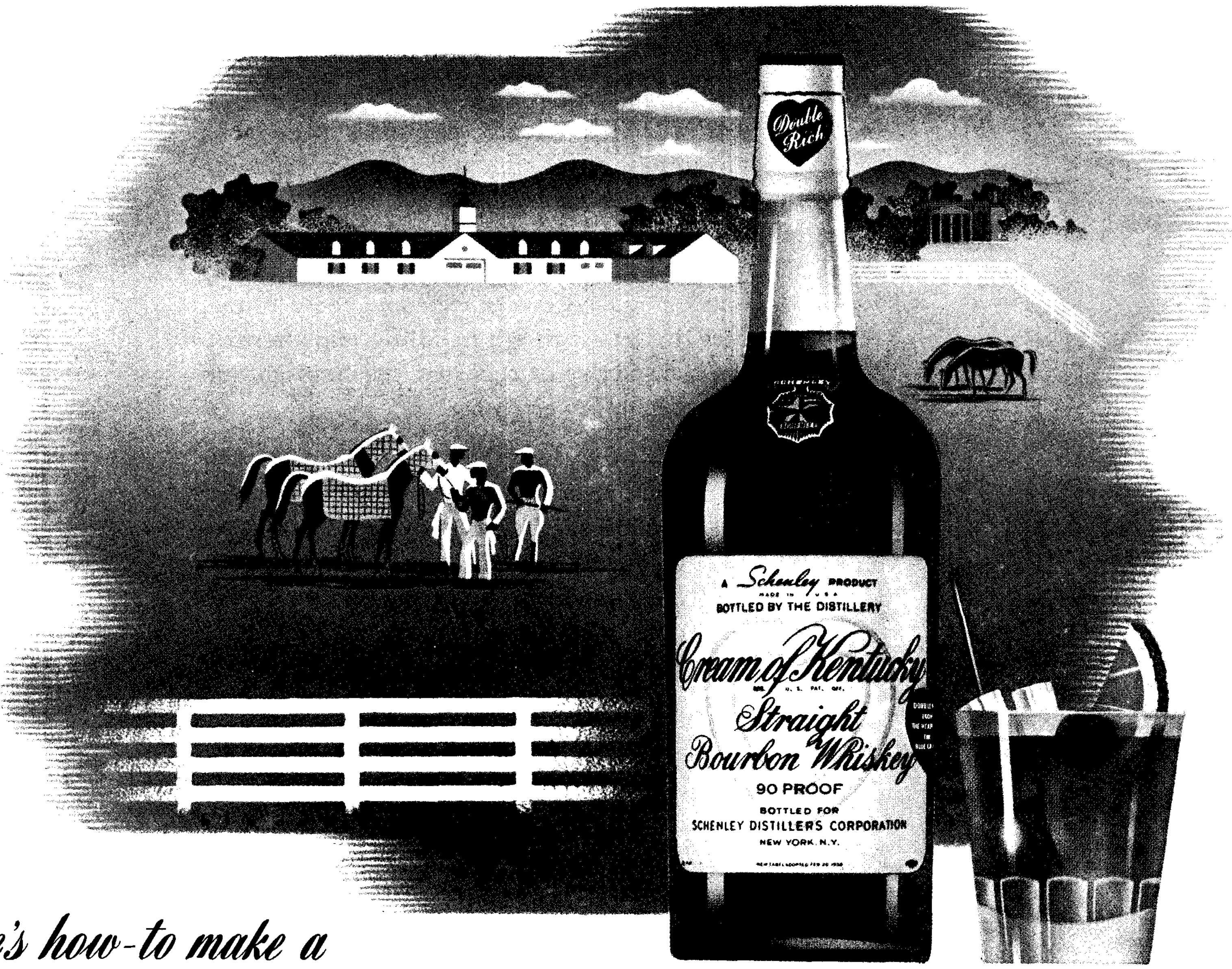
NED HILTON



THE "PINK"-AND-BLUE COLORS OF W. J. SALMON'S MEREWORTH FARM OWNER OF "DISPLAY". . . FAMOUS KENTUCKY THOROBRED CHAMPION

Cream of Kentucky

THE "DOUBLE-RICH" BOURBON

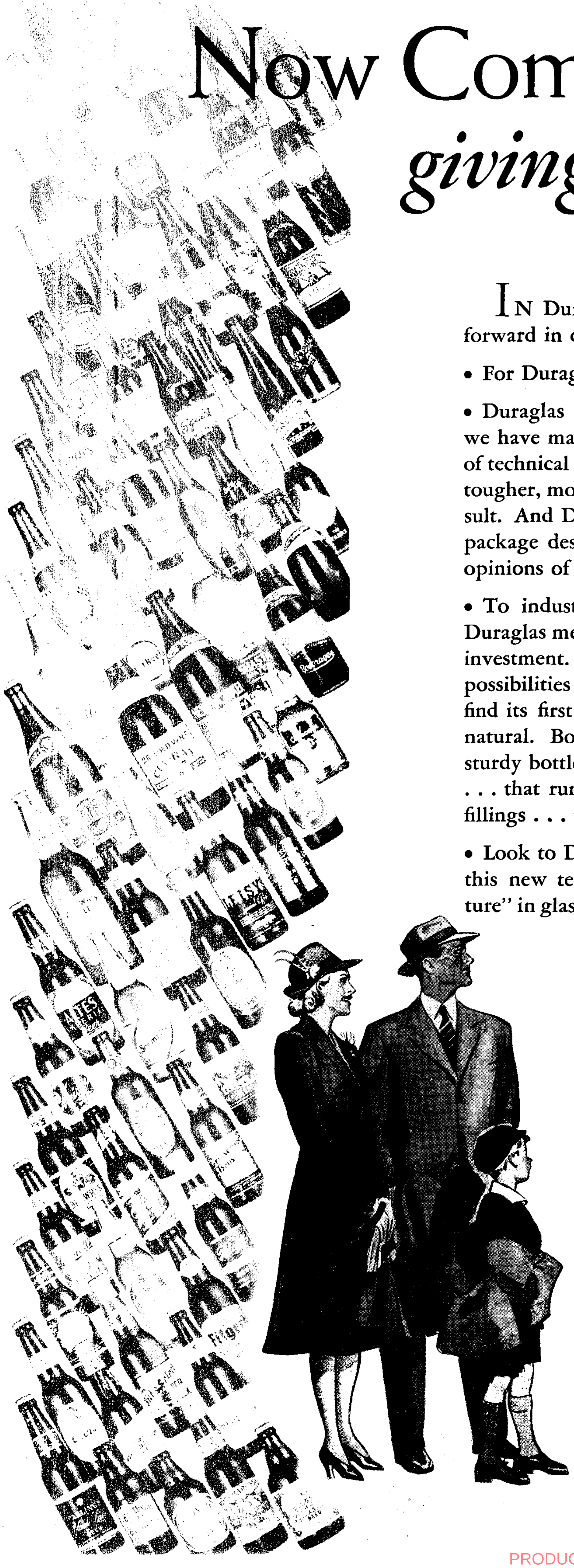

Double Rich
A Schenley PRODUCT
MADE IN U.S.A.
BOTTLED BY THE DISTILLERY
Cream of Kentucky
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
90 PROOF
BOTTLED FOR
SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORPORATION
NEW YORK, N.Y.

Here's how-to make a
"DOUBLE-RICH" OLD FASHIONED

There's only one way to do it! That's with Kentucky's one "Double-Rich" Bourbon . . . *Cream of Kentucky!* In an Old-Fashioned glass put a lump of sugar; dash of bitters; slice of orange; slice of lemon; cube of ice. Pour in generous drink of *Cream of Kentucky.* Add charged water, stir; garnish with fresh pineapple stick, and a cherry. Then *taste* why *Cream of Kentucky* is the world's largest selling straight Bourbon!

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY, 90 PROOF. COPYRIGHT 1940, SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

Now Comes Duraglas*...a N
giving greater strength an



IN Duraglas, 50 centuries of glassmaking move forward in one giant step.

- For Duraglas is more than a material.

- Duraglas symbolizes the basic improvements which we have made in the ingredients of glass, and a host of technical advances in fabricating methods. Stronger, tougher, more durable containers are the immediate result. And Duraglas also brings a new versatility to the package designer which is destined to alter previous opinions of glass as a packaging material.

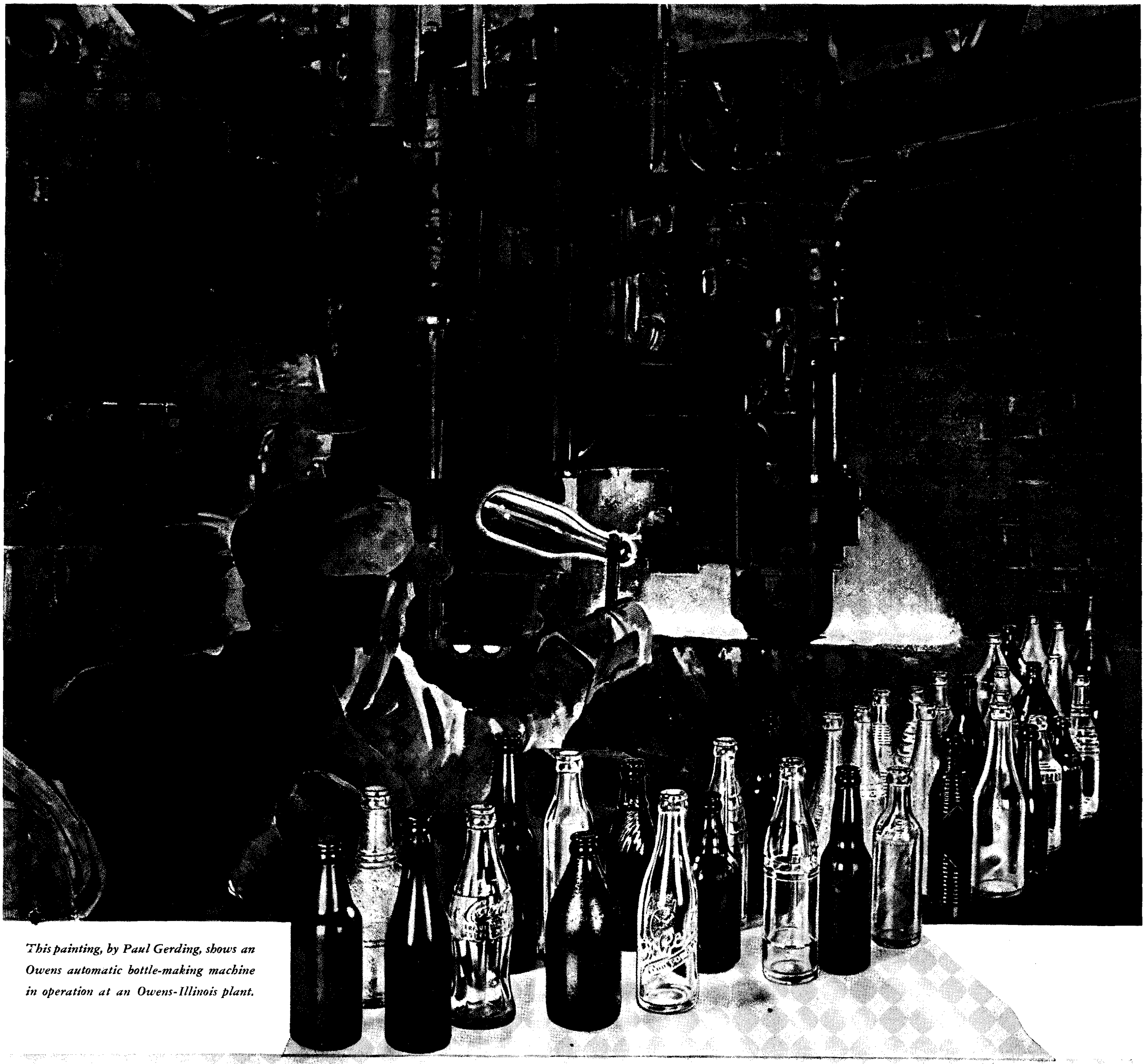
- To industries which already use glass containers, Duraglas means new economies and a better packaging investment. To other fields, Duraglas brings exciting possibilities of better packaging. That Duraglas should find its first application in the beverage field is only natural. Bottlers and Brewers welcome these tough, sturdy bottles that resist rough handling trip after trip . . . that run the gantlet of repeated sterilizations and fillings . . . that help lower costs.

- Look to Duraglas for great things in packaging. For this new technique makes possible a new "architecture" in glass containers . . . points to powerful merchandising appeals through better packages . . . stimulates a fresh buying impulse to consumers who *always* prefer to see what they buy. Owens-Illinois, Toledo.

***WHAT IS DURAGLAS?** Duraglas is the trade-marked name of glass bottles made by a new, improved technique developed by Owens-Illinois. This modern technique, covering every phase of manufacture from raw materials to finished bottles, makes possible a definite, predictable standard of strength and durability that means longer bottle life.

OWENS

w Technique in Glass Making
longer life to beverage bottles

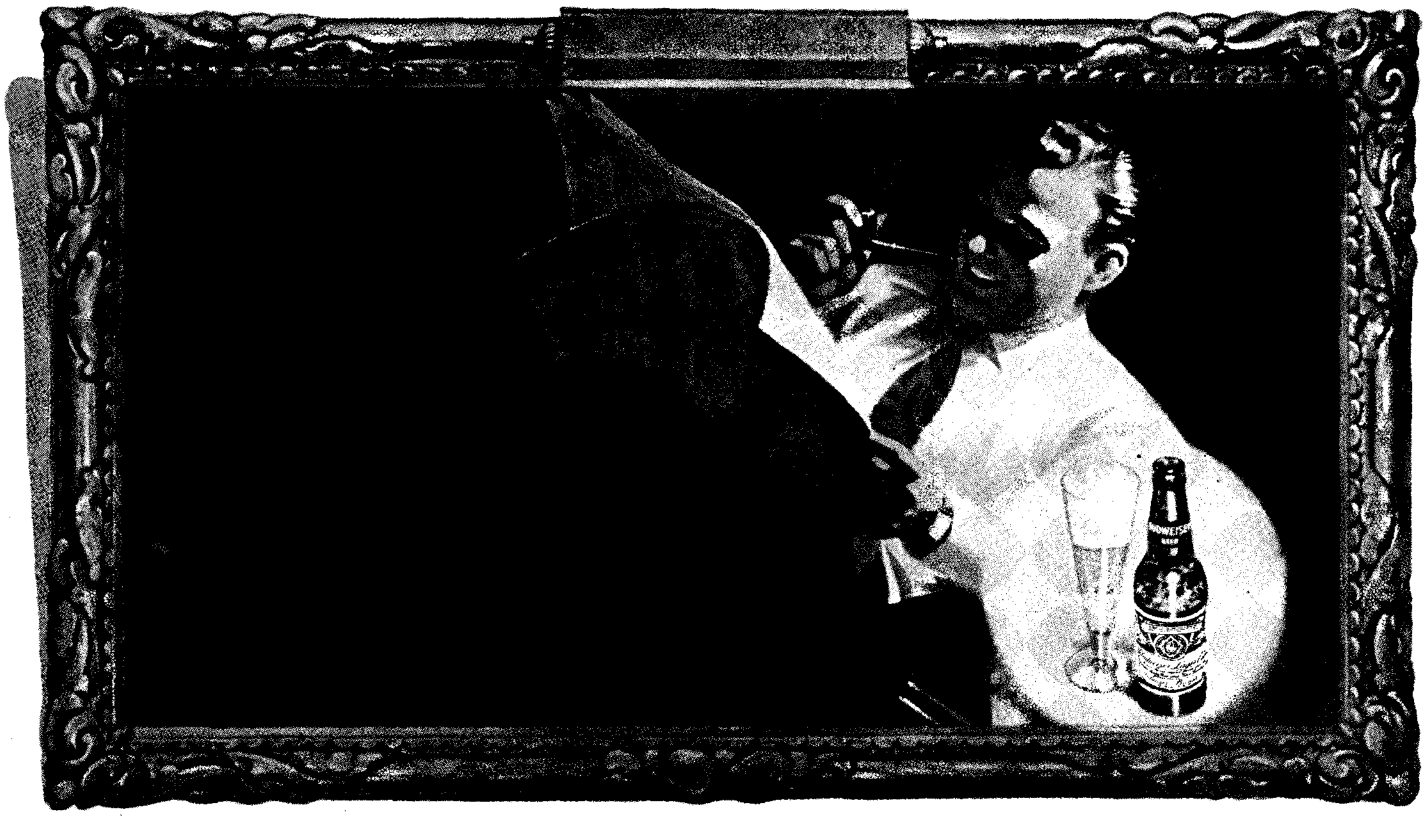


This painting, by Paul Gerding, shows an Owens automatic bottle-making machine in operation at an Owens-Illinois plant.

ILLINOIS GLASS

First in Glass

Portrait of a Happy Husband



By A Smart Wife

"I'd like to have you meet my husband. He's the hardest-working man I know—and the most understanding and devoted. I'm glad he finds so many things in our home that give him the kind of living he likes. Confidentially, I suspect he likes the icebox best of all. He loves to prowl there for cold cuts, pickles, sausage, cheeses and what-not . . . and top them off with his favorite beer. What's more, he's happiest when he has friends around him . . . and, by the way—we'd like to have you drop in this evening and talk about this and that and have some cold Budweiser . . . We'll be looking for you."

ANHEUSER-BUSCH · · · ST. LOUIS

Budweiser

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

A Beverage of Moderation

MAKE THIS TEST

DRINK BUDWEISER FOR FIVE DAYS. ON THE SIXTH DAY TRY TO DRINK A SWEET BEER. YOU WILL WANT BUDWEISER'S FLAVOR THEREAFTER.

BUDWEISER
BEER
Budweiser Lager

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ports of the leadsman, moved the ship in over shoaling water. Mr. Gage tried to remember what the "Pilot" said about Southwest Breaker, Chaddock and Little and Long Bars. They ought to be around here somewhere.

The matter of the closely guarded room of the master kept rising in his mind. He had a theory, now.

Niemoller and Schnabel descended. Schnabel went aft to his boat. Mr. Gage, fingering his snap-hook and drifting along like a bashful ghost, heard Niemoller give an exclamation. Mr. Gage felt it, too, a definite puff of wind out of the southwest. It could not be better for them. They couldn't get the 'Poulos much nearer without great risk of grounding. But that wind would put Schnabel ashore before dawn.

He heard Niemoller hurry to his room and dispatch the guard—apparently for Schnabel. The guard went.

"This," said Mr. Gage, none too happily, "is it."

He tightened his jaw, stepped into the corridor and slammed his knuckles at the master's door. It sounded like the drum of doom. But this was their weakest spot.

HE HEARD Niemoller answer. He turned the knob and went in like a dive bomber.

Before the Nazi commander looked up Mr. Gage was halfway to the desk. Before Niemoller could draw his gun Mr. Gage was the rest of the way. He hit out with his snap-hook.

Niemoller's yell died unuttered in his relaxing throat. He slumped over on the desk. Limp.

"From the top—down!" panted Mr. Gage. He was sorry that Niemoller couldn't hear that. The Nazi looked cold, but not for a longer time than Mr. Gage could use.

He shoved Niemoller's gun into his pocket and leaped to close the door. Then he darted to the closet and jerked it open. For a moment he relaxed, with a grin on his face.

There was a knife switch fitted on the side of the closet—newly fitted—and some batteries on the floor.

Mr. Gage was almost happy. There had to be something like this. A ship takes time to sink, even a heavy ship, with sea cocks wide open. The British naval patrol might jerk aside a Greek freighter settling in the only deep-water channel between the dockyard and the Atlantic. No. There had to be something explosive to kick part of the bottom out of the freighter, to get her on bottom fast. This guarding an empty cabin had been the tip-off.

His straining ears heard steps outside. His passport was on the desk. This could still be bad. He darted to the door.

Schnabel must have knocked with one hand and turned the knob with the other. His eyes were burning on Mr. Gage before he had pulled the gun.

Schnabel let out a cry as loud as the 'Poulos' whistle.

Gage slapped his head with the gun. "From the top—down!" he yelped.

Dodging, Schnabel grabbed at the gun. He began pulling a trick twist. Mr. Gage let the gun go and came back fast with his snap-hook. It was a good snap-hook. Schnabel went down.

His cry was answered outside. Mr. Gage scooped up Niemoller's gun again, leaped to the closet and reversed the knife switch. A jarring thump hammered against his feet. It wasn't loud. But the ship's steel frame had moved under him. That jolt had authority.

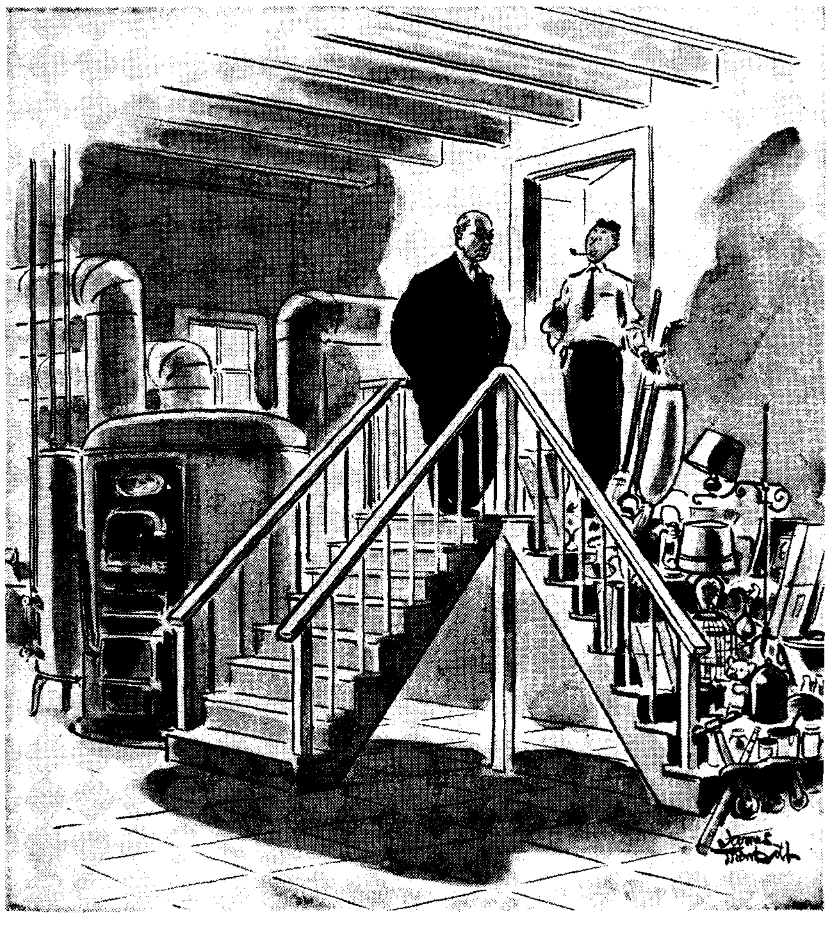
Snatching his passport Mr. Gage jumped out into the corridor. Somebody blocked one end. Mr. Gage let go with the gun, aiming high and fled the other way. He cursed his chicken-heartedness but he couldn't shoot at that fellow. He let go more shots in the air, then ducked soundlessly down a ladder.

Somebody shouted in German. Other voices rose. The ship shuddered at full speed ahead.

It was lucky the ship was blacked out. Men were running forward; others were pouring from the engine room.

Mr. Gage wasn't itching for more fights. He had constructive work to do. He froze, ran with the crowd, edged back and managed to buck that tide.

Near the starboard quarter there was



"I had the extra stairway built to put things on" JAMES TREMBATH

OUTDOORS IN SUNLIGHT
INDOORS AT NIGHT
...and both are pictures to treasure

YOU'LL be proud of the very first snapshots you make at night, under Photofloods, with Kodak Super-XX Film. They'll be as clear and brilliant as the ones you are accustomed to get outdoors in the sun. For Kodak Super-XX is about four times as fast as ordinary film... gives extra assurance of good results in snapshots indoors at night.

Any camera at all will do, even a $1 Baby Brownie—just as long as it takes Kodak Super-XX Film.

NIGHT SNAPSHOTS simple as A.B.C. with KODAK SUPER-XX FILM

A... Load your present camera with Kodak Super-XX Film

B... Use a couple of inexpensive Mazda Photoflood lamps in Kodak Handy Reflectors

C... Follow the few simple directions in the FREE Booklet

A few minutes with this helpful booklet and you're headed for splendid nighttime snapshots. Photos, diagrams, easy-to-understand directions. At your dealer's... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

A
B
C
KODAK SUPER-XX PANCHROMATIC FILM
KODAK SUPER-XX

Farewell to Brogue Busting

How do you break in new shoes? One way, of course, is to pass the buck to old Joe, the handy-man. He'll break 'em in for you to earn an honest, though painful dollar. But that's expensive . . .

Or, there's the "do or die" technique. Grit your teeth, and go ahead and wear your new shoes. Then soak your feet at night. The question is—which breaks down first, the shoes or your feet . . .

Mister, here's real news. New dogs that don't bite man! No breaking in necessary. *Natural-Fit* Walk-Over Shoes. *Flexible*, shaped like your feet. Comfort from the second you tell us. "Wrap up the old ones, I'm wearing the new ones home."

BELMAR
YORK

Walk-Over

MUDHOUNDS we call these handsome huskies. Weather-proofed, beefy without being clumsy. Double, oiled soles. *Comfort!* Even the linings are hand-tailored and pre-shrunk to stay smoother and easier next to your feet.

BELMAR: Antiqued brown Norge or black. YORK: Reddish brown mellow grain. Antique finish. Also black. Walk-Over prices $7.50 to $12.50. (Higher West.) Geo. E. Keith Company, Campello, Brockton, Massachusetts.

no crowd. There was nobody in sight. The boat had been launched. It was towing alongside with one man in it.

"Himmel!" cried Mr. Gage heavily at the Jacob's ladder. It was all the German he knew. He hoped it was not out of date. He descended rapidly. The man in the boat below was rasping questions at him. They sounded hostile.

Halfway down he jumped. It seemed safer that way. He landed feet first on the Nazi. The man heaved in the bottom like a fish with drying gills.

Mr. Gage hustled him over and shoved him against the ladder. It seemed to Mr. Gage that the deck above was already much nearer the water. Even before the Nazi on the ladder got back enough breath to yell, Mr. Gage had cast loose the sea painter. He sheered away.

The ship slid past, heading in on the reef. Compressed air below blew off a hatch. Men were swinging out the two lifeboats. Mr. Gage figured they wouldn't need them. Her superstructure ought to show.

ON THE bridge a man with a gun cut loose. Bullets whistled near but did not hit him. Already his small boat was fading into the black sea.

Mr. Gage hoisted the sail. Somebody was trying to spot him with a battery searchlight but the batteries weren't good.

The little sou'west wind got his sluggish boat moving. He thrust an oar over the stern, took in a little sheet and began to claw away from the ship. He hadn't made much when vaguely, against the low stars, he saw the 'Poulos slowly lift her bow. But the sinking stern hit coral, halting that dramatic plunge. The ship, still upright, sagged to the bottom. She'd never block a channel now.

Mr. Gage was relieved for Germans as well as for Greeks. He hadn't cultivated the sterner virtues.

They launched a boat. It was a boat to hunt him down, not a lifeboat. Mr. Gage ceased feeling relieved and settled down to coaxing knots out of his sluggish craft. The blackness of the sea saved him as he glided toward the island. He wasn't sure whether he found a cut or came in over the reefs.

The land was asleep instead of seething, as Mr. Gage had expected. Looking back, he could see something, perhaps a British picket boat, to seaward. She would wage on the 'Poulos what war was necessary, from the bottom up. But the land slumbered.

Close in Mr. Gage's boat hooked into a rock. He waded ashore, fumbled on and saw a small villa whose white walls were plain in the starlight. Wires led to the house; that meant a telephone. He knocked loudly at the front door. Nothing happened.

Disgruntled by this annoying anticlimax, he trudged around to the back. The back door swung open to his pounding fist. He pushed in.

A flashlight was blazing on the floor. He picked it up. Its light fell at once upon a huge, terrified Negress with eyes like tennis balls. She clutched a bundle. Her mouth made screaming motions without emitting a sound. She had been escaping from his thunder by the back door.

"It's all right," said Mr. Gage hastily. "I'm only a shipwrecked sailor. I want to use your telephone."

The woman stretched out an arm and snapped on a switch. Light flooded the kitchen. Her eyes subsided as she surveyed him.

"Law, I thought—" she said. A gasp of relief deflated her bulging eyes. "Master an' missus away tonight."

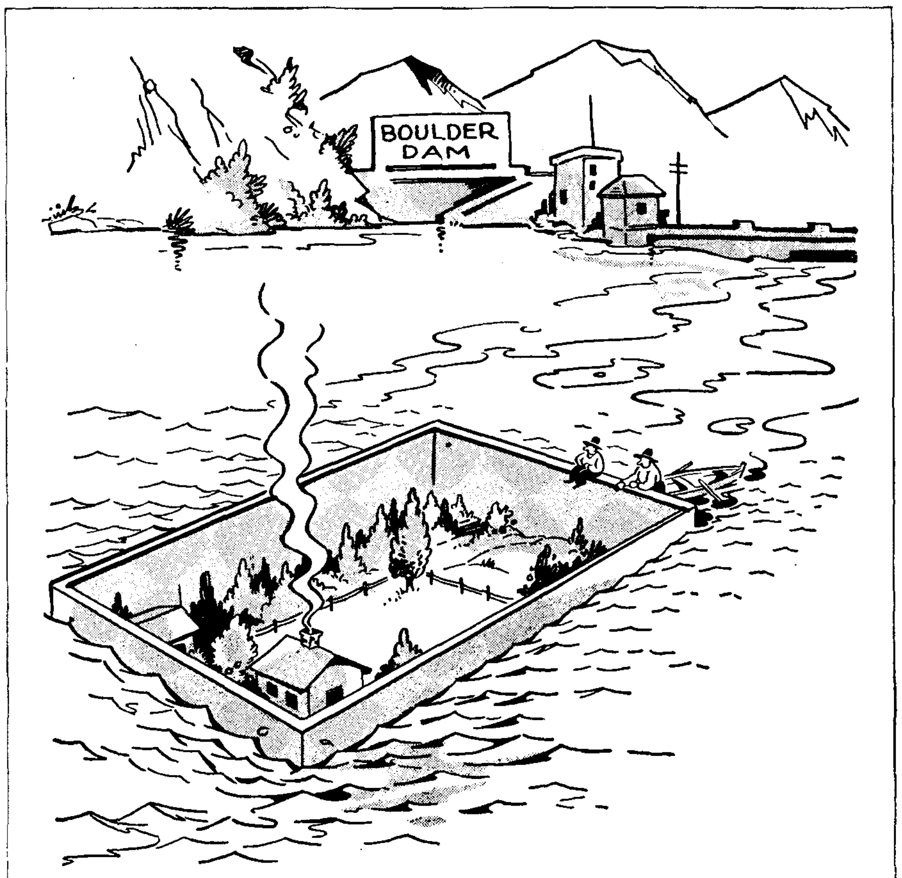
The bundle in her arms gave vent to mewing sounds and stretched out pink and aimless arms. Mr. Gage looked. The baby was a horrible-looking sight, all wrinkled and yapping.

"What's the matter with the baby?" he asked sympathetically.

"Mattuh!" The nurse flared at him just as his wife had done. "That's the mos' beautiful baby in Bermuda! Ain't nothin' the mattuh with that baby! What's the mattuh with you?"

"What?" said Mr. Gage. He looked hard at the little creature. Suddenly he felt happy. Going to sea at fourteen leaves gaps in a man's knowledge.

"I've got a better-looking one than that myself," he told her. "Where's the telephone? And say, while I'm calling the dockyard dig me up a post card, will you? I've got to write to Washington about something important. From the top!"



"He was stubborn an' wouldn't sell"

M. E. CLARKE

Suicide Circuit

Continued from page 14

horse's fault. Horse didn't know any better."

"It would make us feel better if we shot the horse," I said.

They just shook their heads. We walked out of the Garden and across the street to the hotel where the cowboys lived. We went into the bar and ordered drinks.

We tried to stop thinking about Ward Watkins.

A cowboy came in and said gruffly, "He's still alive." Heads were raised in hope and in amazement.

A month later he walked out of the hospital, limping a little and wincing a bit when he moved an arm—but he was alive. And he is back this year. Riding again, too. And on Hell's Angel. That's being an amateur.

When the show was over, some of the boys came in. Winners of various events had saddles with them that they'd won and some had checks, too. Some looked unhappy. They were the ones who hadn't won any prize money. They'd come from Arizona or Colorado to New York and had paid their own way. They'd paid their hotel bills too, and now they had to go back to work as cow hands so they could do it all over again next season. Some of them didn't have enough money to check out of the hotel, but those who had won took care of that. It's like that with these rodeo performers.

They are the greatest amateur athletes in the world. Technically they are professionals. Tennis players have all expenses paid. Golf clubs send their star amateurs to tournaments as their guests. College football players at least know where their next meal will come from. Rodeo performers aren't sent by anyone. Some of them have to hitchhike to New York for the big show. Some of them borrow their next year's pay so they can make the trip.

Why? So they can wear a belt buckle on which is embossed: "World's Champion Steer Wrestler," or so their saddle will be stamped, "World's Champion Bronco Rider." They want the thrill of competing and beating their fellow cowboys.

The Cow Hand's Biggest Moment

Nine tenths of them are working cow hands or small ranchers. Through the long hours of riding herd or branding calves or repairing fence they look forward to the moment when the eyes of fifteen thousand people are glued to the gate of the chute at the Garden. They live for that moment when Harry Knight nods and they cry, "Let 'er ride," and they feel twelve hundred pounds of quivering horseflesh under them. If they win some prize money—that's great. But they'll never get rich on what they win. Last year Paul Carney was the world's champion. He won $8,641. Those who won as much as a thousand dollars were doing well. Nine tenths of the contestants don't win anything, but they come back each year to try again if they can beg or borrow a stake. In addition to traveling and living expenses each contestant must pay an entry fee.

Many of them thumb their way to New York for the big event. Last year Dan Stuart rode from Tucson, Arizona, across the country on a burro. Tony Thomas of Hugo, Oklahoma, came on horseback, while Erbie Mundy and John Elfic pooled their resources, bought a small car, built a trailer, and drove from Lewiston, Idaho, with two horses and a donkey as passengers. Some work their way across the continent, others ride the freights.

In 1939, 188 of them made it. So did forty cowgirls. Some of them were wide-eyed youngsters seeing New York for the first time. Some were veterans. There was bearded Ben Greenough of Red Lodge, Montana, who sat on the top of the chutes each night watching his two sons and two daughters perform. They call him "Pack-Saddle Ben" out West and he confesses to being seventy-two.

Points That Mean Dollars

There are 105 rodeos (and the cowboys call it *ro*-dee-oh not ro-*day*-oh), held under the auspices of the Rodeo Association of America. Points scored in any of these count in the final compilation to decide the world's champion. Every dollar in prize money won counts as a point. The Garden rodeo is the grand climax of the so-called Suicide Circuit. The prize money is large at the Garden show and, consequently, there are more points to be won. Two years ago Paul Carney came to the Garden show with a nice lead. On the third day a steer threw him, hurt him badly, and the work of months was gone.

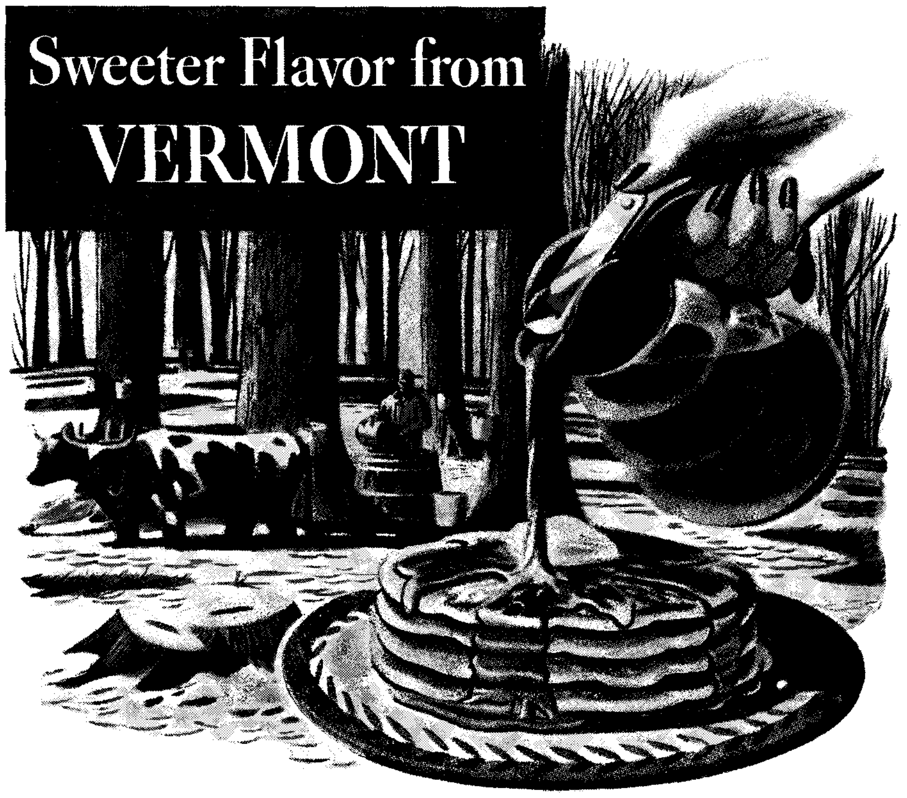
Last time he had better luck. He entered the Garden with a total of 6,444 points and that many dollars won in prize money. Burel Mulkey of Salmon, Idaho, the 1938 champion, was right on his heels. So were Fritz Truan and Toots Manfield and Mickey Knight. But Carney placed in all four competitions, the saddle bronco riding, the barebacked bronco riding, the steer wrestling and the steer riding. During the twenty-eight days of the competition he picked up 2,197 points to capture the crown. That meant that his five months of grueling competition had earned him $8,641. Fritz Truan, in second place, made $8,011.

The girls, too, are filled with the amateur spirit. To begin with, the cost of their costumes just about equals the prize money they could hope to win. Mildred Mix Horner carried off $715 to lead the girls by a big margin in the last New York show. But Mildred has fifteen complete costumes, the average cost of each being $125. A girl can't get rich competing in the rodeo but she can have fun.

Fun is something very few amateur athletes ever have. If you have seen the drawn, haggard look of women tennis stars after a tough match, or the sickly expression on even a champion golfer's face after he's gone through a three-day tournament, you know what I mean. The cowboys and the gals risk being crippled every time they toss a leg over a steer or an outlaw horse—but they enjoy it.

When the show is over, the cowboys go "on the town." Go into any bar near the Garden and you'll find a dozen of them drinking their liquor straight and handling it well.

And so they leave New York finally, most of them dead broke. They get back home as best they can, but what of it? They have something to talk about during the winter months. They relive Ward Watkins' ride a thousand times; they tell of Paul Carney's great work on the saddled broncos and they talk of how Fritz Truan tossed those steers around. They chuckle about that little blond cashier they met and they drop notes to a cigarette girl who fluttered a pair of dark eyelashes at them. Then they go back to work to get a stake so they can do it all over again next year.



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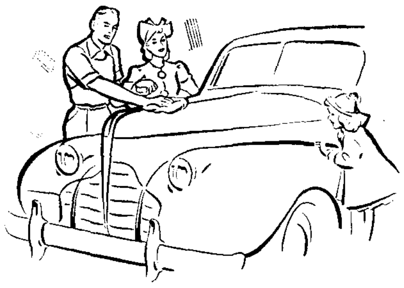

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Taboo in Samoa

Continued from page 16

. . . Anyway, he saw an out for himself.

"I still don't believe a word of it!" he stated, grimly. "You're trying to blather me that your people are somehow different from other people. They might be worse; but certainly they're not any better. They've all been handled like a lot of spoiled children, Mister Clerk. You've sold me that much!"

The clerk spoke: "I sell nothing, sir. Only suggesting we have a tradition—a code of conduct. If no better than your law; howbeit no worse!"

"That's what I mean to test out. . . . Far from me to interfere in a romance like this," said the provisional commissioner with a hard humor at last. "Let Miss Susi trot along to Savaii. Let her go out to battle with Mister Tuati; and we'll see what happens. . . . Somebody's going to be punished if I have to split twenty years amongst 'em!"

If he had known where that next session would be held! On the roaring, storm-torn beach at Mulinu'u Point *above old Apia town, about dawn of the* second day thereafter. Amid the crashing breakers and shouting winds of the great hurricane: that was where it was held. . . .

In what happened during the interval—the event as it actually came to pass—the provisional commissioner, of course, played no part; he was not there. Not until the very end, when he entered so splendidly on stage again. And of course the court clerk was not there, either; until he made his so-wonderful report at the climax. . . . As a matter of fact, nobody was there save the actors in that extraordinary drama. Nobody can or will tell about it now, save through the songs of the beach boys. Bold fellows, historians and brief chroniclers of the time, they know what happened. They still sing the saga of the famous disaster to the motor launch Lurlie.

And this was the way of it:

THE Lurlie was a nautical curiosity; a sort of marine monster. She was bred from the wreck of a two-ton sloop to which Portuguese Cap'n Manoel had married the ruin of a make-and-break two-cycle engine. Disreputable and patched all over, it was wonderful that she could hold together and keep afloat in a flat calm.

On this particular trip, by count, the Lurlie carried eighteen human souls. Fourteen of them were women and children going a-picnic, or returning home, to the sister isle of Savaii. Next came Constable Pia, marching Tuati along by the manacles between their wrists. . . . Lastly appeared Susi, who paid her fare to Cap'n Manoel from a knotted kerchief of pennies. And that was all. Susi said nothing to the others, and the others said less to Susi—being perfect taboo-fashion. Then Susi planted herself amidships, where with innocent eyes she betook herself to a calm, detached scrutiny of the sky.

There was something rather peculiar about that sky. The sun stood near to noon, like the white-hot spot in a crown *sheet. Around its orb little fleeting* clouds seemed to swirl in a filmy vortex. Later, when the Lurlie chugged out of Apia roadstead and went lurching into the ground swell, a circle of mist had crept along the far horizon.

Now, all islanders are students of the weather. They have to be. Yet it was absolutely native that no passenger would speak of it, until Susi did. . . . She chirped up to ask if Cap'n Manoel meant to take the outside passage.

"Of course," was the startled answer.

But Susi persisted. She nodded at the cloud wreath and suggested he might "more better" steer the longer, safer route under the lee of Upolu.

"Maybe," twanged Manoel, viciously.

Yes; and no. So he made the choice that led them out into the storm track. Susi settled herself and began a careful survey of the launch itself.

Manoel sat beside his engine, well aft, perched on the folded segments of a grimy cork life preserver. Across from him, Pia and Tuati occupied the slats of the tool locker without any life preserver, not even a cushion. Under the lengthwise benches on both sides were stored empty, square-sided, five-gallon gasoline tins; on board the Lurlie they represented the legal lifesaving apparatus. With casual glance, Susi managed to count them over carefully. There were exactly fifteen.

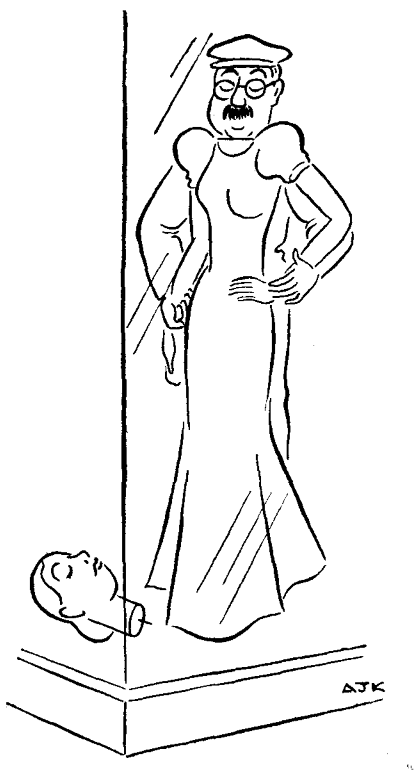
It was along in the fading afternoon that Manoel must have begun to regret his windward passage. A sinister change *had tormented the face of the waters;* a deeper drag to the swell, with heavy rain squalls from the west. . . .

DUSK was closing swiftly when the Lurlie came to deadly trouble with white-toothed breakers all about her. She had made pretty well up toward the coast of Savaii, actually within dim sight of its cliffs, laboring for safety like a stubborn cow in a mud wallow. But there her fate caught up with her. Three combers curled over her blunt bow and swept aft to strangle the asthmatic engine. With its dying cough—as at a prankish signal—the wind dropped, held off, veered and struck again as if some imp had kicked the ribs out of creation. . . .

One minute they had been bucking half a gale; the next they were drifting helpless and half swamped in the reversed grip of a real twister.

Cap'n Manoel took a good look at the welter of his drowning craft, grabbed his particular pet life preserver, the only real one on the makeshift vessel, and cast himself quietly overboard toward Savaii. Nobody was much surprised; and besides everybody was too busy.

They were as busy as bugs in a leaky box. Those who could began expertly bailing with pots or shells. Those who



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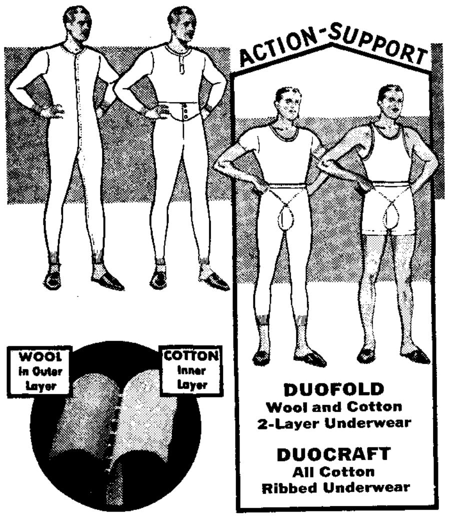
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wore Mother Hubbards began shedding them: after all, there was no missionary to look. . . . Meanwhile, Tuati and Pia, yoked as they were, had moved to break out the two small anchors in the prow—Tuati's idea to bring the Lurlie's head up somewhat from the trough.

Susi chipped in with a coconut scraper she borrowed from one of the women, and Tuati began slicing a spare rope into lengths. They picked the nearest child, looped an oil tin to her by its handle and slipped her gently over the rail to leeward. They did the same with the child's mother. They did that for all the children and all the women as fast as they could work—Pia clumsily; but Tuati and Susi in deft unison. Fourteen persons they set afloat that way, one by one, each with a human chance to be borne somewhere near land at least. All faded into the smother, until there were left in the boat just these three: Pia and Tuati and Susi. With only the fifteenth oil tin—the last remaining—to be used or shared somehow among the three of them.

Pia held that tin between his straddled knees and looked with shifty malignance at his prisoner. "The ship sinks under us, Tuati!" he said. It was not exactly true at the instant, for the wash in the bilge seemed no deeper about them; but it was quite true enough. . . . Pia stood bulky and imposing as ever; yet he quavered a bit and his fingers fumbled while he fished out the handcuff key from the pocket of his shorts.

"You are a salt-water man, Tuati," he said. "You can make out well enough to swim safe ashore. But me—I shall need this oil tin for myself."

Tuati made no answer: but Susi did. "And what about me, Pia?" she asked, with a purring trill above the gusts. She had ripped her own mission garment to shreds for a girded *pareu*. She was a lissome, wet-gleaming sea thing now, no longer intent on pride but vibrant, intimate as she touched Pia's arm.

Pia's wavering eyes fixed, then flared upon her. "You. . . . You go with me, Susi. You can swim, fine; we can help each other! See, the wind is good. Easily we go safe."

All this time he was twisting desperately at the key in his locked link of the bracelets. Susi tightened her sly contact like an impending caress. "How do you know, Pia? How should you know I can swim so well?"

He gave an impatient shove. "Did you not swim with Tuati, from far at sea—that day of the bonita fishing?" he flung. "Let go of me: let me open this!"

"Why did Tuati and I have to swim for it?"

"Because your paddles went to pieces in your hands!" barked Pia.

SUSI still clung to him, pressing against his efforts as all three staggered back and forth with the roll of the doomed launch. "How do you know?" she insisted. "How could you be so wise about the paddles?"

Pia snarled, fierce, exasperated—triumphing. "Because I bored them out and filled them with corkwood crumbs! I did it: Manoel taught me!" he exulted. "Now stand clear of me till I get rid of this young devil!"

But it was not quite so. . . .

As he sent her spinning aft across the toolbox, she caught there like a cat. And there on the slats she found the nearest tool: the monkey wrench with which Manoel had ruled his rickety wreck. It was a good-enough monkey wrench and might have weighed four pounds. Just a little more than the weight of those carved swords or head knives of heavy ti wood with which the warriors and their warrior women used to go out to war.

Susi took that wrench the way any two-fisted weapon is naturally meant to be taken. She made an odd, short, high-angled swipe with it. It clipped Constable Pia neatly just above the nape of the neck, and Pia slumped like a sack of meal over the middle thwart, dragging Tuati down with him.

Instantly Susi was kneeling in the wash and wrestling with lock and key in her turn—the lock on Tuati's side, of course, the first. She clicked it open, she got him free. . . . And the first thing Tuati did was to raise up his enemy and cradle his head out of the water. And the first words Tuati spoke were not for relief, or even for thanks, but in shocked, boyish protest:

"Susi! Oh—you hit him. Cruelly!"

Susi said: "I did not hit him hard enough. But that will be all right. He will drown just as well."

HE STARED at her, and from her stark will and passion he guessed the answer to something that had puzzled him. "Susi," he exclaimed. "There is no leak. You pulled the bilge plug! Under this thwart!"

"I pulled the plug, yes. To make the boat fill faster and scare everybody off, so we could deal with Pia alone. Then I put it back quickly. It was well done; for now we have time and the oil tin to ourselves. Also, we have settled with this big pig here! . . . Drop him, Tuati." She had unlocked at last the link from Pia's limp wrist. She took handcuffs and key and wound them into her waistband. "These I keep."

"What for?"

"For the white chief—the provisional commissioner. Did he not demand proof? Here is our proof how the coward released you—meaning to save himself. After boasting his wicked treachery to us both!"

"Treachery—?"

"Oh, dear fool—yes. The tricks which Pia and Manoel fixed up: the paddles and the smuggling case—for Manoel lied, of course. Purposely to get us tabooed and to get you jailed. You heard what he just said."

Tuati considered; a trifle slow on the uptake. "Do you know, Susi—I never could make out why Pia was so hateful. What had he against us?"

Susi smiled at him.

"Not against me, Tuati," she explained, sweetly. "But if you were in jail, and I on the beach, he could pick me up like a fallen fruit. Did you never think of that?"

Whether he had or not, it was another shock to hear her tell it: the discovery of a young prince that his princess is never quite so youthful. She appalled him, rather, with her ruthlessness. But resentment glowed hotly, too, at the revelation of the vile trick practiced on him by these alien foes. . . . Tuati was being tried with new and tough experience, and the way he met it was going to be the measure of him, by any code.

Meanwhile, Pia had begun to stir with returning consciousness. Tuati propped him on the bench, to breathe. "Susi," he said, "what was that you meant to do about Pia? What should we do with him?"

This time Susi laughed. "We simply leave him. The way he would have left you. He cannot swim a stroke: it is good riddance. . . . And come now—the storm is circling back. We must start for Savaii."

Gently and even reverently, Tuati laid a hand on her. "Susi," he said, "give me those nippers."

. . . Some sage has written how the only true drama is an act of assertion, made with gestures. Tuati could hardly have known about that. Neither could Susi. Nevertheless, the following action on board that stricken ship in a tortured sea at the brief center of a cyclone was pretty fairly assertive.

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"Why should you want them?" defended Susi. "You have no use for them now."

"I want them for Pia."

"For Pia? We are finished with Pia! . . . Quick, Tuati. The wind is turning on us!"

"Give me the nippers."

"No! You are foolish, Tuati—not wise like me. You have some foolish notion."

"Perhaps. Give them to me."

She tried to fight him off. But Tuati got the nippers. . . .

One link he snapped back fast onto the wrist of Constable Pia. The other link he passed through the handle of the fifteenth, the remaining oil tin. And he snapped that fast, too. "Now, Pia!" he said. "I have got you at last, Pia—alive or dead!"

At the last, too, Susi made one more effort: she chirped up to beg for the key. . . .

"Look, Tuati. The storm comes back. We may be blown anywhither: and even with the oil tin, Pia may drown. Then we would need to unloose Pia and keep the tin to save our own lives—you and I!"

Tuati said—and he said it in the proven worth of his manhood: "No, Susi. If we lose Pia, we lose our only proof, our only witness—and our honor. If that be gone, would you wish to live anyway? To be tabooed apart forever—you and I?"

And Susi said: "No."

She clung to him and he to her, a moment. Then he took the handcuff key and threw it, as a token, into the teeth of the storm.

"Come on, Pia!" he cried, to the dazed constable. Wherewith he picked up that bullnecked bulk, bodily, and tilted Pia and his oil tin over the rail. . . .

THIS was the famed swim of some thirty-five miles, made during a night and a day and another night, of which the boat boys still sing. Though some credit for that record might really go to a benevolent oil company, whose tinware, useful for almost anything, in this event certainly served as a sail to sweep the trio along the coast, throughout their long ordeal. Until they landed on the wave-torn beach of Mulinu'u above old Apia-town, sometime in the second dawning.

The provisional commissioner was there to meet them. To be sure he was there; with the court clerk, and the constabulary, and most of the other inhabitants of the whole island of Upolu. . . . It was there and then that he held his next public session.

The three tiny dots which were three human heads had been spied by telescope and followed anxiously all through daylight hours. No sort of craft dared try a rescue. Until finally at Mulinu'u Point a chain of hands was flung out, and made it.

In the meanwhile the provisional commissioner had been somewhat prepared by an amazing message over the hand-crank wireless from the resident police officer on Savaii.

"Fourteen passengers Lurlie—all safe here. Cap Manoel slightly injured getting ashore. Opium discovered in his damaged life preserver. Admits smuggling and false witness—accuses Constable Pia."

THE provisional commissioner took it in by degrees, to the extent of his ability. "Boys: it's a tale—and *non disputandum est!*" he acknowledged. "But let me get it straight, now—"

He said: " 'Strewth! . . . Tuati—and Susi. They saved the life of this scoundrel Pia! At the risk of their own. And brought him back! . . . Why?"

"Sir," said the clerk. "Because that is the custom of the country. Our moral code from the ancient days—always to give fair play to your enemy, before everything else. . . .

The provisional commissioner reflected. "Would it be right, now, if I should marry these two young idiots? Right here and now?"

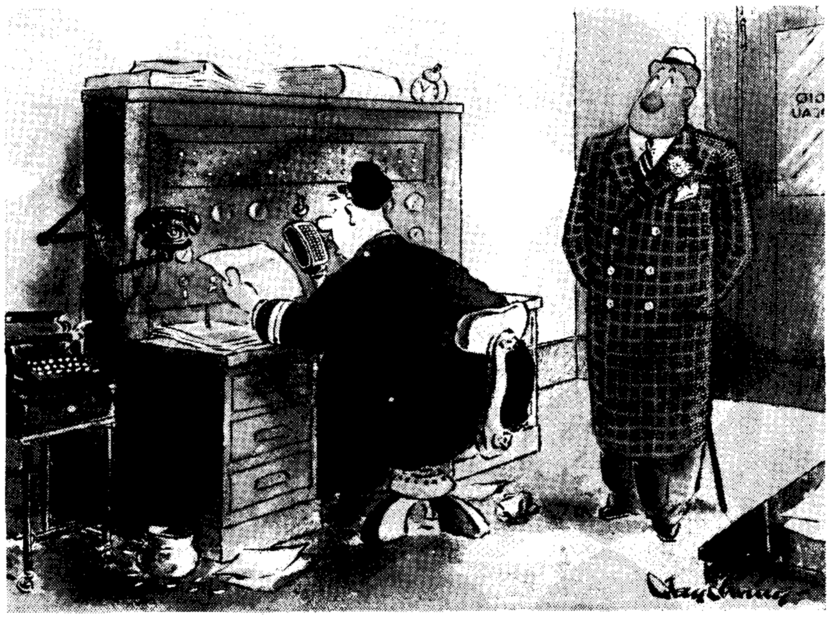
"Oh, yes, sir. Quite like a wise judge, sir! . . . Also removing all taboo, sir!"

So the provisional commissioner won the spotlight he had craved. . . . Only he whispered aside to the clerk—with a baleful eye toward Pia—his only culprit, his only somebody to convict and punish: "Listen. Could you find me a little dead pig? A nice, clean little pig? . . . We might use it for the wedding breakfast, afterward!"

"Oh, yes, sir!" returned the clerk, his gravity dissolving in a wide grin. "Yes, indeed. . . . That would be fine for true, Your Worship!"

Thus, amid the acclaim of a delighted populace, the provisional commissioner moved to confirm his wisdom, his perception, and his authority after all.

"Dearly beloved—" he began.



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JAY IRVING

CAN YOU NAME THESE IMMORTAL SCOTCH FIGURES?

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Traitor's Purse

Continued from page 18

He drove off at a great rate and finally deposited Campion at a great terminus in Wyld Street, behind Charing Cross.

"You'll be safe and comfy 'ere," he said as he undressed himself to get change for a pound note. "Cosmopolitan, that's what this is. Lost in a crowd, that's what you'll be." And he winked as he took the tip.

There was no mistaking his suggestion. As Campion saw him drive off his old panic returned. He had given himself away by funking the first policeman. Of course he had! These damned Londoners were too smart. They saw too much. Their experience of human nature was boundless. Probably even now the fellow was scuttling away to the nearest police station to take a look at the list of wanted persons. That ruled his hotel out and he'd have to go somewhere else. Better not pick up another cab here, either.

He walked away and crossed Trafalgar Square, cutting down behind the National Gallery into the narrow streets beyond. The light was growing rapidly and the great, friendly, shabby old city was beginning to sit up and stretch itself like a tramp who has been asleep on a park bench.

He found a big tea shop, finally, and went inside and bought himself some breakfast. The food restored him considerably. He was surprised to find how much he needed it and how much more intelligent he became after eating it.

He began to see some things with painful clarity. If he was to get any help from Sir Henry Bull he must get it at once before any news from Bridge reached that distinguished gentleman. That was evident. The thing to do was to get hold of him at once, at his private house. If he turned out to be as worried as Oates had been then he should have the full story and the personal consequences could not be helped. The one vital consideration at the moment was to reach someone in real authority before the police held everything up by arresting him and letting the law take its majestic course.

THERE was a directory in the telephone booth at the entrance but the name was not in it, which was not extraordinary since public men do not often advertise their private numbers. Campion began to feel his disadvantage again. London confused him. The city had the same effect on him as had Amanda in the beginning. He knew that he knew it very well indeed. It smiled at him and comforted him. But its face was just outside his present powers of memory. Whole streets were gloriously familiar but they had no names for him and no definite associations. His only way of getting about was by taxi. The drivers knew the way if he did not.

It was confusing and it took a lot of time but in the end he got what he wanted. He accepted his disability and set about circumnavigating it with a dogged patience that was characteristic of him. One cab took him to the nearest public library, where he consulted a battered "Who's Who." The man was there all right. *"BULL, the Rt. Hon. Henry Pattison, M. P. Honorary Member of the Universities of Oxford, St. Andrew's, Leeds. Senior Master of Bridge."*

"Senior Master of Bridge." The words stared out of the tiny print at him, enlarging themselves before his eyes. What a fool! What a trebly, mentally defective cretin! Of course. Miss Anscombe had told him that and he already knew that the Masters were holding their meeting on the fourteenth. The man must have been there in the very town he himself had fled from. Probably even now he was tucked up in Mr. Peter Lett's best bed.

A sense of despair swept over him. He was beset, benighted, hag-ridden by his own horrible insufficiency. The gods were bouncing him on their great knees, saving him one minute, only to dash him within an inch of the abyss the next.

His eye traveled to the end of the paragraph, ignoring the impressive list of high lights in a useful career. The address was there, 52 Pytchley Square, W. He looked at it dubiously. It seemed scarcely worth while going there in the circumstances.

He decided to try it, finally, because he could think of no alternative.

He reached the Square by taxi, which he dismissed as soon as he caught sight of the plane trees, continuing the journey on foot. The tall houses looked strangely virginal and unprotected without their iron trimmings. He could not understand what was missing at first, but when it came to him and he realized the reason for this nudity all the old fighting anger returned to his heart, coupled with the now familiar sense of impending disaster and the urge for haste. London's railings, her secret private little defenses, were torn away to feed the big guns.

But what was this other danger that threatened her? What was this swift peril that drew so close and that he was floundering so desperately to defeat?

He saw the house across the corner. Very neat, it was, and sober, with a polished number on the plum-colored door and demure net curtains in the windows.

He was bearing down upon it when he saw the two men. One of them rose from the edge of the sand bin where he had been sitting under a tree in the Square and sauntered forward.

Police. Of course. All these public men's houses had police guards these days. Why should he have forgotten that?

He wondered if his description had already been circularized to every plainclothes man in the country. He wished he were less conspicuous and less shabby from his roof climbing. The man was coming directly toward him. He was going to be stopped and questioned. He could see the fellow's face now clearly and he was grinning sheepishly, blast him. It was a "fair cop," was it? What should he do? Run for it and have all London at his heels?

It was the little mock salute that stopped him, that and the man's obvious embarrassment.

"Sergeant Cook, sir," said the stranger, his smile twisting wryly. "You've forgotten me, I expect. Any news of the Guv'nor, sir?"

THE sincerity of his anxiety outweighed everything else. It had a force of its own that was sufficient to kindle an answering spark from Campion's imprisoned mind.

"Oates?" he inquired. "No, I haven't seen him."

The man shrugged his shoulders expressively. "I don't like it," he said. "I don't like it at all."

They stood there for a moment in silence and Campion glanced up at number 52.

"I want to see Sir Henry Bull," he said slowly, hardly trusting his voice. "Can you fix it?"

Sergeant Cook gave him an astonished glance and Campion saw that he had made a mistake. Obviously his right move would have been to have walked up to the front door and given his name in the ordinary way. He set about covering his tracks.

"I want a word or two with him in private. I don't have to explain, do I?" he said.

He sounded pretty mysterious to himself but to his relief the sergeant responded, although he glanced at him sharply under his lashes.

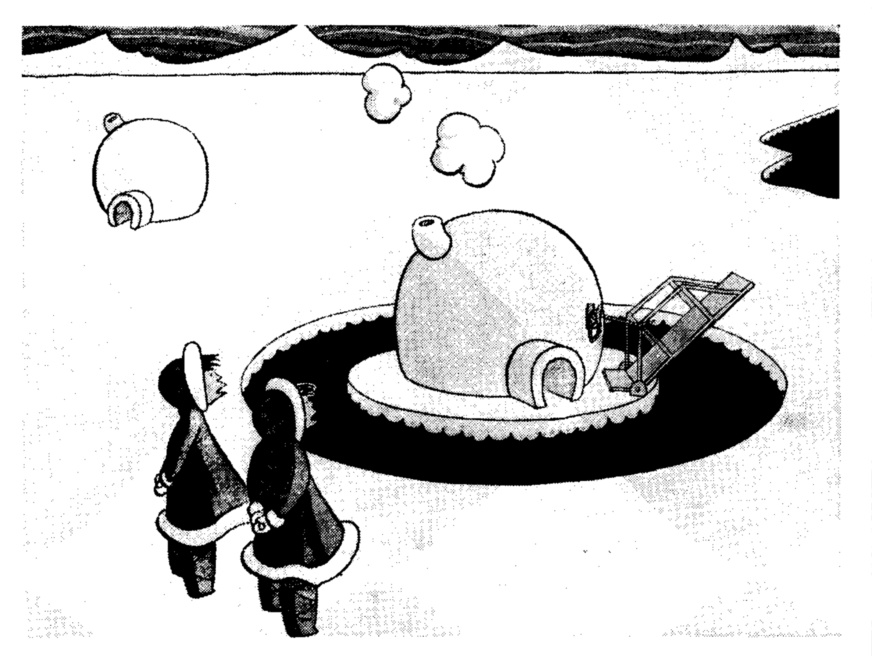
"I get you, sir. There's a side door on the left of the area there. It leads through to the yard at the back. Will you wait in that passage?"

Campion followed him and entered the side gate.

He was waiting in the little alley inside when at last the man reappeared. He came creeping in through the high lattice gate from the yard and beckoned.

"Okay," he said with some satisfaction. "Come around this way, will you, sir? Been tailed, sir?"

"I rather think so. Thank you. I—



"It seems the new neighbor wants privacy"

AL KAELIN

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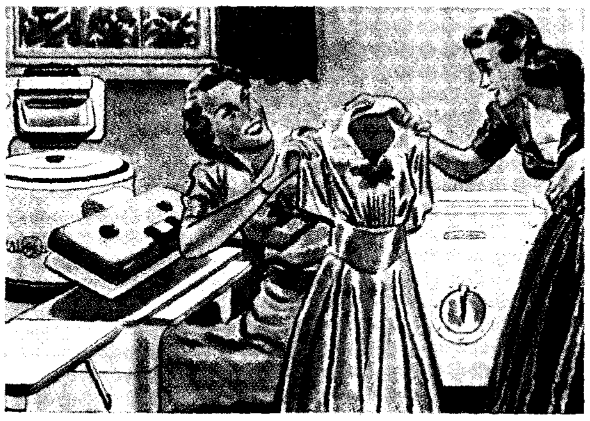

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

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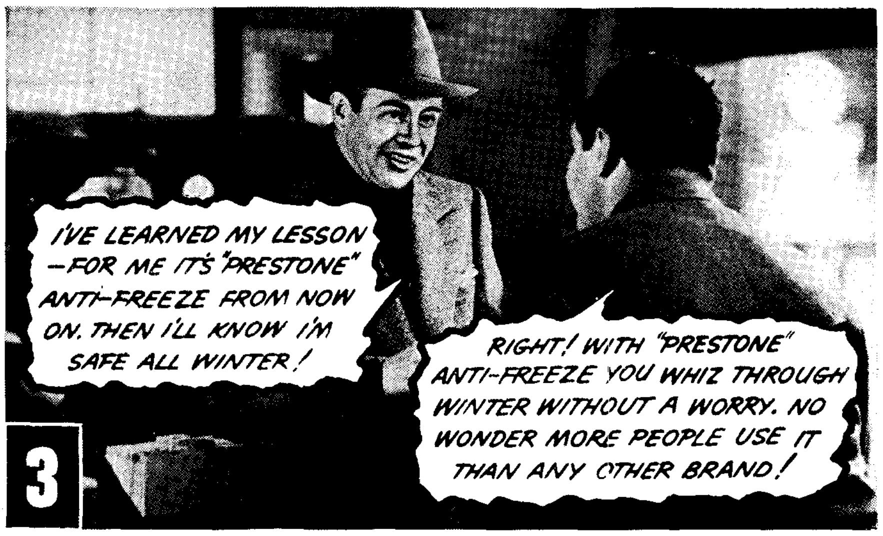
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"YOU'RE SAFE...AND YOU KNOW IT!"

er—I shan't forget this, Sergeant Cook."

"That's all right, sir. This way."

They passed through a warm little servants' hall, where a couple of maids eyed them inquisitively, ascended a back staircase, crossed a flagged inner hall, and finally reached a white-paneled door.

"He's having a late breakfast," whispered the sergeant, "but he's alone. Lady Bull has just left him."

He knocked and listened.

"There you are, sir," he added, and opened the door.

Campion went into a small, bright room which glowed with flowers and smelt pleasantly of coffee. A breakfast table was set in the window and a man in a dressing gown sat at it with his back to the door. He turned at the sound of the latch and smiled affably at his visitor.

"Hello, my boy," he said. "I half expected you."

Campion said nothing. The world was reeling dangerously about him and he felt his scalp contract.

It was the old man he had met in the train coming up.

THE eyes that had glittered so disconcertingly in the blue reading light in the train were equally shrewd and uncomfortably penetrating at the breakfast table. Campion looked at them helplessly. This was disaster. This was defeat.

He was taken so completely off his balance that he could not trust himself to speak. His lean, tight-skinned face was expressionless.

The old man indicated a chair on the other side of the table.

"Sit down," he said. "Have some coffee. Don't look at me like that. I know I've been very obtuse."

Campion blinked. He began to feel impervious to surprise. He sat down obediently but did not dare to open his mouth.

Sir Henry Bull cleared his throat. He looked very uncomfortable.

"You've had a most nerve-racking experience, I don't doubt," he said. "Until we got into the terminus this morning I had no inkling of the extraordinary situation. You'll have to forgive me, my boy. You can't teach an old dog new tricks and I admit quite freely that I find it very difficult to get used to this—this transpontine world we suddenly seem to be living in."

He was quite incomprehensible to Campion, who gave up trying to save himself. His astonishment showed in his face. Sir Henry misunderstood it and laughed briefly in his embarrassment.

"Even the word belongs to another era," he said bitterly. " 'Transpontine.' Over the bridge. Over Waterloo Bridge to the Vic and the Surrey, the homes of melodrama. Blood tubs, we used to call them. That's the world we're living in today. I can't get into tune with it as fast as perhaps I ought. Enemy soldiers disguised as nuns, carrying machine guns and portable bicycles, descending by parachute. Armed secret societies. Microphones in the walls of railway carriages—it's all boys' half-penny-paper stuff to me still. I can't force my mind to be on guard for its humorless ingenuities. I did no actual harm, I hope. The police got their man, no doubt."

Campion snatched at his scattering wits and faced the situation. "Microphones in the walls of railway carriages?" Was it possible that the old boy actually thought . . . ? He did, obviously. Having once convinced himself that the world had gone mad, he was evidently prepared to see lunacy everywhere.

The question remained unanswered and the man repeated it:

"Did they take the fellow?"

"No," said Campion. "No. Not that it matters."

"You don't think so? I'm very relieved to hear you say that." Sir Henry had turned in his chair. He looked an old man, very tired and very anxious. "I've been going over everything that passed and I realize that I said nothing of value. Fortunately my training prevented me from being actually indiscreet.

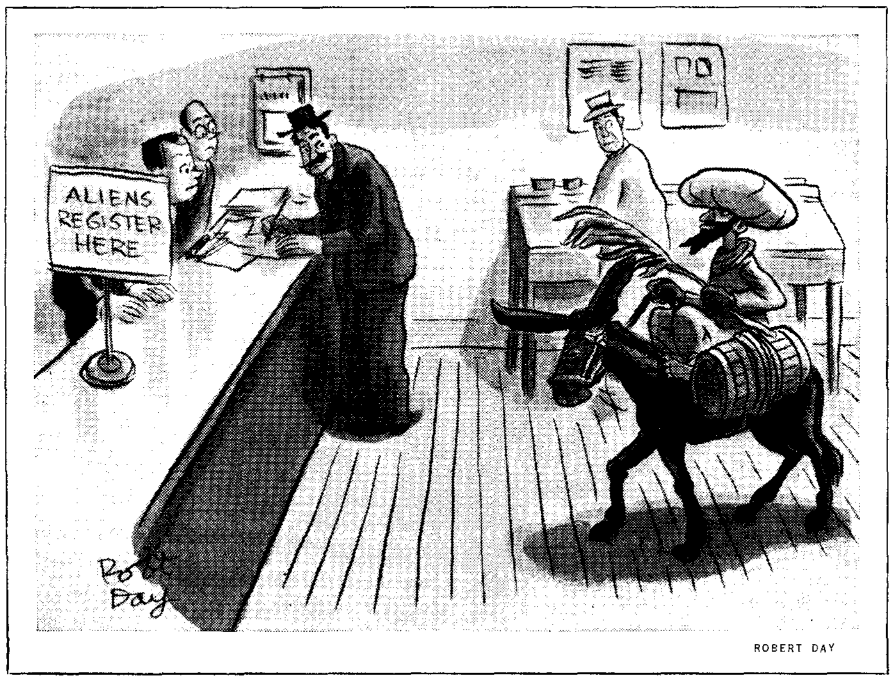
"But I do realize I must have put you in a most awkward position. You see, when they stopped the train for me at Coachingford and I found you in my reserved carriage I immediately thought that you wanted a word with me in private. It never went through my head that you were there to look after me and that we might be overheard or even overlooked.

"To be frank, I didn't understand your manner in the least, although it ought to have warned me. Then, when we arrived and the station people told me that the train was being searched, I saw the whole thing in a flash. This fifth-column activity is incredible. They didn't get him, you say?"

"Not yet."

"They will." Sir Henry spoke with satisfaction. "They're wonderful people. They're probably on his track at this moment."

"More than probably," said Campion absently. He could hardly assimilate the facts even now when they were presented to him on a plate, but he forced himself to accept them without ques-



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tion. There was so much to do and so little time.

Meanwhile, Sir Henry was so unused to making mistakes that he was still offering explanations in his own defense.

"I usually stay the night after a meeting of the Masters," he said, "but it was imperative that I get back early today, so Peter Lett phoned the stationmaster and reserved me a carriage. Then we were held up on the road and I walked on to the platform to see the train starting. They held it for me but there was no time for explanations. I had no notion you were in the compartment until I saw you. I recognized you at once, of course, and then as I say I did not grasp the significance of the situation. I had been hearing from my fellow Masters that you were in the town and I simply thought you wanted a word with me. You see exactly how it happened, don't you?"

"I do," said Campion. "Exactly," he added after a pause. Obviously the Masters had not heard of the assault on Hutch and so far the man in front of him knew nothing of the St. Jude's Hospital episode. "I do want to see you," he went on hurriedly. "I want to talk about Anscombe."

"Anscombe?" Sir Henry frowned. "Poor fellow," he said. "I heard about him as soon as I arrived, of course. What do you want to know?"

"Why did Anscombe die wondering if he ought not to come to you? Why did he convert every halfpenny he possessed into cash, then debate in his own mind if he ought not to come and see you?"

"Did he?" Sir Henry was surprised but not bewildered. "He was a silly fellow. I've known him for years, of course. He was too small a man altogether for his commitments. That's the weakness of these hereditary appointments. Old Anscombe ought to have been secretary of a cricket club, or a churchwarden perhaps. I always understood that personal finances were his difficulty. He ought to have been perfectly all right but his father played Old Harry with the Secretaryship. That income was mortgaged out of hand and the children were left very modestly provided for. Anscombe himself was even more improvident. Between ourselves, we financed him over and over again, but finally we had to put a stop to it. So he converted what little money he had into cash, did he? What was he going to do? Try to make a dash from his local creditors?"

Campion shook his head. "His sister seems to have had a rather difficult idea," he said. "She suggests that he may have been going to make some sort of gesture. 'In expiation' were the words she used."

"To me? Really? What for?" Curiously enough, the suggestion did not seem to strike Sir Henry as entirely fantastic. "I see you don't understand," he said. "The Secretaryship of the Masters isn't quite the important office it sounds. The Secretary is the—how shall I say?—well, the steward of the club and the general clerk of the domestic arrangements. His office is comparatively modern. His main job is to look after the premises. It would not astonish me to hear that Anscombe had done anything. He was a remarkably silly man, one of these theatrical, hysterical types. What did you discover he had done? Filched a pound or two from the petty funds?"

"No, I don't think so. Miss Anscombe wondered if he had allowed the caverns in the Nag to be used for contraband."

"Really? I can't believe that. That would have been sacrilege. No, I don't think so. I fancy I know where that story comes from. I did hear something. What was it? Lett mentioned it. I think a great deal of wine was actually taken into the Nag some time before the war. It represented a sum of money that was due to us for the sale of our share of a Rhenish vineyard. The money could not be taken out of Germany so we received its equivalent in wine. I don't know the full facts. Our bursar would tell you that. Anscombe would probably be responsible for the storage of the wine. That was the kind of thing he did attend to. He had nothing to do with the main function of the Brotherhood."

"Which is?"

"The welfare of our country, young man." It was an oddly dignified answer, completely unaffected.

Once again Campion took a sudden liking to this canny old man with his dogged stance and the streak of unselfconscious patriotism that showed in him every so often.

"Our principal business is the Institute," Sir Henry added. "That place is a great national possession."

"National?"

The older man smiled with a depreciation which was very faint.

"The Masters of Bridge are the nation," he said, unaware of any naïveté. "That is, they're typical of the best of it. Is there anything else?"

"Yes." It was now or never and the ground was very uncertain. "Tell me about Minute Fifteen."

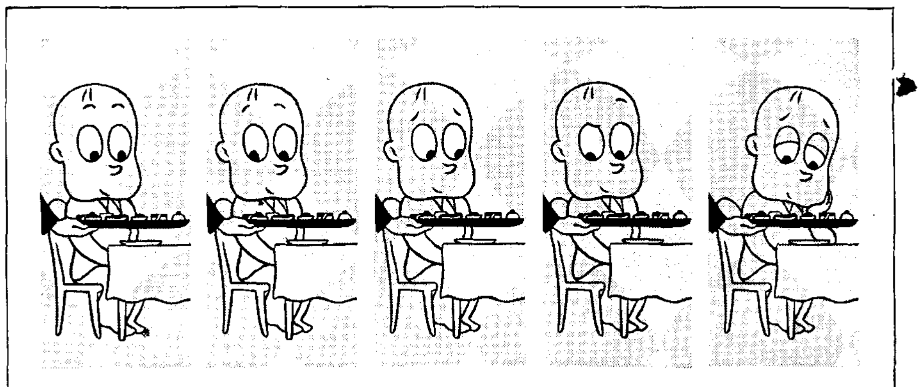
ONCE the question was out of his mouth the deepest misgivings seized him as he saw astonishment growing in the intelligent eyes.

"Minute Fifteen?" The man was not at ease. He seemed puzzled and slightly alarmed. "I don't know what I can tell you that you don't know already," he said at last. "The whole world will know all about it tomorrow, or I sincerely hope so. As for the details of the publicity, I understand that you were one of the few men who had known about that from the outset. What do you want from me? The financial details of the actual loan? The Junior Lord of the Treasury will be explaining them on the radio tomorrow evening."

Campion hesitated. It was not exactly all coming back to him but he had the sensation of recollection, a feeling that he was treading on old ground.

"Why was the loan called Minute Fifteen?" he ventured.

"Ah, I see your difficulty. That *was*



French Pastry

CROCKETT JOHNSON

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MY DATE OF BIRTH________________________CO • 10-26

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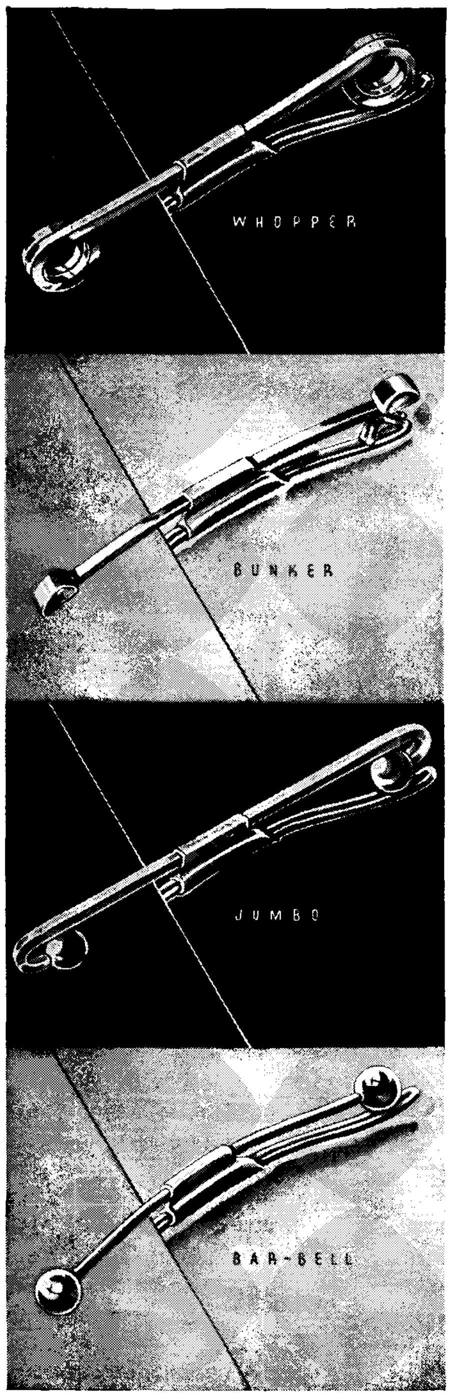

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SWANK

confusing." Sir Henry seemed relieved. "It wasn't. The Defense Loan had its own name, the Fifth Victory. Minute Fifteen simply covers the plan of its presentation. It was thought wisest to keep that anonymous since it was an innovation and secrecy was such an integral part of it, so it simply went under its own number on the agenda of the Cabinet meeting which approved it. However, this really isn't my pidgin at all. I can put you on to someone if you want details."

"I don't." Campion spoke desperately. "I want to know its exact importance. I mean," he added hastily, as a flash of bewilderment appeared in the older man's eyes, "in regard to every aspect of the immediate situation. Has it appreciated or decreased?"

"My dear boy"—there was nothing but grimness in the old face now—"its success is imperative. I wish I had never used those words before. They're stale and inadequate. We must have no hitch whatever in raising the money. We are edging along such a precipice now that I dare hardly watch, and I am no coward where money is concerned. Use your common sense. Would we ever embark on a gigantic and drastic project like this, which virtually means that we're putting the British Empire on a company footing, with a personal invitation to every taxpayer to invest his all in it, if it wasn't absolutely vital? The forms that are going out tonight are, practically speaking, prospectuses. There is no other word for them. We're walking on the water. It's only the faith of the man in the street that is going to hold us from going under."

Campion sat very still. It was coming.

Behind the curtain hanging across his mind like an arras something of tremendous importance was trying to shine through. He could feel the emotion belonging to it. It was fear.

"Nothing must go wrong," he said stupidly.

Sir Henry Bull pushed back his chair. He looked a dynamic figure, his white hair bristling and his long gown flowing around him.

"I said just now that I am never indiscreet," he said. "I am not. Both my training and my natural inclination are against it. But I am not made of wood. Now look here, Campion, I have heard whispers. Mind you, they have been little more than whispers, but they have come from most unexpected quarters and they are so terrible that I dare not even think of them. One of my informants named you as probably the only man who knew the full truth of the danger. I am not going to ask you for information so you can take that blank expression off your face. I cannot and will not believe that the incredible story which I have heard has any reality, but, if it has, if it has, Campion, well then . . . the Dark Ages again, that's what it will mean."

THERE was silence for a moment or so and then the old man leaned on the table and looked full at his visitor.

"I think I can tell you what you're hesitating to ask," he said. "It is true that at this moment Britain depends practically entirely on her faith in herself and on her own internal stability. If that could be destroyed suddenly, by a single stroke, there would come confusion, exhaustion, and finally decay. At this particular point in history everything hangs on Britain's faith. Europe is conquered; the New World is not yet prepared. So, should this thing happen, it means that there will come once again the Dark Ages which followed Attila, and tomorrow civilization is a thousand years away.

"It *could* happen: that is the lesson of this generation. World barbarism is still possible. The beast is not dead. It has not even slept. All these years it has been lying there watching with lidless eyes. To a man of my age that is the most awful discovery that could ever have been made. That is what you wanted to know, isn't it?"

The younger man did not speak and his host, with a little twist of the lips that was alarming because his face was not one used to weakness, demanded abruptly: "How bad is it?"

Campion felt cold. His fingers were numbed and there was a chill in the small of his back. His determination to make a clean breast of his own disability, should Sir Henry seem as alarmed as Oates had been, faded before the question in those anxious eyes.

IT WAS the same story. Everyone was turning to him for assurance. He dared not reveal the dreadful emptiness of his mind. Somehow he must struggle on, blind and half-witted though he was. There was to be no outside help. He was quite alone.

"I don't know," he said slowly. "I don't know. These prospectuses, or whatever they are, for Minute Fifteen; they go out tonight, do they?"

"Yes. I can't understand why you didn't realize that. It hasn't been possible to keep the thing a complete secret. Quite a number of important committees, including the Masters of Bridge who are going to take up large portions of the loan, have had to be prepared for it. I was talking to the Masters on the subject myself last night. Then the post offices had to be warned that they will be expected to deal with the enormous traffic, while the local tax authorities have had to put the thing out. So a tremendous number of people know something about it. Only taxpayers will be approached, of course, but that's half the country. It must not fail, Campion. Nothing must happen to make it fail or to . . ." He shook his head. "That eventuality won't bear considering," he said.

Campion nodded. He was thinking fast. More corners of the jigsaw were forming, although the whole picture was still obscure. Meanwhile, the great missing portion was assuming an incredible shape. He wondered how he could persuade Sir Henry to be more specific. It was not going to be easy. The old man was very quick and already he had been puzzled several times by little exhibitions of ignorance.

Campion thought he knew the man. He was a realist, a believer in facts. A gambler, perhaps, but only in form, and that meant that once he discovered his visitor's mental condition he would never take a chance. Campion saw himself pushed into hospital again and not one word of anything he had to say believed or even considered until the doctors pronounced him lucid. The urgency of the situation would not make any difference to Sir Henry. Campion's disability would simply go down on the debit side.

He was interrupted by the arrival of the secretary, who came in with a word of apology and murmured to Sir Henry for some time in a deferential flow.

"Really?" The old man was surprised. "Where is he? In the house?"

"In the study, Sir Henry."

"Oh, I see. Yes, well, I shall have to give him a minute or two. You might warn him I'm overworked, vital information or not. I'll come down."

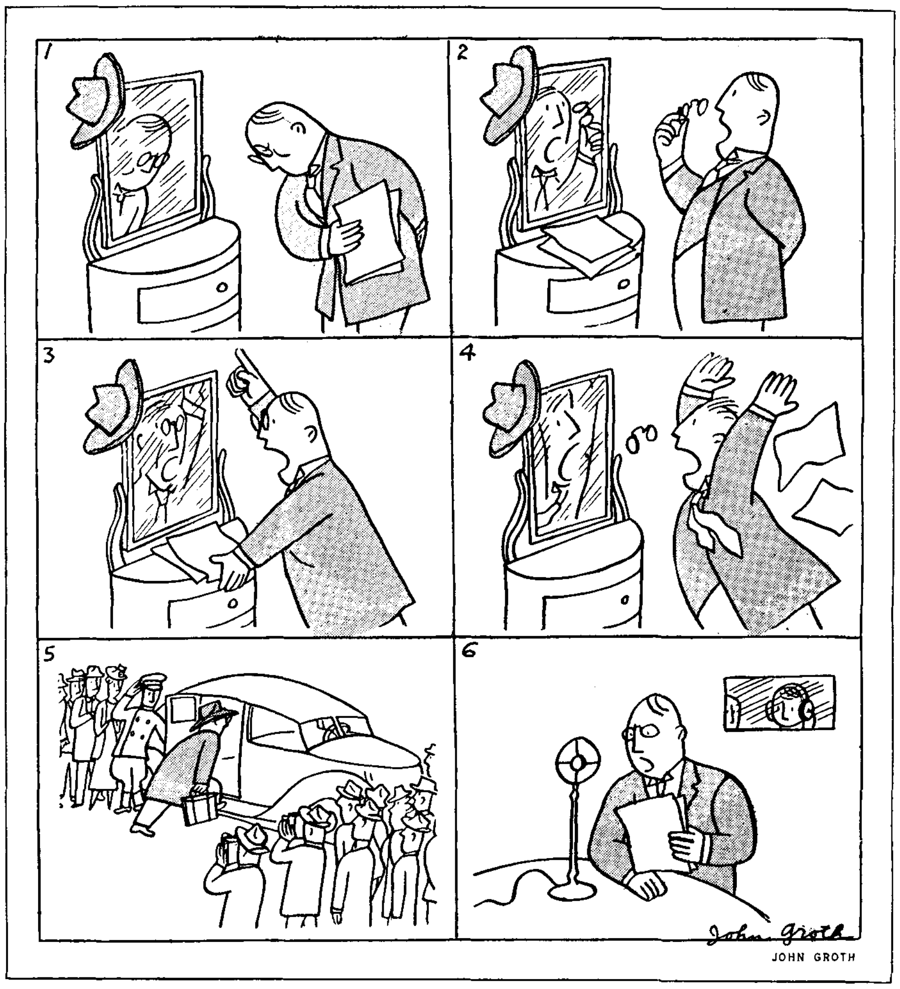
AS THE secretary went out he turned to Campion.

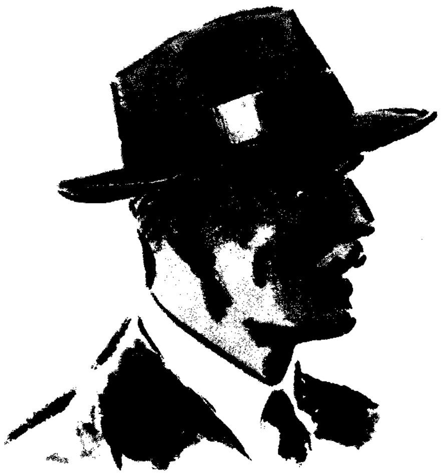
"I'm afraid I must see this fellow," he said. "He's a curious product, part genius, part crank, and one of the most influential men in the country in his own peculiar way. One moment he's doing untold service and the next he's trying to advance a harebrained scheme for running the country. The trouble is one never knows which tack he's on until one's seen him. He's breathing mystery and disaster, Cuthbertson says. Don't go. I haven't finished with you yet. I shan't be more than five minutes."

He went out. The gentle latch did not quite slip home and the door swung open an inch or two behind him, so that Campion heard his voice as he entered the room across the hall.

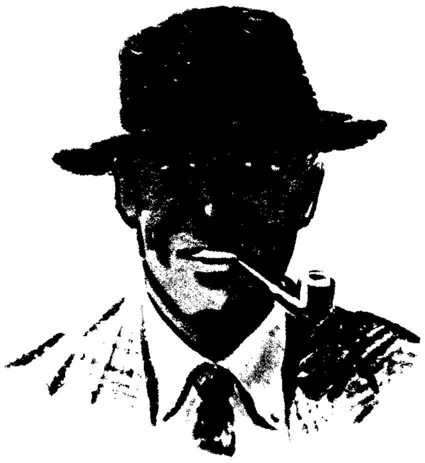
"Hullo, Aubrey. What's this 'awful warning,' my dear boy?"

Aubrey. Campion's hand closed over

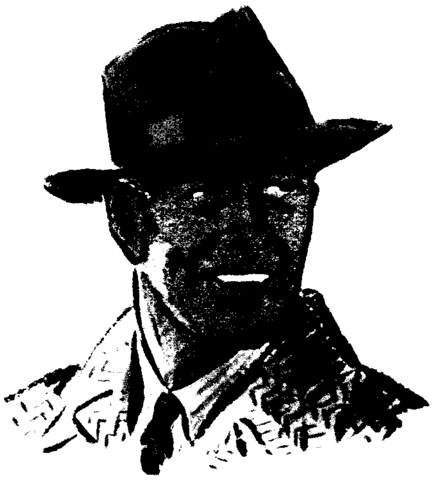




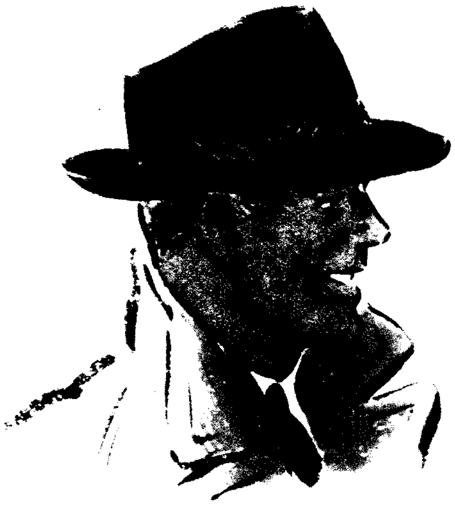
SHALE
GRAYS



NAVAJO
BROWNS



ROCK
BLUES



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the doorknob. Aubrey. Miss Anscombe. His own attack on Hutch. There was a complete line there. Aubrey had been going to see Miss Anscombe. She must have given him an account of her interview with himself and Amanda. Aubrey would be far too superior to go to the police direct. It would be so like him to attempt to stop the mischief at the head and to warn his distinguished Governor that a lunatic was at large.

There was nothing for it but flight again. It was the only way and this time he had to get away with it.

He stepped out into the hall and went straight from the house the way he had come. The maids eyed him as he passed them silently but he nodded to them and walked by with the same odd singleness of purpose that had been his salvation before.

He came quietly out of a side gate, glanced sharply at the detective on the opposite side of the road, and, keeping well in so that he should not be seen from the windows of the house he had left, strode on down the side of the Square.

He was shaking with suppressed excitement. All the facts he had stumbled on in the last thirty-six hours were blazingly vivid in his mind. Minute Fifteen, representing the greatest war loan ever launched, was about to be presented at a time of trembling national emergency personally and privately to every taxpayer by post.

That was the pivot. That was fact number one. All around it, gyrating like swingboats around a tower, were the others.

He went over them in his mind: The cases of wine in the Masters' storerooms. The story of foreign contraband before the war. The murder of Anscombe just before he "made expiation," obviously done by professional thugs probably employed by Pyne. The fleet of lorries under the Nag. The small army of well-paid crooks gathered together under Pyne's Surveys Limited. The activities in the Institute. There was something there he could not remember. What was it? Something he had seen with his own eyes and forgotten. The attempt of the enemy to buy him off when they thought him a crook like themselves, and their subsequent decision to kill or capture him when they discovered who he was.

IT WAS all there in his hand. He held it without knowing what it was. In his blindness he had discovered his objective. In his miserable ignorance he could not identify it.

He must get back to Bridge. That was the all-important factor. It must be now nearly eleven. He had, he suspected, until the provincial post went at about six in the evening, but he had to get back to Bridge and to do that he had to get across the city to the terminus.

Still he had a chance. For the first time he felt he had a chance.

He found a taxi and made the station in twenty minutes. Luck was with him and he discovered a Coachingford train actually waiting at the platform. He entered it in a state as near jubilation as he ever remembered. Amanda was the only dark spot on the horizon and he refused to think of her.

All through the journey he made his plans. It was going to be a near thing and abominably risky, and to get into the Nag by daylight would take some doing when every man's hand was against him. All the same, it had to be done and he had great faith in himself.

When at last the train carried him into the station at Coachingford he was already in his mind hurrying up the Nag's Pykle looking for the narrow passage by the side of the shop which should have sold love philters. He was so engrossed with his project that he did not see the two plain-clothes men standing behind the ticket collector and did not realize their intention until their hands fell on his shoulders and he heard the strangely familiar formula of arrest.

Campion sat in a cell at the Waterhouse Street police station at Coachingford and prayed. He was a fool. He knew that. If only he had at least gone quietly and had given himself a chance. If only he hadn't lost his head in the station booking office as they were taking him through. He saw himself now behaving like a lunatic, raving, expostulating, saying all the wrong things, citing all the wrong names.

That final attempt to make a dash for it just outside the present building! That had been a mistake, probably the worst of the lot. He was battered and disheveled now and in the last condition in the world to inspire confidence in anyone, even to the extent of getting a message through to Lugg or Yeo.

THEY were leaving him here to cool his heels while they made out the charge. At any moment now they would come for him and take him out of this cold, disinfected tomb and march him into a big, smelly charge room, warm with breath and sweat. That was going to be his only chance. The charges against him? As far as he knew, they might contain practically everything on the calendar. However, that aspect was trifling. Moreover, it belonged to another world. What was important was the time. Somehow or other he'd have to get out and get down to Bridge immediately.

An obvious idea that had occurred to him coming down in the train was torturing him. Very likely he didn't have until the evening. More than likely the lorries had to spread their loads all over the country and were even now setting out on their journeys. England was such a little place. It would take so short a time to fan the poison out all over her lovely petite body.

He had given up worrying about the mystery. The actual facts of the enemy's attack were still entirely beyond him. Even the identity of the enemy himself had escaped him. All he knew were those things that were set out under his nose: the lorries, the date of the launching of the Minute Fifteen loan, the work at the Institute, and the wine cases in the Nag.

He must get out. *He must get out!*

He was sweating when they came for him. The larger plain-clothes man, the one whose eye he had closed, was not present. The other one, the ratty specimen with the little mustache, gave him a wide berth and left the work to the old turnkey and the enormous young constable who would not normally have accompanied them.

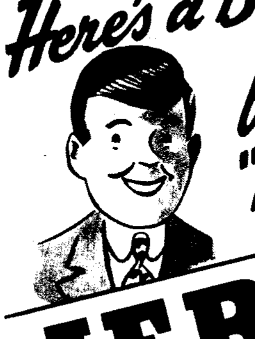
Campion went quietly, meekly. He was so restrained that he felt they must notice that he was shaking and see that his hands were clenched to keep them down. They were all very gentle and so nervy that he guessed that they suspected him of mania. Very likely. What a situation! He would be in a strait jacket with ice on his head when the blow fell, when the enemy succeeded, when the knife slipped into England's green heart.

He was deferential to the charge sergeant. The man was a fool. He saw his great, square head with the unnaturally gray face on one side of it nodding over the top of the high desk and was panic-stricken. He could hear the asinine jokes and heavy admonitions before they left the big mouth under the waterfall mustache.

Yes, here they came. Here was the charge book. Here was the pronouncement.

(To be continued next week)

Here's a Bargain for Your "Noggin"



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USER AGENTS WANTED C-10-40

What's Left of Spain

Continued from page 19

orator and two-fisted fighter, is in political exile in Rome.

Young José Antonio, son of Dictator Primo de Rivera, was executed by the Loyalists early in the war. Franco could have saved him, Spaniards maintain, by exchanging him for a Red prisoner. De Rivera remained in jail for nearly a year and was finally tried and shot. The youth became a Fascist martyr and now they've renamed the Gran Via in Madrid for him.

Bread is a Major Problem

By now Spaniards realize that they were merely 23,000,000 guinea pigs in the laboratory where the totalitarians tested their war instruments before moving on to the bigger job of dissecting Europe. They know that Franco was the dupe of the Axis dictators.

The event that convinced them of this was the wedding of Nazism to Communism. They had fought to rid the country of Communism. So they had been told, and they went about the job eagerly enough. They were tired of the disorder and bloodshed of strikes, lockouts and revolutions. Two million men, women and children died or were irreparably injured by bombs, shells, execution, disease or starvation during those thirty-two months of unmitigated hell of the civil war.

When Hitler led Stalin to the political altar, and the Francoites' other friend, Mussolini, stood by without a word of protest, Spaniards were stunned. They saw they had been sold out.

To add insult to injury, Franco practically turned the country over to the Nazis and the Fascists. Spaniards need only to look at their limp money to be reminded of who won the "war of the liberation of Spain." At least 80,000 Germans fill important jobs as clerks, engineers and skilled craftsmen. At least 30,000 Italian Fascists serve as skilled laborers and farmers. The newsstands are tiled with "Das Reich," "Fräulein" or "Popolo D'Italia" and it doesn't look to the reporter as though Spaniards read Spanish any more.

Yet, when he conquered Spain with the help of at least 100,000 Italians and 24,000 Germans, Franco had the country in the cup of his soft, pudgy hands. Men tell you even now that "hell that it is today, it is heaven compared to yesterday." That is eloquent of the utter exhaustion of the defeated side and its willingness to forget bygones and begin again.

The besieged in Madrid ate the flesh of horses and mules, and of cats and dogs. They subsisted on dried beans and rations of parched corn and even the water grew scarce. When Franco entered the city he gave the people bread. The country was his.

But he lost it. He ran out of bread, for one thing, and he ran out of money. There were, until July 18, 1936, two substantial things in the lives of Spaniards and these were bread and money.

Franco hadn't counted on a long war and the devastation of the nation it was to entail, a destruction that piled up a national deficit of nearly 25,000,000 pesetas. This breaks down in American money to a public debt for every man, woman and child in Spain of $1,250. This is a staggering sum in any language including the American, but particularly so in a country where the annual average national income is estimated at less than $350 cash per person.

With that kind of money the Spaniard may buy little bread. It is rationed everywhere except in Madrid at 100 grams per person per day, which means two small rolls the size, digestibility and consistency of as many sun-baked mud pies because the bread is made of flour adulterated with chickpea, bean, potato and corn flour and Spanish bakers scrape out the bottoms of barrels and brush up the flour that spills onto the floor. In Madrid the ration is 250 grams.

In the old days, a Spanish workman would consume a little more than two pounds of bread, and now he gets about three and one-half ounces. Bread dipped in olive oil, with chickpeas, a few greens and an occasional piece of fish or meat constituted the normal worker's diet, and it was fairly cheap.

Now, if he wants to eat at all, the Spaniard must pay premium prices for his old staples. The party fixes food prices, but to get anything he must pay twice or three times the legalized scale. Olive oil, the rancid residues left after the Italians took 800,000 tons of it in part payment of Spain's debt to Rome, should cost forty or fifty cents a liter. Actual cost runs to from $1.00 to $1.25 for a liter. Olive oil is to a Spaniard what bacon and butter are to an American, an indispensable fat.

A pound of meat is listed at twenty-five cents but costs fifty to sixty cents. Eggs are rationed to one per person per week and their price is the equivalent of $1.50 a dozen. A small, stringy chicken, as lean as the Spaniards themselves, sells for from $2.00 to $4.00. Sugar used to cost a few cents a pound and now it's gone to $2.00 to $3.00 a pound. There is plenty of fish and it is relatively cheap. Butter is practically unknown except in the hotels where, by the way, the rich who sat the war out, live in comfort.

Bread is a major problem now, but will grow worse. Spain had only $33,500,000 in gold left in her treasury after the fleeing government scooped out the till—they took at least $400,000,000 in gold with them when they scattered to Mexico, Argentina, Brazil and the United States. So Spain won't be able to do any heavy buying of foodstuffs abroad and her wheat crop, despite pressure on the peasants to urge war-torn acres to produce more wheat, will be off twenty per cent from the normal four million and a quarter metric tons.

Only potatoes will be an abundant crop and that's what Spaniards will have to eat this winter and that's about all. The greens will be gone. Chickpeas, another staple food, will be way below requirements as will barley and rice and corn. There are two million soldiers under arms, at least half a million men in jails, and there isn't labor available to till the soil.

Spanish Cartwheels

The soldiers must await Franco's orders to march to war with the Axis against an England that has suddenly, inexplicably, become a hated "pluto-democratic enemy" in fulfillment of Spain's rediscovered "imperial aspirations . . ." and so the fields will lie fallow and dry and sterile.

When he failed to devise ways and means of keeping his people fed, Franco dealt a heavy blow to the faith of those who followed him and those he might have had though they were conquered. And when he took from the Spaniards the hard money they loved, he reduced by another several notches his grip on the confidence of the people.

Before *Viva Franco* and words like *Arriba España,* "Up Spain," were added to the daily vocabulary, the duro, a five-peseta piece, was the backbone of the

Which Way America?

BACHRACH

In a few days you go to the polls to choose *your* next President of *your* United States. Cast your ballot wisely. You cannot afford to be wrong. The fate of America hangs on *your* decision.

"ON ORDER." Today, as never before, America needs a *business* President with the experience and ability to organize men and materials, to inspire and bring a return of national confidence and faith in America. If labor is to have the jobs that have been "on order" for so many years, we must put aside defeatism and the doctrine of "scarcity." We must undertake a program of *increased* production. We must believe in America's future.

We have gone broke "spending" our way to our present "prosperity"! That is why millions of Americans—Democrats, Republicans and Independents—are going Willkie. He does not promise us the moon or a soft life, but he does give us new hope that the jobs and security so long "on order" under the New Deal will be delivered!

CAN WE HAVE OUR CAKE AND EAT IT TOO? We face the stark problem of America's safety! How strong *are* we? How strong can we *become?* How *soon?* Adequate national defense calls for the greatest industrial machine the world has ever known—*quickly* increased production, employment of every worker in the land. This is a job for business-executive Wendell Willkie.

With smiling confidence, and soothing voice, Roosevelt continues to tell us to be of good cheer. We can have our cake and eat it too!

Willkie, honest realist and practical business man, calls us to hard work, "sweat and toil". Without flinching he asks us to "take it", to roll up our sleeves and go to work with him!

France chose the way of ease, overconfidence, corrupt politics. France is dead.

England in her great crisis, changed leaders, chose "sweat and toil". England lives and fights on! . . . Which way America?

This message is paid for by the Willkie Magazine Fund, an independent, non-profit, voluntary enterprise, sponsored by John Orr Young, a Private Citizen.

(*See next column*)

"What can I do for Willkie?"

Millions of eager Americans—are asking this. Willkie will win only if we *work* for him, only if we jump in and *help* him win. Remember, he has to beat the most powerful political machine (paid for with taxpayers' money) in America's history. If you wish to "talk Willkie" to a large number of people—here is a

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26	1.01	35	1.31	44	1.81	53	2.71
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country's financial life. It was a silver coin slightly larger, thicker, heavier than the old American cartwheel, and with something more, even, than our silver dollar's economic personality. Wages, the cost of food, rent, clothing and the price of pleasure were calculated in duros instead of pesetas.

A storekeeper, for instance, would ask ten duros for a pair of shoes instead of fifty pesetas. The business of handing over a small stack of duros had the importance of shoving a pile of silver dollars across a counter in an American country store to pay for a side of bacon and a sack of cornmeal and a supply of chew.

The Spanish shopkeeper of prerevolutionary Spain would slap each duro on his counter to test its silver sincerity while the customer stood by speculating with satisfaction on how disappointed the storekeeper was going to be when he found all the duros good. It was important that a Spaniard should tender only solid duros. If he had any counterfeits in his possession, it would indicate a measure of stupidity in having accepted a phony from someone else.

When the shopkeeper occasionally found a bad one, it would be weighed in an assayer's scale to prove it was unsound, there would be heated conversation on the relative honesty of scale, purchaser, seller and then they'd start raising hell with the government for not doing something about it and life was exciting indeed.

But that's all over now. One-peseta, two-, five- and twenty-five-peseta notes have replaced all silver coins. The notes are printed in Milan, Italy. The fifty-, hundred-, five hundred- and thousand-peseta bills are engraved in Leipzig, Germany, and these two simple facts tell you that (1) Italian and German embassies have plenty of money for propaganda in Spain and we don't want to be any nastier than that; (2) Spaniards like Germans better than they do Italians; (3) Spain has joined the blitzkrieg bankrupts.

The war raised hob with factories and railroads and roads. Mills—Spain used to be one of the Mediterranean's chief textile producers—lie idle because there is no money to buy parts abroad for repairs and no mechanics to fix the machines. At least thirty-three per cent of all locomotives were rendered inoperative and about half of Spain's rolling stock was destroyed in the war. The roads were badly shot up but, I was told, these have largely been repaired.

With transportation crippled, the food problem becomes even more complicated. There may be plenty of wheat in Catalonia, but it will be difficult transporting it to Castille, what with no freight cars to carry it and most of Spain's trucks on the junk pile. There will be plenty of coal in Asturias, in the north, but Madrid, in mid-Spain, will likely freeze this winter.

Pay—Six Dollars a Week

A motor trip over the back roads of the country, past hammered towns that must have been as much military objectives as graveyards would be military objectives, where the only emotion of *the people is a deep and abiding hatred* of those who wrought their misery, convinces any reporter that what Spain needs is not a dictator, but a faith-healer.

It will take more than a dictator, whether it be Franco or Suñer, to rehabilitate the people of Fraga, for instance. You probably never heard of Fraga. It is a village on the Cinca River near where this stream flows into the Segre, not far from Saragossa. That was Red territory during the war.

There must have been two thousand inhabitants in Fraga, housed behind walls made of mud brick. One thousand of them were killed by German and Italian bombers. I counted the crosses on the burial ground atop a hill near the town.

The bridge over the Segre was down and it will probably stay that way. If Fraga was a military objective, so is Leadville or Crazy Gulch.

Or take Toledo, near Madrid—that's where a handful of White cadets held the Alcazar for seventy-two nightmarish days and nights against bombs, shells, machine-gun fire, dynamite and flames from gasoline poured over its defenses and ignited by the attackers. The Alcazar, once the finest example of Medieval architecture in Spain, with its Moorish façades and its patio, was a cynosure for tourists. It is now much like any big bank or office building downtown in the last stages of demolition. It will remain as it is. It will not be restored. Franco has decreed that it remain as a monument to the "fury of the Reds."

I must have passed fifty small towns and villages between Madrid and Barcelona. Not one escaped the demolition bombs of the Franco helpers. I drove through silent, deserted villages that seemed to have escaped the bombs. The walls on either side of the narrow, winding road seemed intact. After passing through one of these, the road rose on a hillside. I looked back at the town. It wasn't there. Only the walls remained. The bombs had destroyed everything within the walls.

I passed military barracks filled with uniformed soldiers. There were soldiers in every village. Invariably there were more soldiers than citizens and this was due partly to the need of them to police the zone that was Red during the war and whose loyalty to Spain is still dubious, and partly because Franco had mobilized all available forces for an entry into the war on the side of the Axis.

Twelve million Spaniards live in the area south and east of Madrid that corresponded, roughly, to the territory held by the Loyalist or Government forces in the war. Although they occupy the richer part of Spain, unemployment and poverty is worse here than in White Spain. The Whites see to that.

Workers can obtain employment only if they have their papers in order and this means that they must belong to the *Falange,* or to the prescribed syndicates whose membership must be approved by the party and the political police. Work is scarce because of the lack of raw materials to keep mills operating or to rebuild houses, roads and factories.

A Spanish worker averages about two dollars a day for skilled labor in the cities, but he is fortunate to get more than three days' work a week. This gives him an average weekly wage of about six dollars, or about seventy-five pesetas. A pair of shoes costs fifty pesetas.

Bread lines and beggary are widespread. Ill-clothed men and women and children stand in line for hours every day before social centers to receive relief. This is doled out by the *Auxilio Social,* inaugurated by the *Falange* immediately the war ended. It is supported by a sales tax ranging from ten to twenty per cent. The "take" is administered entirely by the party and, Spaniards told me, it is rotten with graft and corruption but that may be merely the angry reaction of a disillusioned, suffering people who have lost hope and have no faith in charity.

A Million-to-One Shot

There is plenty of free milk for Fascist babies, despite all the complaints.

Diseases of malnutrition, I was told, are common and increasing but, as in every other branch of the nation's life, there are no statistics to prove the argument. Spain simply hasn't had time to gather statistical data of any kind, not even on the state of the nation. This is one of the reasons Spain is unable to borrow money. Prospective lenders always ask to see Spain's books and there simply aren't any. America loaned Spain fourteen million dollars, largely on faith, to buy cotton. The money is being repaid slowly but on time.

There was a lot of war talk in the cafés under the shade of the acacia trees in Madrid and Barcelona. It was furtive talk and conversations were in whispers across tables with foreheads almost touching. Spaniards wondered what Spain could possibly give Italy and Germany in the way of assistance. Her army was in patches and, except for some equipment recently obtained from Germany, was in no condition to go to war.

It is no secret to any Spaniard, from the richest grandee returned now to his acres to the humblest peasant, that Spain is morally, physically, financially and politically bankrupt.

There is one more ominous word than "war" that passes across the café tables and that word is "revolution." I talked to Monarchists who thought Franco should be overthrown because he failed to restore their king and to Falangists who believed he should be liquidated because his efforts to install the corporate state were not sufficiently vigorous.

It is perhaps because he is aware of the unrest that smolders beneath the arid soil of Spain like an unquenchable peat-bog fire that Franco now talks of "Empire" and the restoration of Gibraltar to Spain. Spain hasn't owned Gibraltar for 252 years, but Franco is preparing to climb onto the Axis war band wagon just in case the Axis should win the war against England.

When I first arrived in Madrid I asked a foreign office official what was happening in Gibraltar—"Are the Italians or the Germans going to take it?" He was evasive and obviously worried. I asked him the same question three weeks later, just before leaving for Lisbon to take a Clipper home. He said, throwing his chest out:

"We lost Gibraltar once. We won't lose it again."

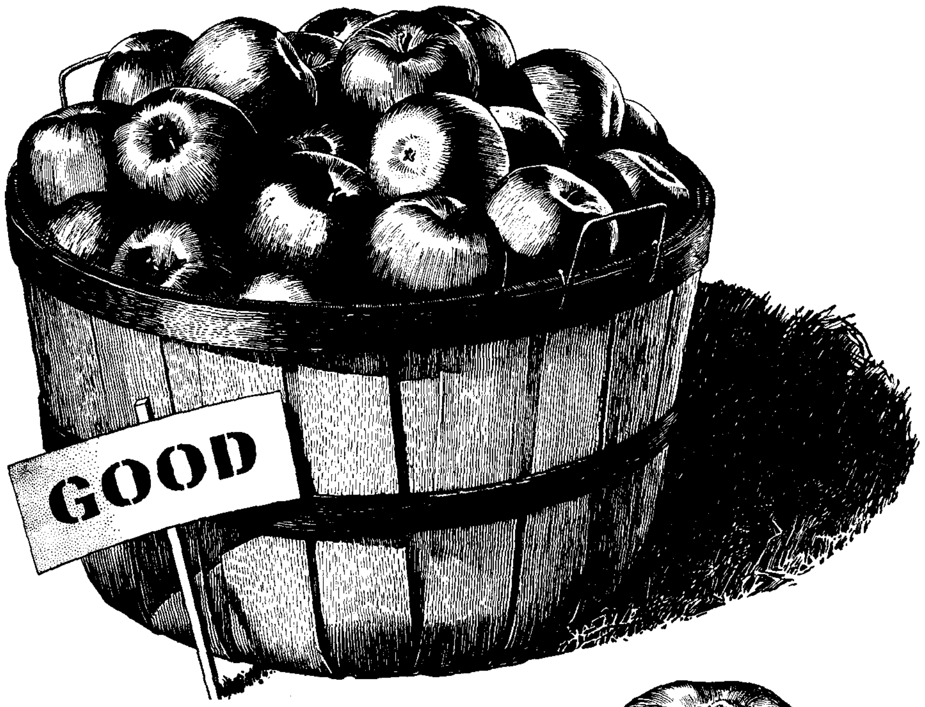
Spaniards know all these things and that's why they say: "All that is left to us is the lottery. We buy a ticket for two or three pesetas and if our number comes up, why, we're millionaires. It is a million-to-one shot—but it's fun to hope."

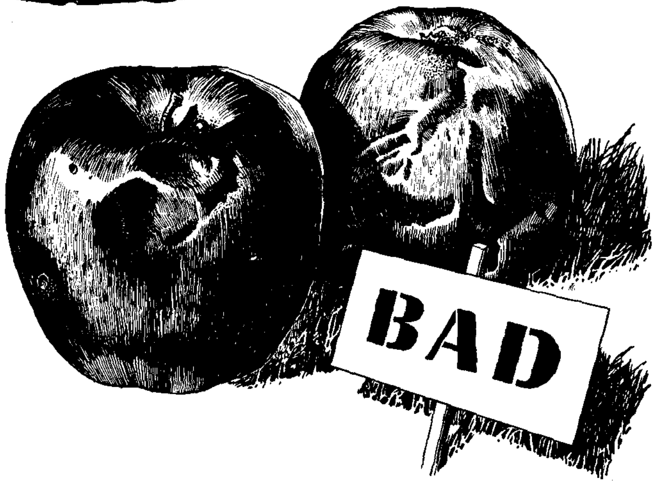
WINSTON CHURCHILL—

How Britain's man of the hour is becoming Britain's Man of Destiny

By H. G. Wells

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S





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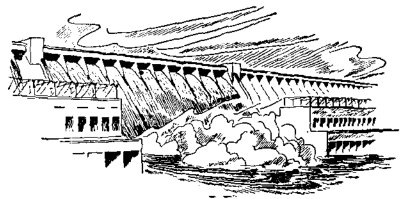

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BEER... A BEVERAGE OF MODERATION FOR THE NATION

One Thing at a Time

Continued from page 20

stick and says, "Fella in California gets him bighorn and bears with one. I seen it someplace."

So I quit talking. What was the use?

I didn't see Les for quite a spell, because he was up with the herd on the mountain all summer, but round in September sometime we was all hanging around in front of the picture house. Well, this night there was a guy that had come to town a few weeks earlier and opened a garage, Joe Smolka was his name, a big guy from over to the coal mines at Hiawatha.

This Smolka is smoother'n goose feathers with the ladies, and he has a ukulele. All the girls are hanging around him asking him how to do it, and especially Donna O'Doul. And that don't make some of us feel too good, because Donna is just about the slickest article my old man's boy ever laid eyes on. Half a dozen of us have made a play for her since she come in from Nevada with her old man, but none of us have even laid a rope on her. I was ready to melt like mutton tallow at a boot greasing, but all I got was her funny little tinkly laugh and a look out of those black eyes like a chessy cat eating bumblebees, and I decided I wasn't the horse for that race. But she's shining up to this Smolka, all right.

We're out under the arc light singing My Gal Sal, and right in the middle of it who should come up but Les, big as a shot tower and kind of hayseedy, hair on end, knees all bagged out with riding. And Les hasn't seen any of this before. He's never seen Donna, he's never seen Smolka, and he's never seen a ukulele. The combination, you might say, got him curious, and that's what started everything.

Just then the song ends, and Donna reaches over for the uke to try it a few plinks. But she don't get it, because Les stretches right over her head and takes it out of her hands. "Excuse me," he says, and beams down at her. "Can I look at this a second?" He's a direct cuss. When he wants to look at something, he looks at it.

Donna is flabbergasted for a minute, and frowns for a minute, and then she starts to laugh, and Les beams at her some more, all over his face. "What do you call this thing?" he says.

THE crowd snickers a little, because Les looks sort of as if he's baptizing a baby, turning the uke over and picking it with his thumb and listening to it. Then this Smolka winks at Donna and grins around at the crowd. You can see he thinks Les is some blat-happy sheepherder. "Fella probably thinks it's for frying mutton chops in," he says.

That gets another laugh, and Les looks at Smolka like he's just noticed him there. He's mild and slow, like he doesn't know Smolka is ribbing him. "I seen one of these over to Cedar once," he says. "Bigger'n this, though. Guitar, I guess it was."

Smolka's grin gets wider and wider. "Been down to the herd long?" he says.

Les looks at Smolka sort of dreamy, and his voice don't lift the least bit, but out in the crowd I'm measuring the two of them with my eye. Smolka ain't as big as Les, but he's big—three inches shorter'n Les, maybe, but thicker. And being three inches shorter than Les means you're considerable over six feet.

"This fella over to Cedar," Les says, "reminds me a little of you. He used to go around picking on his guitar and making a play for the girls." He drawls on his words, and Smolka's grin disappears and he begins to look sore. Les puts his hands in his pockets and stretches himself, and he seems to grow six inches. His eyes go up and down on Smolka. "He was a little, kind of squirty fella," he says, gentle as milk. "Fella about your size."

Smolka jerks like he's been stabbed, and his face gets scowly mad, but there is Les easy and drawly and high as a pine tree, and pretty soon Smolka starts to whistle out of the corner of his mouth and shrugs his shoulders like who is he to argue with a sappy herder that don't know what a ukulele is. Les hands the uke back to Donna and says thank you, and she dimples up at him and flags him with those big black eyes, and I say to myself "Aha!" If I'm any judge, here's one of those love battles that the magazines are always talking about.

AND it is. After that I see Les around every two, three days, and on Tuesday nights he takes Donna to the pictures, and people for six rows behind get up and move when he sits down, because nobody can see over him. The talk goes around that he's got her roped and hog-tied, but I'm not so sure, because two or three times I see Donna down at Smolka's garage, and she don't look particularly miserable, sitting on a running board and taking ukulele lessons. She's playing them off against each other, and they never meet on the street without bristling like a dog's hackles at a lion smell.

This is where the bow and arra comes in again. I'm sitting on the fence down by the loading pens one afternoon late in the fall when Les rides down the canyon and shows me the thing. It's about six feet long, and hard to bend, and the arras are mean-looking things as long as your arm, with an iron point filed like a razor on both barbs. It looks plenty dangerous.

"I thought you'd forgot all about that," I says. "You ain't got time for love and war both."

"Forgot it my eye," Les says. "I been practicing every spare minute. Just brought her in to show to Donna."

I can't help sinking the hook in him. "I seen her down to the garage a while back," I says, sort of casual.

He gets a little tight around the mouth, and his nose twitches. "What's she see in that blame Polack?" he says.

"Well," I says, "he c'n play the ukulele."

He snorts and gives his horse the rein, but I holler at him, because if there's going to be any ruckus I want to be there. "Give me a lift on down," I says, and climbs on behind him. Donna's there, all right, leaning against the wall and talking to Smolka, who's sitting with his back against a wheel and whamming at his uke. She's all belted up in a flossy little coat, and her ankles are trim as a race horse's, and her eyes roll big and black when Les comes in the door.

"Hello, Highpockets," she says. Smolka stiffens up and then slumps against the wheel again as if he isn't gonna waste any energy even looking at a big goof like Les. He runs up and down a string of chords and whistles through his teeth.

"What in heaven's name have you got there?" Donna says, and Les holds up the bow to show her.

"Bow and arra I made," he says. Smolka opens his eyes wide and snorts through his nose and then leans his head over and listens very close to some more chords.

"What's it for?" Donna says.

Les is as solemn as a Mormon bishop at a shivaree. "Gonna shoot me a deer

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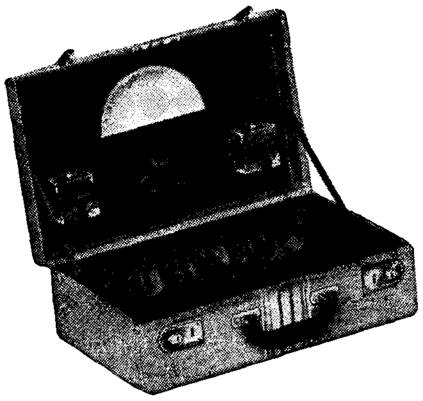

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with her soon as the season opens," he says.

And then Donna goes off in a big laugh. She laughs till she cries, and gets her breath, and points at him, and busts out again.

"What's so funny?" Les says. Smolka is laughing out loud too, but he gets sober all of a sudden and frowns at Donna and shakes his head the way you shush down a noisy kid. "Sure, what's so funny?" he says. "Don't laugh at the fella. College girls play with those things. Why shouldn't he?"

It's almost the first time I've ever seen Les mad and showing it. "Nobody's asked you for your dime's worth," he says to Smolka, and Smolka shrugs and gets interested in his uke again.

Donna holds her stomach and gets her breath. "You think up the funniest playthings," she says.

"'Tain't a plaything," Les says. "It's a weapon. There's no fun shooting deer with a rifle. You always get 'em."

Smolka snorts again, and Les glares at him, but he's listening close to some complicated three-finger chords. "Don't brag," Donna says. "I hate braggy people."

"I ain't bragging," Les says, and I can see he's still sore at being laughed at, and ready to slough Smolka if he opens his face. "I'm the best shot in this country," he says, "but I ain't bragging. I just think you'd ought to give the deer a chance."

"You couldn't get close enough," Donna says.

"Stalk 'em," says Les. "Sneak up on 'em the way the Indians did. I figger the best time'll be right the first morning, 'fore they all get scared and ready to light out at any sound. I'm going up a day or two beforehand, and get me some scouting done, and then I'm gonna get me a deer, you watch."

Donna quits smiling like she's remembered something cooking on the stove. "When's the season open?" she says.

"First of November," Les says.

Her eyes get narrow, and she puckers her mouth. "And you figger to go out a couple days early and sniff around."

"I want to be the first guy out there," Les says. "Guns'll scare 'em so I wouldn't have a chance if I waited."

Donna turns half around so her back is to Smolka, and winks at Les, and waves her eyelashes up and down sort of coaxing, like she's trying to get him to savvy something. "You forgot something, ain't you?" she says.

"What?"

"You're taking me to the fair and the Halloween dance the night before the season opens," she says. And this is where it begins to be hard on Les, see? He's been planning this deer hunt all summer, and he don't get sidetracked easy, but I see in a minute what Donna's doing. She's giving him the chance to beat out Smolka, and he don't dare not take it, but he hasn't heard about it before, and things that hit him sudden that way and upset his plans leave him sort of muddled in the head. And it don't make it any better that Smolka has quit playing his uke and is listening.

"Let's go outside and talk," Les says, looking over at Smolka. "I don't care much for the company in here."

Smolka lets his teeth show. "I don't recollect you was invited to call," he says.

"Don't get sassy," Les says.

Smolka sniffs and picks a chord.

"Shut up, the both of you," Donna snaps. "You're acting like babies."

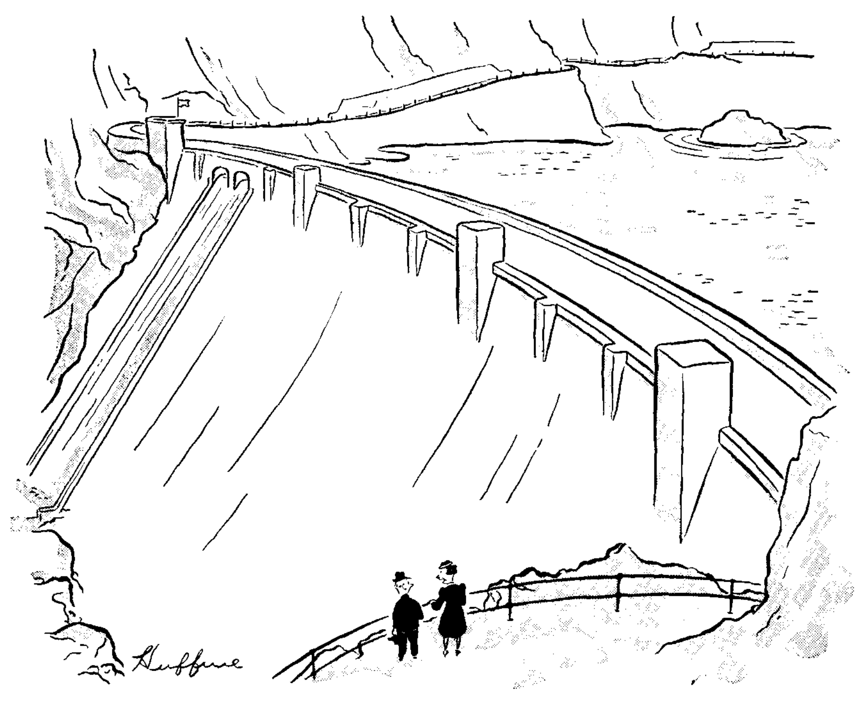
SO SMOLKA shrugs and relaxes again, and Les takes a deep breath. "Look, Donna," he says. "How about me taking you to the fair all day, and maybe the first hour of the struggle, and then lighting out? I been promising myself that deer all summer."

But she don't like that idea much. Somehow she reminds me of a cat's tail, sort of bristling and throwing off sparks. I suppose she is mad because Les don't seem too anxious to take her, and madder because Smolka is there and is maybe catching on to how she's tried to set him up. Anyway she tosses her head and gets as red as Les is. "You want to take me, you got to take me all day," she says. "I promised you because you asked me first, but I'm not gonna miss the dance just because you want to go play with your bow and arra."

While Les is trying to think up something to say, Smolka whips off into a good fast Strawberry Roan, and lifts up his head and curls his lip and says, "Why don't you get real sporty and get your deer with rocks? Then you wouldn't have to shoot 'em sitting. You could wait till they got scared and running and then knock 'em off on the fly."

He don't know when to keep his mouth shut, or maybe he really thinks he can take Les.

"I could get more with rocks than you could with a rifle," Les says. "I could get more with this bow and arra than you could with a rifle, too. And if you



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by Douglas Churchill
Famous Hollywood Critic

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2. Who captured America's heart in "Nurse Edith Cavell"?
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(*Check your answer below. Star's name is at bottom of page**)

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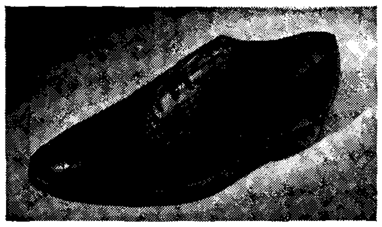

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open your peep about once more you're gonna eat a lot of teeth."

Smolka puts aside his ukulele and stands up, and he's got a big monkey wrench in his hand. "Funny," he says, "I just don't seem to believe any one of them statements."

Donna stamps her foot. "What is this?" she says. "You two big babies cut it out."

Les is looking Smolka over sort of hungry. "Put down your wrench and I'll prove the last one," he says.

Smolka hefts the wrench and balances it in his hand and smiles like a wolf. "I guess I'll just keep a-holt of it," he says. "It fits my hand, sort of. But I keep having funny impulses to throw it. Maybe you better leave."

For about a minute they glare at each other. Les has still got his bow in his left hand, and the bag of arras on his back, slung up with a strap. Quick as a wink he whips one of the arras out and claps it on the string and draws a bead on Smolka's chest. And I begin to swallow and feel my mouth go dry. When he bends that bow you can see the muscles strain in his neck, it's that stiff, and the arra is drawn clear to the barb. If he ever lets it go it'll go right through Smolka. Smolka gets white, and quits waving his wrench around.

"Okay," Les says. "I'd hate to have to prove on you that this is a weapon and not a plaything. Put your wrench away and we'll see about that tooth-eating."

THIS is where I step in. Donna's too scared to do anything but gulp, but there's something in her eyes that says she likes it, too—two great big dangerous guys hating each other over her. And I don't like how mad Les looks, and the whole thing is nutty anyway. So I go over to Smolka and reach out and take the wrench, and then I wave at Les to put down his bow. He does, and slips the arras off his back.

I give him a cold stare. "What the hell's the matter with you?" I says. "You're just stirring up hard feelings. You could settle this whole business without any blood and slaughter, if you had any sense."

Les' eyes are like moss agates, but he stands still and says, "How?"

"I heard a bet offered," I says. "I heard you say you could get more deer with your bow and arra than Smolka could get with a gun."

"I can," Les says.

Smolka has his color back, and he lights a cigarette and makes a noise with his mouth. "Like hell," he says.

"Okay," I says. "There's a bet. One trouble is that the dance and the deer season come too close together. Either of you guys touchy about hunting out of season?"

"Anybody that can't duck a warden ought to get jailed," Les says. "Bill Gillette'll be drunk three days before, anyway, to wet him up for the two weeks he has to work."

"There it is," I says. "Okay with you, Smolka?"

"Sure," he says. "How'll I know he really gets his deer with a bow and arra, supposing he brings one in?"

Before Les can make a move to get sore again I fix it up that they'll bring in the whole carcass, and that they take a witness apiece along.

"What's this bet?" Smolka says. "What've we got down? Twenty bucks too much for you, sheepherder?"

"Make it fifty," Les says.

That takes Smolka's suspenders down for a minute, but he waves a hand and nods his head. "And the winner takes Donna to the struggle," he says.

And Les is so mad he looks at Donna a second and says sure, if it's all right with her. She makes out it isn't, but she likes it all right. Her skin will hardly hold her. "Nine o'clock the night of the thirty-first," I says, "you got to be in here with your deer. How long you wanta hunt?"

"One day's all I need," Les says. I think that's pretty reckless, hunting with that bow and arra, but I look over at Smolka and he smiles kind of greasy and smooth and says sure, that's all right with him. Sunup till nine o'clock.

So that's where they leave it, and that's how I happened to go along with Les on his bow-and-arra deer hunt. I was the witness. What's more, that hunt was the worst day I ever spent in my born days. It wasn't any account anyhow you look at it, because I like to died all day following Les around that mountain stalking deer, and when I got back nobody'd believe the story I told 'em. But I'll tell you, short. You don't have to believe it, and anyway what I'm getting at is what happened afterward.

We went up the night before, the night of the thirtieth, and it was cold, about fifteen above. Next morning we got up before sunup and started out on foot along the ridge, and hunted through the popple all morning. Les got two shots and missed 'em both, and he was pretty mad by noon. But he wouldn't even stop for lunch—handed me out a handful of jerky and went on, and about two he nailed a spike buck clean as a whistle. Put that arra into him a foot. And then he sat down and moaned because it was only a spike, and he couldn't beat Smolka with that kind of a head.

"Come on," I says. "It'll be dark before we get him down as it is. You'll have to take the chance. We've seen so many deer already we sure won't see any more."

But he wouldn't. He went on, and I wiped my nose and tagged after him, freezing to death and cussing. It was about an hour later when we came to the head of the canyon, where the creek comes down a steep rock falls and then spreads out into the bog holes of Soup Kettle Flat. And right in that bottleneck we jump two does and a buck with horns like a maple tree. Before you could spit Les has let fly two arras, and the buck has cut into the brush along the wall, heading for the blind end of the canyon. The does streak out across the flats, but the buck's too cautious. So we close in on him, and I wade the bog hole to head him on the other side if he tries to circle clear around. I cut him off just as he's breaking cover, and he gets panicky. I'm standing there waving my arms, and Les comes up and knocks sparks out of the rocks under him with an arra, and the buck goes right into the creek.

THEN we're on each side of him, and the creek's so full of rocks the buck can't make much headway. Les runs down the bank beside him, only a few rods away, and misses him with three straight arras. The fourth gets him cold. The buck ducks and weaves and stumbles, and drops dead.

Les stands there looking at him and grinning. "Couldn't miss him, that time," he says. "It was the last arra."

That's how Les was. He'd miss sometimes when it didn't matter, but when it came to the last chance he always got whatever it was he was after.

Well, that buck is a buck that'd cast a shadow. He's got seven points on one side and six on the other, and he weighs a short ton. So all we have to do now is lug him, entire, down about twelve miles of canyon, and pick up the spike on the way, where we've hung him in a tree. We get 'em both down, but my pa's boy don't want any more of that, anytime. It's so dark when we finally get the horses back and loaded and start down the trail that you could spit in your own eye and never know who done it.

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There's a light in the garage office when we finally ride in and pry ourselves off. Smolka and Donna are sitting by the stove, all dressed up, but I don't pay any attention to anything but the stove. My pants are stiff as planks except where I broke 'em getting off the horse.

Smolka takes one foot off the desk and tramps out his cigarette, and fakes to be scared when Les sticks his head in. "Up and at 'em," Smolka says. "The Indians is upon us."

Donna starts to laugh, and breaks off short and looks at Les. She seems sort of nervous and fidgety. I look at the clock, and it's eight minutes to nine. "Well," Les says, "what you got to show?"

"You opened," Smolka says. Les looks at him a minute. Smolka seems pretty confident, and he's been in for quite a spell, or he wouldn't be slicked up like that and his hair glued down.

"Okay," Les says. "I got a little something." He goes out and shuts the door. Smolka winks at Donna, and they laugh as if they got some very funny joke between 'em.

"All dressed up for the dance," Smolka says, and they laugh again, and Donna makes a face. I'd say something, only I'm just getting my jaw unfroze. Besides, it's Les' lookout.

THE door butts open and Les hauls in the spike and dumps it. Smolka squats and looks it over, wiggling the arra with his thumb and finger. "Hm," he says. "Very nice. Very nice indeed. With your little bow and arra! This all you got?"

"Not by a darn' sight," Les says, and lurches outside again. In a minute he hauls in this big buck with so many horns he looks like a thicket. I'm watching Smolka, and a little spot of red the size of a half dollar comes in each of his cheeks. He stretches, and yawns, and pretends to be careless, but he looks too easy to me. I know he can't have that head beat, but he don't seem worried.

"Very nice," he says. "How'd you kill this one?"

"He done it with his little bow and arra," I says from behind the stove.

Smolka raises his eyebrows, oh, so sweet and polite. "You willing to swear to that?" he says.

"I told you, didn't I?" I says. The more I see of him the more I'm sure something is fishy about this business. He looks over at Donna, and she pulls herself back up on the window sill and shoots a quick glance at Les, and all of a sudden I don't like her any more'n I would a cannibal.

"Well," Les says, "lay 'em down, Smolka. I want to get dressed for that struggle."

"Think you got me licked, uh?" Smolka says, and smiles, and lights another cigarette.

"Lessee you beat 'em," Les says.

"I ain't got much," Smolka says. "Only about a bobtailed flush, but it'll have to do." He opens the door into the garage and hollers, "Hey, Bill!" and Bill Gillette, the game warden, walks in.

Bill is drunk, and he looks sort of apologetic and helpless. "Bounden duty," he says to Les. "My bounden duty to pinch you for hunting out of season."

But Les ain't listening to him. He's staring at Donna, and she's staring right back at him like a hen at a weasel, and her teeth actually look pointed.

"I didn't think you'd sell me out," Les says.

"I didn't sell you out," she says. "You wanted to play with your little bow and arra."

"I was trying to win that bet and take you to the dance," he says.

Her voice gets away from her and gets an edge on it that would open cans.

"You had your chance to take me without any bet," she says.

Les wiggles his hands and moves his mouth, and then he turns away from her and fixes his eye on Smolka. "You didn't go out a-tall," he says. "You had this four-flush up your sleeve all the time."

Smolka's face is as oily as a sardine's. "Why sure," he says. "When you're smart you don't need to hunt with bows and arras. You don't even need to hunt."

Les is mad again, but this time he ain't noisy-mad, and that makes him about twice as dangerous. He looks Smolka over till Smolka's grin sticks, and Smolka takes his hands out of his pockets. He flips his cigarette at Les' feet.

"Come on, Donna," he says. "Time we got to the struggle."

Donna slips down off the window sill, but Les moves over in front of the door. "Bill," he says. "You got any legal objections if I fix this guy up proper to go to the dance?"

"Heck no," Bill says. "Son of a gun got me over a barrel. Have to betray my friends. But I ain't no bodyguard."

That was when Smolka made his play. Before anybody was expecting anything he slugged Les a dirty one in the belly and tried to get past him, but Les hasn't trained like a prize fighter all his life for nothing. All that slough does is make him grunt. From then on, Bill and me just stand back out of the way, and Donna climbs back on the window sill and holds her mouth ready to screech, with her eyes as big as wagon wheels.

It's a nice fight. Smolka does his best, and it's a pretty good best, too, you got to hand it to him. He hits Les some slugs that rattle his teeth, but Les wades in on him and when he gets through Smolka is laying across the desk with one knee out of his pants and dust all over him, and there's a lump like a turkey egg just south of one eye, and a big raw blotch on the side of his jaw. Les hauls him up by the scruff of the neck and makes believe dust him off.

"Okay," he says. "I reckon you're all prettied up now." And just as mild as whipped cream he carries Smolka over to the door and hauls back and boots him one that must have carried him clear to the mouth of the canyon.

Gillette is still batting his eyes. "Nice job," he says. "Very nice job. Now let's go over to the jailhouse."

Donna comes down off the window sill like she's walking in her sleep. I get sarcastic. "Ain't you going to the struggle?" I says. "Your fella's already on his way."

SHE shoots me a look that would have assassinated me if my clothes hadn't still been froze stiff, and then she looks at Les and her eyes go sort of sly and she starts to smile and suck in her dimple. "I guess I haven't got anybody to go with," she says.

Well, I'm out of it, it ain't my funeral, but I stand there behind the stove and I swear to myself that I'll shoot him in the leg if he falls for that stuff now. But Les squints and wiggles his eyebrows and looks at her, and at the two deer, and at Gillette, and me. He reaches down and picks up the ukulele and plinks a string with his thumb.

"I guess I'd rather go to jail," he says.

She goes out like a cow with the tail flies after her, and Les plunks one note out of the uke like a bubble breaking in a rain barrel. "Reckon I could learn to play a thing like this?" he says.

"Why not?" I says. "Also, what for?"

"Might be fun," Les says. "I'm just sort of curious to see how she works."

That's the stage he's in now. He wants to be the best ukulele player in the county. And he will be. Time he gets done practicin' in jail.

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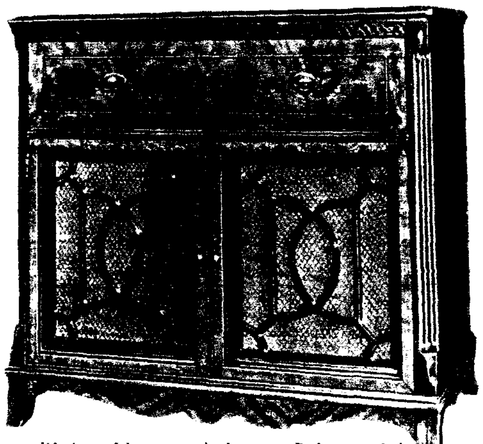

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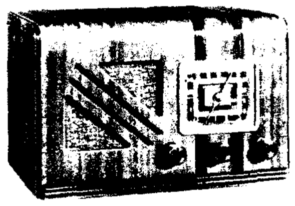

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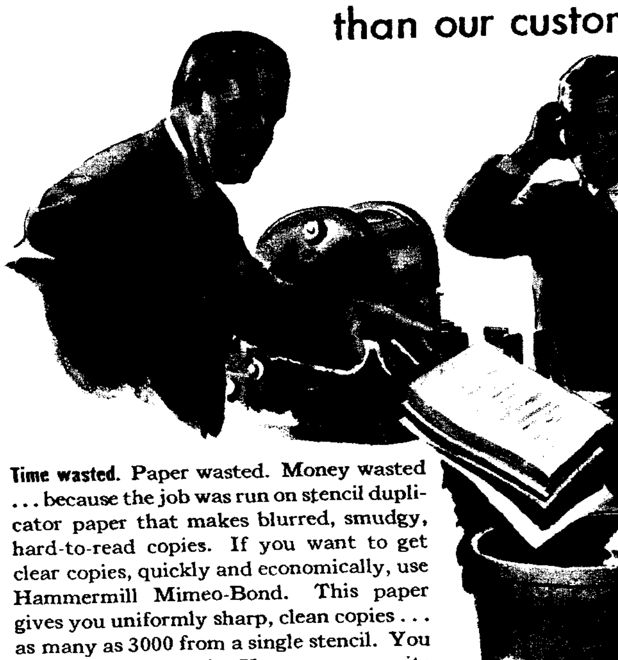

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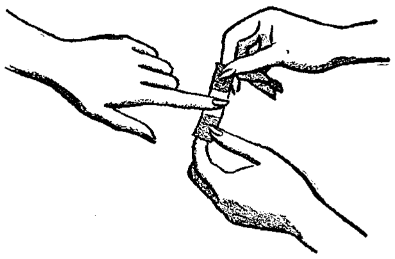

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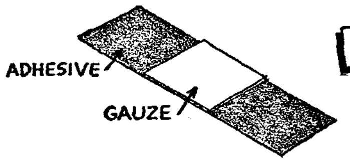

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Hungarian for Helen

Continued from page 12

would go in the water, but I guess that would be *too* revolutionary."

She is rather indifferent toward clothes and fashions. Like the minister's son who rarely goes to church, Miss Chase's lack of interest in styles may be due to the fact that she is the daughter of Mrs. Edna Woolman Chase, the editor of Vogue and one of the fashion authorities of the country. I don't mean that she isn't well dressed. She doesn't care.

Mrs. Chase sometimes clucks with maternal misgivings over her child's lack of concern with clothes.

"I can tell you," the daughter once insisted, "that it's no bed of roses being a fashion editor's child. Mother keeps saying, 'Mercy, where did you get that hat?' or, 'Really, dear, everybody's hair seems to look better than yours.' "

Ilka was kidding, though. She approves of her mother heartily and is named after a close friend of her mother's, a Polish woman named Ilka, which is Hungarian for Helen. Miss Chase was born on April 8, ——, on Fifty-ninth Street in a hospital now torn down. To leave the year of an actress' birth blank is a strict convention of the theater but I would guess, to be ungallant, that she is in her early thirties.

She is on the tall side with lovely raven-black hair, brown eyes, a big mouth and laughs a good deal of the time. The apartment where she lives is somewhat on the modern side and Ilka's way of running it is modern, too. She knows nothing about cooking, although a lot about food. Her daily life is far too busy for housekeeping anyway. She gathers most of the material for her broadcasts, interviews her guests of honor and writes the scripts. During the run of Keep Off the Grass, her Saturdays were crowded, to put it mildly. The broadcast was not finished until 1:30. She had about twenty minutes to get to the theater, change her clothes and put on her make-up. But all of this seems to delight her; being idle is her idea of complete torment.

A Conspiracy That Failed

Ilka's early schooling was in a convent up on the Hudson River, and it was at school, as is nearly always the case with embryo actresses, that she began her career. At seven she was cast for all four roles in Puss in Boots. This required a lot of dashing about the stage but it wasn't as difficult as her next assignment: Little Lord Fauntleroy. The good sisters at the convent were scandalized at the notion of a girl in trousers, even in velvet trousers, so His Lordship had to be portrayed in skirts. This confused things, for Ilka also wore a wig of golden curls.

Young Miss Chase had no burning thirst for education, although she is now very well read and not at all ignorant of either history or the issues of the day. Her mother was traveling a good deal. She went to schools in New York and France. At eighteen, however, she firmly vetoed a proposal to send her to college and said she was going on the stage. The usual parental disapproval followed. The usual surrender of parents took place. Her mother decided upon a final stratagem, however.

"What's the best way to keep one's daughter from a stage career?" Mrs. Chase asked Stuart Walker who then was running the Portmanteau Theater in Baltimore and whom she knew.

"Have her work for a season with me," said Mr. Walker grimly.

The snide conspiracy failed. Ilka went to Baltimore and had a wonderful time. She also revealed talent enough to get a walk-on in a few months and soon she was out in the cold world of the theater. For her, it was less frigid than for most because she could always go home. She had a series of drawing-room parts that were getting her nowhere, and in 1926, momentarily discouraged, she served as London correspondent for Vogue. Two years later she was back on the stage, got a job once in a while in pictures, was generally ignored by the producers and was beginning to think that Mother was right. But in 1932 The Animal Kingdom was put on and Ilka was on her way to success.

No More Nasty Remarks

A long series of parts, good and bad, followed. She was in Shall We Join the Ladies?, The Swan, The Grand Duchess and the Waiter, Antonia and The Happy Husband. All this was better than hunting for jobs, but she was already typed and trouble loomed ahead. Playwrights thought of Ilka Chase as a comedienne and kept offering her funny parts. It was partly her own fault. Ilka had secret yearnings, like all comediennes, to do serious roles. Serious drama and tragedy require relaxation and serenity. These traits she did not have, either on the stage or off. Then came the long run of The Women, which added greatly to Miss Chase's fame. But when the show closed she was more rigidly typed than before.

Happily for her future she met, at about this time, a sapient gentleman known in the trade as Bill Murray. He worked for the William Morris theatrical agency. He was a perfect beau for Ilka, who was living alone and did not like it. A companionable as well as a nervous girl, she was constantly afraid that she might not have a dinner or theater date. Bill Murray always turned up for these crises and in due course she married him.

She was happy personally, but this was the low point of Ilka's career. She had no job. She received few offers. Then the Morris agency learned that the Shuberts were putting on a musical with Jimmy Durante and Ray Bolger in the top spots. Miss Chase was plugged for the comedienne and, with misgivings, accepted. The technical differences between a musical and straight comedy did not trouble her much. Durante and Bolger were fun to work with.

Keep Off the Grass hardly made musical-comedy history. The Shuberts gave Ilka one really good number: a song called Rhett, Scarlett and Ashley with Durante and Bolger, in which she was, of course, Scarlett O'Hara. It was the hit of the show. In general, though, producers worried more about material for Durante and Bolger than they did about Ilka. She battled valiantly but without success for more to do. When the show suspended in July for a month or two she exercised her right to withdraw from the cast.

Professionally, Keep Off the Grass was extremely valuable. It deadened the memory of The Women. Miss Chase proved that she could do musical comedy. Again, the offers started to flood in. Dwight Wiman, among others, said he would have a star part for her. Then came the radio job and the work on the fashion films. But Bill Murray, whose fine hand was behind it all, is now paying and paying—as the husband of a successful working girl always does. He sits home by himself a good part of the time.

Mr. Willkie's Chances

Continued from page 11

an undercurrent that at the last moment will rise to the surface and sweep Mr. Willkie into the White House, but if it exists at all it is still too far below to be discernible to the unbiased observer.

Mr. Willkie's distaste for the homely devices of state and county bosses has been too pronounced to be ignored by these sometimes uncouth gentlemen. Oddly enough, many of them resent his high-mindedness and his ill-disguised disdain for their advice. They have invested him with the order of the high hat, which has done him no appreciable good. The truth is that he isn't high-hat at all but a specialized individualist who is having difficulty learning that there's a vast difference between being a mere candidate and a party tyrant. Especially a brand-new candidate, lately projected into the political racket, seeking his first political job.

All this is impressed upon you as you plod from state to state talking to state and county Republican bosses and find them working far harder at promoting candidates for mayor, governor and Congress than for Mr. Willkie. And it is then that you begin to speculate upon the possibility, even probability, of the re-election of Mr. Roosevelt and the election of a Republican House. Anyway, it's an interesting picture, particularly when you envision the Honorable Joseph W. Martin, Jr., as Speaker of that Republican House which would be the first in ten years. Mind you, we're not predicting this but the signs of such a possibility are far from absent.

The Less Said, the Better

The usual condemnatory campaign literature is less noticeable in Republican campaign headquarters than it has been in the past. Dreary stuff at best, being on a dreadful par with the broadsides got out by the Democrats, it made its customary appearance in the early days of the campaign. But a lot of it was rendered painfully null and void by the candidate himself. Mr. Willkie, a realist, honest in his reading as in his thinking, saw none of it, wanted none of it. Instead, he stated his views of what the New Deal has done, applauding, criticizing and amending but seldom condemning it per se. So what good did it do for headquarters to consign to perdition something that the candidate failed to view with alarm? The Democrats issued even less of these self-glorifying pamphlets, being wisely of the opinion that the less said about everything the better.

Not that it makes much difference. If it's merely excitement you're wanting, you'll elect Mr. Willkie. If you're afraid to entrust our international problems to a new hand, you'll vote for Mr. Roosevelt. But don't believe that the voting is going to follow rigid class lines—the haves against the have-nots. Had we their permission, we could name a number of important industrialists who in normal times would vote for Mr. Willkie but who now are fearful of upsetting the American applecart.

Mr. Willkie's chances of success lie wholly east of the Mississippi. Nevertheless, he can do something no Republican seeking the presidency has done since 1928—gather in a few Western electoral votes. But in the East he must win most of the big blocs—New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio and the like. The odds are against him. Scores of his idolaters in his personal band of hopefuls, in the Republican national committee and the state Republican machines are doubtful. That you who will vote for him, fearful lest his defeat mark the end of the America that you prefer, may not be faint of heart they'll draw charts and strike percentages to prove that Mr. Willkie can't lose New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, New Jersey and that for him even Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina and Kentucky are in the bag. West of the Mississippi they claim Minnesota, the Dakotas, Kansas, Nebraska, Utah, Idaho and Oregon—these at least. But privately they are somewhat less optimistic and that's as it should be. Campaigns are ever full of such bunk. Anyone telling you that Mr. Willkie can't win is a completely untrustworthy person—almost as unworthy of complete confidence as he who'll make the above predictions.

His chances are brightest in New England, although Massachusetts and Rhode Island will not go Republican without a terrific struggle. The investigator is tempted to grant Mr. Willkie Pennsylvania and Ohio, both of which seem to have recovered completely from their New Deal measles. If Illinois has been convinced that almost any form of government would be preferable to what's been going on in Chicago and its environs, Mr. Willkie may count on that state. But we wouldn't advise you to bet more than a few stray pennies on it.

Indiana has lost considerable of her love for the McNutt-McHugh-Elder circus and may go native-son on the Democrats. Indiana isn't sure whether she has adopted Mr. Willkie or Mr. Willkie has adopted her. Anyway, he was born there, and like the prodigal son went back when he got into trouble. We seem to be weaseling a lot, but we are merely trying to be fair. And we're being a bit awkward about it. We've plunged to the hazardous extent of one dollar that Indiana will stick to Mr. Roosevelt and we pretended not to listen when the other guy—a banker—wanted to make it two bucks.

Watch New York

The real Bloody Bend in this election may well be New York. We're assuming, of course, that Mr. Roosevelt will enjoy no such canter as made the 1932 and the 1936 victories mere warm-ups. His halo is slightly askew. His can be the fate of all heroes in America—they last just so long. Moreover, Mr. Willkie is no Landon and even less a Hoover. No, this looks decidedly like a dogfight with Mr. Willkie having on his side opposition to a third term, personal charm, the success habit, the old-time religion and the incontestable fact that Mr. Roosevelt's popularity isn't what it used to be. As both Mr. Willkie and Mr. Roosevelt have assured us that our boys are not going to cross the Atlantic to save democracy, we can scarcely credit either of them with the No-Dying-in-Europe vote.

In Mr. Roosevelt's favor is the fact that he's President, more personal charm, the growing fear that these are not times to turn over a delicate job to an amateur, the dread of the masses that a change might impair the social and economic gains they have made under the New Deal and the Wall Street tag worn by Mr. Willkie. Mr. Roosevelt will benefit, too, by the fact that Mr. Willkie has endorsed so many of the President's pet measures and objectives. It has been almost too difficult for Mr. Willkie to convince the mass of voters that he, a public-utility baron, could administer the New Deal better than or

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even as generously as its inventor. And Mr. Willkie has been too decent to follow the advice of the office-hungry Republicans who have been urging him to promise to out-Santa Claus Mr. Roosevelt. Too many Republicans fear that their ticket contains too much Willkie and too little candidate. There are Democrats who think Mr. Roosevelt too much President and too little candidate.

And so it may come to pass that New York will be the Bloody Bend. Until Mayor LaGuardia plumped for Mr. Roosevelt, surprising nobody but fetching considerable chagrin to the Willkie side, the Republicans had more than a remote chance of carrying that state. Tammany is not what it used to be, praise be, and the Honorable Ed Flynn, boss of the Bronx and Mr. Farley's successor in the erstwhile prominent and important post of the Democratic national chairman, is scarcely heroic. Together this noble combination will not have rabble-roused the country's largest city into a delirium vote for the President. And that's particularly true in that the two large New York City boroughs of Kings and Queens were not panting to deliver memorable majorities for Mr. Roosevelt. But with Mr. LaGuardia added to Boss Flynn and bedraggled Tammany, the push has veered off to the left. Repeatedly Republican candidates have swept the state outside the great city and then have fallen on their faces. Mr. Willkie has a splendid opportunity to follow in their train.

Even in those states where Mr. Willkie's hopes are well warranted and which may very well send almost solid Republican delegations to Congress, the Republicans question Mr. Willkie's ability to follow the trend to victory. They grant that his work of reviving the Republican spirit is heroic. They concede that with a weaker candidate at the head of the national ticket their chances of local victories would be less encouraging. But almost universally we encountered the feeling that to beat Roosevelt Mr. Willkie would have to out-Roosevelt him, that there is so much of the New Deal about Mr. Willkie that the masses cannot see why they should change. Repeatedly we were told by Republicans that "Roosevelt might be re-elected but a Republican Congress will be there to remove his sting." Able as Mr. Willkie is, you were bound to wonder how far he could wade through such a muck of defeatism.

The President's Ace Card

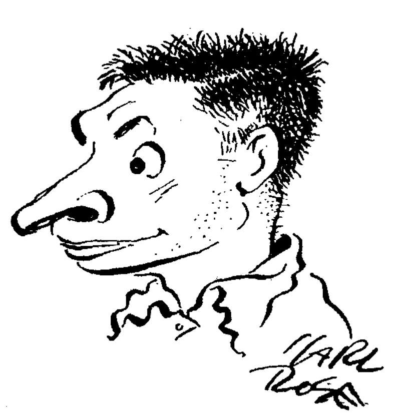
Nothing could be a more shameful waste of time than to speculate on what might be in other world circumstances. And yet in state after state you'd find Republicans filling the air with protestations that were there no war in Europe and were Mr. Hitler somewhat less of a threat, Mr. Willkie would have a walk-over—all of which is probably true whether his opponent were Mr. Roosevelt or a man of Mr. Roosevelt's choosing.

But when you tried to make them discuss the campaign as it is, with conditions what they are, they'd almost invariably concede that "Mr. Willkie is doing fine considering his handicaps." So you had to be satisfied to have them name his handicaps—the war, his inexperience, his lack of a simple, appealing platform which offered something that the President hasn't already offered or given, and his inability to work in multiple or even double harness. And above all these is the awe that Mr. Roosevelt has inspired in the hearts of even the boldest of his haters. We even found some of Mr. Willkie's closest associates fearful of the President's skill, cunning and, worse, his inside knowledge of what is going on in Europe.

Every so often Republican headquarters would be shocked out of the humdrum work of promoting Mr. Willkie, by a mere rumor that the President was "about to make a most important announcement based on late advices from London." By pairs, squads and platoons, Republican congressmen were invited to headquarters to report what they might know about what the President knew. Some of them have even volunteered to do party spy work, enlisting the aid of anti-Roosevelt Democrats who might have access to the President's secrets—if any. But none knew anything; none learned anything. And yet it was never assumed that there was nothing in particular to learn or report. Nobody seemed to suspect that this dread of the President's "secret information" was a distinct part of Mr. Roosevelt's strategy, planted by his aides for demoralizing purposes. Of all the Republican leaders we spoke to, only Mr. Willkie himself didn't seem scared of Mr. Roosevelt. And that is one of the front-line reasons why Mr. Willkie was always more or less at odds with the professional Republican politicians. They wanted him to duck, weave, feint, jab and keep away from the champion. But Mr. Willkie insisted upon wading in and slugging, frequently only to find that he was swinging wildly at the big man who wasn't there.

FUNNY-BUSINESS MEN

Self-Portraits of Collier's Cartoonists
No. 9



At the age of thirty, says Carl Rose, he donned long pants, learned to smoke, and began to serve as subeditorial cartoonist on the old New York World. After two years he transferred to the Boston Herald, grew three years older, then moved to Manhattan where he now turns out editorial and comic cartoons (see page 67) on short order. The above caricature is poor but honest.

The first popular delight born of Mr. Willkie's acceptance-speech challenge to Mr. Roosevelt was not shared by experienced Republican politicians. They knew in advance what the President's reply would be. And they predicted quite accurately that the public would applaud the President's words that he was too busy watching the international situation to argue with a rival for his job. Some of them—not all by any means—were prepared to wangle a campaign issue out of Mr. Roosevelt's bold destroyers-for-bases swap, but without consulting them or anybody else Mr. Willkie gave it three cheers, complaining only that Congress had not been given the right to discuss it first. And there wasn't much issue material in that, particularly as the general public seemed to be a trifle weary of Congressional wrangling and were inclined to agree with one of Mr. Willkie's most ardent admirers, Mr. William Allen White, that when you're making a horse trade it doesn't help to take the neighbors into your confidence.

It gets us nowhere in particular to recount Mr. Willkie's honest failures to gauge popular temper. But we may as well add to the above that his outcry against that section of the conscription bill which gives the government the right to draft balky industry was not a pleasant noise in the ears of many Republican members of Congress. We talked to several of them. A few more legislative chores and they would be on their way home to face electorates the majority of whom would be wanting to know whether they shared Mr. Willkie's disapproval of conscripting machines as well as the machine workers. One of them told us that he "agreed with Mr. Willkie in theory but not in practice" and had voted for the conscription of industry.

"Our trouble this time," said he, referring to the Republican ticket, "is that we've got a fearless candidate. Worse, the man's honest."

Not all of the handicaps that Mr. Willkie shouldered when he entered the race were of his making. But he didn't hesitate to assume more, a few being of his own making. He did not help himself when he blamed Munich on Mr. Roosevelt, and every time he referred to the President as "that fellow in the White House" the groans of the more sensitive of his would-be advisers could be heard for miles. One of them told us that he wished someone to whom Mr. Willkie would listen would tell him that he wasn't running for sheriff.

The Old Guard Surrenders

However, one of the saddest spectacles we encountered was a gentleman of considerable wealth who was indulging in that most demoralizing of current pastimes—peering darkly into the future. He would vote for Mr. Willkie. For two pins or so he'd poison Mr. Roosevelt. But he had about given up hope for Mr. Willkie. Mr. Roosevelt—the demagogue—would be elected.

"And that," said he, "will be the end of the two-party system in the United States. I have bet a thousand dollars that those of us who still are alive in 1944 will vote only yes or no on a ballot containing only one list of candidates. Totalitarianism comes to America in November. There is nothing for us to do but wait and take it. There will be no place to go. France is no more. England can offer us no refuge."

"There'll be Canada," we suggested.

"No, no," he protested. "Canada offers nothing. Canada is just more of the same. Besides we shall absorb Canada anyway."

We tried to solace him, saying that we'd been around a lot and weren't at all sure that Mr. Roosevelt might not be thrown out on his ear provided that the public were sufficiently aroused and the Republicans stopped bellyaching.

"What the hell do you know about it?" he complained. "You're only a reporter."

We met others, not all Republicans, who shared his views although not quite so abjectly. They had been trying to sell Mr. Willkie the idea of making the dire consequences of another term for Mr. Roosevelt his major attack. One of them, a little afraid of the candidate, timorously suggested that it might not be unethical to exaggerate the prophecy a trifle.

"Hell," replied Mr. Willkie, "you couldn't exaggerate it."

Like Mr. Roosevelt he writes his own speeches and decides, unaided, where to deliver them. Remonstrance is idle. For example, he was urged to forget the Texas speech and save his voice by conceding the South and Southwest to Mr. Roosevelt. Better, they told him to concentrate on the big Eastern states where his outlook was admittedly brighter, and on such agrarian states as Nebraska, Kansas and Minnesota. He listened briefly. Then he excused himself, saying he had to work on his Texas speech.

He is not so sure he'll be the next President as he is that he's fighting the good fight in the way it should be fought. As a political tactician he is a pathetic novice in the eyes of the experienced; but he seems sure that subterfuge will not serve him, even to gain an end. Frankly, Mr. Willkie might make himself something of a spectacle were he to try deception. He'd be completely out of character and, unlike the conventional politician, would be conscious of it.

Anyway, He's Not Scared

He is bulldogging the wiliest counterfighter American politics has produced in many years. He envies Mr. Roosevelt's magnificent diction, delivery and dramatic talent, convinced that had he similar gifts his ideas would be singing in the hearts of all Americans and that the New Deal would be fleeing Washington in proper panic. He is not convinced that Mr. Roosevelt, with his voting backlog of four and a half million government employees and their dependents plus WPA, CCC and other relief agencies, is benefiting in letting him "talk himself from blunder to blunder."

He seems not to resent the accusation that he'd made a better campaign manager than he is a candidate. He is Willkie first and last, and a candidate incidentally.

In the meantime, there sits Mr. Roosevelt, pretending not to hear his opponent, almost smug in the belief that the masses will not abandon what the New Deal has given them for the unknown, the uncertain. He plays with the idea of ridiculing lightly the Willkie accusation that his policies made America's depression permanent and thereby accomplished the downfall of democracy in Europe by delaying world recovery. The telephones on his desk are calling to him almost without interruption. Messengers, secretaries, stenographers pass by in swift, silent parade. He talks to Europe, to the Defense Commission, to Capitol Hill, to Ottawa and Buenos Aires, to St. Paul and San Francisco. He gives the impression that he is running the country alone. He receives the press, rallying the correspondents with a light pink humor. Oh, yes, he will have a few words to say in reply to all these accusations. No, he hasn't decided what to say, hasn't written his speech. It will hardly be a speech, you know. Just a few words on an extremely important development.

And then the country reads that the President will soon speak on a very important subject, based on new and most important developments. Mr. Willkie's followers tremble. Now what? They curse the man and prepare for the worst. Why, they demand, should there be important developments they can't know at once? Why should the President withhold them for political expediency? Republican headquarters and all its side shows look to the political air-raid shelters. But not Mr. Willkie.

Mr. Willkie plunges on, a hoarse voice in a wilderness of bewilderment and dread.

He has no secrets. He has no strategy. Merely a warning. And if it's not accepted he expects democracy to disappear entirely from the earth.

ARTIST

Norman Rockwell

SAYS

"Growing numbers of my guests appreciate a chance to say, *'I'll take WINE'*"

One of America's foremost artists, ***Norman Rockwell*** is known to millions as the creator of brilliant magazine covers and illustrations. At his home in New Rochelle, N.Y., Mr. Rockwell plays host to many well-known people. He notes that a growing number of them now prefer wine

It's Easy to be a Wine Expert

Smart American hosts and hostesses serve their wine very simply today. Here are some practical tips:

At the appetizer hour, serve Sherry wine ... mellow amber, nutlike in flavor, the perfect invitation to a good dinner. Sherry is usually served in cocktail-size portions

• • •

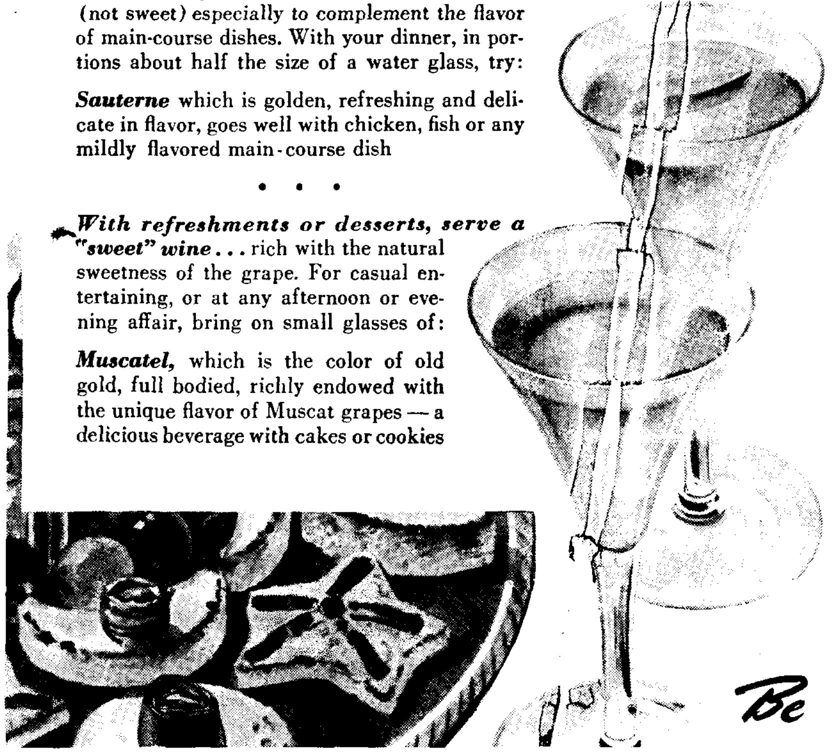
With meals, serve a "table" wine, red or white as you prefer. Table wines are made "dry" (not sweet) especially to complement the flavor of main-course dishes. With your dinner, in portions about half the size of a water glass, try:

Sauterne which is golden, refreshing and delicate in flavor, goes well with chicken, fish or any mildly flavored main-course dish

• • •

With refreshments or desserts, serve a "sweet" wine... rich with the natural sweetness of the grape. For casual entertaining, or at any afternoon or evening affair, bring on small glasses of:

Muscatel, which is the color of old gold, full bodied, richly endowed with the unique flavor of Muscat grapes — a delicious beverage with cakes or cookies



"People find they need to relax and enjoy themselves, and almost everyone wants to stay on the moderate side"

"In recent months," writes Norman Rockwell, "more of my guests than ever before have been selecting wine as their beverage.

"I think the reason is simple. People want to let up, to get a few hours of relaxation. And yet in times like these almost all of us prefer a moderate kind of evening."

Hosts and hostesses in all sections report as Mr. Rockwell does. More and more people like a chance to say "make mine wine." Prefer wine *because* it is a moderate beverage.

Why don't you try it next time you have guests for dinner, or when friends drop in during the evening?

You'll notice folks like to sip their wine slowly. You find yourself lingering over your glass as a connoisseur does—savoring a bouquet and flavor that is delicately satisfying. You discover no urge to bolt wine down.

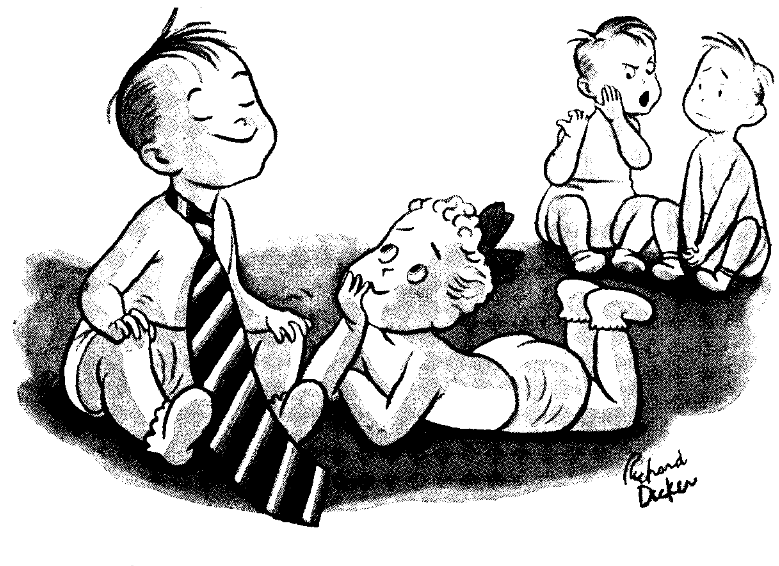
Good wine is thrifty to buy these days, and delightfully easy to serve. There are some interesting, easy-to-follow suggestions in the panel at the left.

THE WINES OF CALIFORNIA:

In the most discriminating households the good wines of our own country are usually served today. Actually more than 9 in every 10 Americans who serve wine choose wines grown here. The wines of California, for example, are grown to strict standards of quality. They are true to type. Well developed. Inexpensive.

Be Considerate — Serve Wine

This advertisement is printed by the wine growers of California, acting through the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco



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"You have helped me find happiness and my purse has been enriched by many dollars during the year. Where else could a busy mother find so much with the expenditure of so little time?"

Have you suffered that helpless feeling which no money brings? If so, why not give yourself a chance—join this money-making Club for girls and women. Just send a post card or a letter today to

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TENDER SKIN?

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That's because Noxzema softens the beard—its soothing medication helps protect the skin, leaves your face delightfully refreshed. See for yourself. Apply before lathering—or use alone as a brushless shave cream. Get a small trial jar, or take advantage of this Noxzema Limited Time Anniversary Offer—at all drug stores.

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SPECIAL! 75¢ NOXZEMA for only 49¢

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Sensational *extra* help for colds—with Luden's! These famous cough drops not only help soothe throat, but release a menthol vapor—which, with every breath, helps penetrate clogged nasal passages, helps relieve "clothespin nose!"

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EXTRA HELP
LUDEN'S
MENTHOL
COUGH DROPS
ALKALINE FACTOR

Copr. 1940, Luden's, Inc.

Little Refugee

Continued from page 13

the situation. Willard had received the old one-two. Faculty member or no, he had been given the brush-off.

His mouth set in a straight line. "I beg your pardon," he said frigidly. "I didn't mean to be intrusive. I'm sure the twenty pounds will be plenty—for two weeks, at least."

And he turned on his heel, and stalked off.

When he reached his home in Hamden he was still burning inside. Bertha was sitting on the small front porch, fanning herself with the latest copy of the American Chemical Society News Edition. Willard felt a pang at the sight of the magazine, for it recalled to him the plans he had made for research that summer into the quantity production of indium. If he could discover a way to produce it cheaply, he would be a cinch for this year's Du Pont award—a very desirable attainment, both for him and the university chemistry department.

"Well, did you find a likely prospect?" Aunt Bertha demanded. She was a tall, sandy-haired woman, whose middle age had not obliterated the attractiveness of her youth. The only reason Willard could figure out why she hadn't married was that she was too independent. She had lived with him since the death of his father, her brother, nine years ago. Willard's mother died when he was three.

"Nope," he said grumpily. "They're all alike. Pick out any one you want—boy or girl. I'll have as much chance of solitude for research work on indium this summer as I would in a boiler factory."

"Well, it won't hurt you to have a bit of diversion for a change," Aunt Bertha declared decisively. "You're turning into a combination of a stooped-shouldered musical-comedy college professor and a Good-by Mr. Chips. A boy will put some life into this house. And into you, too."

"He will, will he?" Willard said bitterly. "I don't suppose it makes any difference to you that I've reached the point in my research where by leaching indium-bearing zinc by-products with a mineral acid, the indium is put into solution with—"

"Not a particle of difference," Bertha said placidly. "So far as I'm concerned all the indium—whatever that is—in the world isn't worth risking your health for. As soon as I can I'm going to the Children's Center and make arrangements for us to get one of the children. A boy, if possible."

FOR the next five days Willard tried to forget about the coming invasion, and concentrated on making sure that indium would not be precipitated by hydrogen sulfide in the presence of strong mineral acids. Rankin, head of the chemistry department, had granted him the use of one of the university laboratories for the summer, and by working out certain formulae on paper Willard was almost ready to test in the laboratory the separation of indium from metals of the first and second group in the qualitative analytical scheme, when Aunt Bertha issued her mandate.

"I've got one," she announced without warning. "And Willard, you can put to rest all your fears at being disturbed this summer, for the boy we are getting is the quietest, best-behaved lad I've ever seen. He is really quite grown up, although he's only thirteen—in fact he even made me feel a bit self-conscious—and he's got the solemnest eyes! His name is—"

"Robert," Willard said.

"Yes, however did you know?" Bertha exclaimed in surprise. "Robert Colltree. His sister, a very dignified girl, came over from England with him, and since we have two extra rooms and she so hated to leave Robert I suggested she come to us also. Besides, she will relieve us of much of the responsibility of his care. Her name is—"

"Cecile," Willard said.

"Why, Willard! Did you meet them? How did you—"

"I'm psychic," said Willard. "Look, Bertha, when are they coming?"

"Tomorrow morning. Lena and I will have to hurry and get the rooms ready. Willard, where are you going? Dinner is nearly ready. You don't have to go out just when—"

"I do have to go out," Willard said clearly. "I have to go out and get a quart of Scotch. Something tells me it will be handy to have around, beginning tomorrow morning."

EVIDENTLY the English definition of the word "morning" was extremely literal, for Robert and Cecile arrived at 8 A.M. Bertha was still asleep, and Willard was lying in bed half awake thinking that he might revolutionize the entire electroplating industry by discovering a cheap method of quantity production of indium, when Lena knocked on his door and announced: "They come. The English, they come, Mr. Paxton."

"They do, do they?" Willard muttered. "You should have hung out lanterns, Lena—one if by land and two if by sea." He lurched into a dressing gown and slippers and, giving his hair a quick brush, he descended the stairs behind Lena, trying to scoop up dignity as he went.

Robert and Cecile were in the parlor, both sitting on the very edge of the couch. Near the door were two queer-looking chests bound in leather that Willard concluded must be their luggage. As Willard entered, Robert leaped to his feet and stood observing him respectfully, if with a certain grave detachment. Cecile did not move. She wore that same tweed outfit Willard had seen her in at Union Station. She said: "How do you do?"

"Good morning," Willard murmured. "I hope you will excuse my attire—you see we weren't expecting you quite so—"

"Why, I know you!" Cecile exclaimed. "You are the man who spoke to us in the railroad yards. How curious that we should be coming to your house!"

At that moment Bertha entered, having been aroused by Lena. She, too, wore a robe, and Willard wondered if the girl thought that was the usual attire in which Americans received guests.

But Bertha was equal to the occasion, and with complete assurance advanced upon Cecile and took both the girl's hands.

"My dear, I'm so glad you are here!" she exclaimed. "I do hope your stay will be a pleasant one! How do you do, Robert?"

"How do you do, Miss Paxton?" Robert said.

"Straight, Robert," Cecile admonished. "British, you know."

"Yes, Cecile," Robert responded, and the shoulders went back. My Lord, Willard thought, that kid's shoulder blades will grow together.

"You haven't met my nephew formally, have you?" Bertha went on. "Willard, this is Miss Cecile Colltree and Robert Colltree, her brother. Miss Colltree, my nephew, Willard—"

"We met at the station," Willard said

evenly. "It was, as a matter of fact, quite informal. I think Miss Colltree believed I was trying to pick her up."

"Pick me up?" Cecile echoed. "I don't quite—"

"Skip it," Willard said. "It's not important. I'll take your luggage up to your rooms."

"Thank you so much," Cecile said.

TO HIS surprise Willard found that the presence of Robert and Cecile in the house made remarkably little difference in its routine. They seemed to have a unique faculty for effacing themselves, so that for hours during the day it was as though they had vanished into thin air. Several times while he was working in his study Willard caught himself wondering just where they were, and once he went so far as to interrupt himself, when he was on the verge of reaching an important conclusion regarding the amalgamation of indium with mercury, to search for them about the house and yard. He did not find them.

There was in his mind also the question of what they—particularly Cecile—felt about the war. They never talked about it, at least not to Willard or Bertha, and finally Willard concluded that Cecile had achieved a mental attitude that would be proof against any catastrophe. This attitude, he thought, was that "There will always be an England." He admired her for that. He admired her also for her obvious determination to keep Robert as much as possible free from war fears. She saw to it that he did not read the daily papers, and if the radio was tuned to war news while they were in the room she always made some excuse to take Robert out.

Willard's admiration for these qualities almost compensated for his irritation at Cecile's constant reminder to Robert of, "British, you know," and her evident determination to wear clothes that made her look like a cross between a Girl Guide leader and a female counterpart of Mail Order Oscar. He had thought that the tweed arrangement was about the worst she *could* possibly achieve, but he realized that this was only a curtain raiser after she started to drape herself with apparel unearthed from that leather-bound chest.

He spoke to Bertha about it, thinking she might drop a hint that would make Cecile realize there was a certain difference between her manner of dress and the garb of girls she saw on the streets of New Haven, but Bertha shrugged her shoulders and told him Cecile's clothes were probably considered very fashionable in England—at least in some parts of England.

Came the day when Willard decided to take a recess from work and show Robert through the university. He hadn't thought to ask Cecile to accompany them, but as he and Robert were going out the front door he noticed the girl sitting in the parlor, a book in her lap, staring intently at the opposite wall where hung a picture of his great uncle Horace on his mother's side. Since it was hardly likely that she knew the gentleman he concluded that she was thinking of other things, not entirely cheerful, from the expression on her face.

"Hey," he called to her. "How about coming along? Robert and I are making a tour of the university."

She looked up, startled, but then instantly assumed her usual distant attitude and replied: "Thank you very much, but I've no wish to be a bother. Good of you to think of me, though."

"Nonsense, you won't be a bother," Willard said with a heartiness that surprised him. "It's a beautiful day. Come along!"

She looked at him for a moment. "All right," she said suddenly. "Just a sec, while I get my things."

Willard winced when he saw her descend the stairs in that tweed suit and the chocolate-brown cloth hat, but he concealed his feelings and led them to the car parked in front.

"Now let's see," he said to Robert as they started off, the three of them in the front seat. "Where shall we begin—the athletic fields, or the buildings? The Yale Bowl is open to visitors now. That's where the football games are played."

"I would prefer," Robert said, "to visit the library first, if I may."

"The library it is," Willard assented.

He parked the car on Grove Street and they walked to the Stirling Memorial library. At the High Street entrance Robert halted for a moment to gaze upward at the massive structure.

"Like it?" Willard asked.

"It's—it's quite remarkable," Robert said. "Very different from the Merton College library, isn't it, Cecile? Are students permitted to study here for their responsions, Mr. Paxton?"

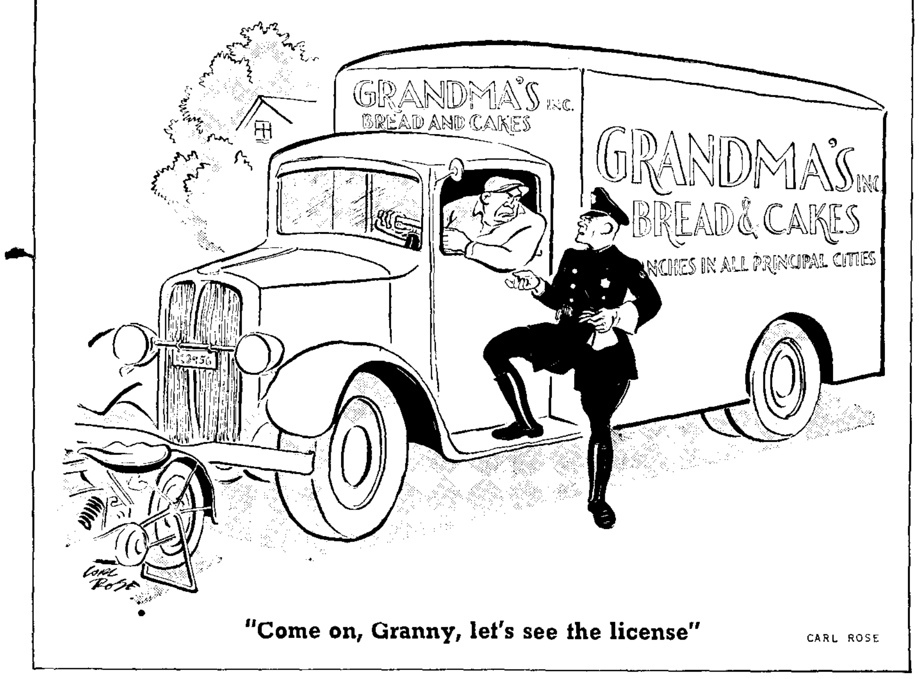
"Their what?" Willard asked.

"Responsions. Isn't it necessary to pass responsions before entering—"

"Responsions are entrance requirements, Mr. Paxton," Cecile explained. "That is what we call them at Oxford."

"Oh," said Willard. "Why, yes, Robert, I suppose you could study here for your—er—responsions if you wished." He watched Robert examining with interest the decorations above the main doors. "Those are symbols of ancient civilizations," Willard told the boy.

"Yes," Robert said. "I have already



"Come on, Granny, let's see the license"

CARL ROSE

A button off means nothing to "Slim";
Untidiness never did bother him;
And even worse than THAT, he feels
There's no disgrace in RUN-DOWN HEELS!

Look at YOUR heels!

DO you think *all* rubber heels soon go lopsided? Then you're due for a grand surprise when you try a pair of *new* Goodyear Wingfoot heels! These handsome heels wear longer because they're compounded of rubber as tough as the tread of an auto tire. And they're so resilient they wear down evenly. You'll like the springy *comfort* of Wingfoot heels too—they soak up sidewalk shock! Get a pair today at any good shoe repair shop. Only 50¢, applied.

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IMPERIAL *Masters* **GROUP**

Smart decorating is as simple as ABC when you select *tables that really harmonize* from Imperial's MASTERS Group. These smart creations combine perfectly with each other and most leading styles. Twelve popular *practical* types are included. See the MASTERS Tables now at your dealer's.

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This famous Green Shield trademark identifies every genuine Imperial Table.

IMPERIAL FURNITURE CO., Grand Rapids, Mich., Dept. 1026-J.
Enclosed find 10c for which send me your new illustrated booklet, "The Choice and Use of Tables."
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JOHN STORMED . . I'D RUINED A $1.50 SHADE BUT HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT I'D SEEN AT THE 5c & 10c STORE
THERE! AREN'T THOSE CLOPAYS STUNNING!
WHAT . . . ONLY 35c?
AND YOU CAN SCRUB THEM!
CLOPAY WINDOW SHADES 10¢ to 35¢
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"John said, 'Honey, you're a bargain-hunter *deluxe!* When I look at those CLOPAY Lintones I'd swear they were linen—and only 15c!' . . . But it's our CLOPAY Washables, I marvel at—with that lovely oil-painted finish that washes like glass! For a mere 35c! I'll say you can't beat the 5c and 10c* stores for window shade bargains—their CLOPAYS saved dollars for me."

A complete line: 36 x 6 size, ready to attach to roller without tacks or tools: Clopay Shademore—10c; Clopay Lintone—15c. Complete on roller with washable oil finish: Clopay Lintone-Washable—35c; Fabray Pique—45c.

Some items slightly higher Denver and West

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Yes—at 5c to $1 stores, neighborhood, variety and hardware stores everywhere! You'll be amazed at the complete window shade departments—offering sensational values in good, handsome Clopay window shades—from 10c up! Send 3c stamp for set of 49 color samples to Clopay Corp., 1371 Clopay Square, Cincinnati, Ohio.

CLOPAY WINDOW SHADES

identified the Greek and the Roman."

The tour of the library was for Willard rather a confusing experience. He tried to act as guide, explaining things to Robert, but although the boy listened attentively Willard got the impression that his attention was mere politeness, and that he knew more about everything in there than Willard did. In the Rare Book Room, Robert asked immediately to be shown the copy of the Gutenberg Bible. Gazing at the gates to this room Robert inquired if the ironwork was not by Samuel Yellin. Willard answered that he had no doubt it was. And at the arch known as the Screen, Willard was pointing out the various inscriptions when Robert said quietly: "That's Chaucer, I believe, on the left."

By the time they concluded the inspection, Willard was using gestures without words. He followed this procedure as they visited the Peabody Museum of Natural History, the art galleries, the Alumni War Memorial, and the other buildings. Once when Robert asked Willard if Wrexham Tower was not a replica of the tower at St. Giles' church at Wrexham, Wales, Willard thought he caught an amused look in Cecile's eyes, but she immediately glanced away.

WHEN the tour was finished Willard was groggy. He decided to take Cecile and Robert to the Taft grill for a late lunch—it was now nearly three o'clock—for it was cool and dim there, and he felt the need of a bit of coolness and dimness.

Unfortunately, the grill did not have the effect on him Willard had hoped for. Instead of relaxing, he began to think of how stupid he had been made to appear before Cecile. Not that he blamed Robert. The boy had not had the slightest intention of belittling Willard, nor of showing off. In fact, his manner at all times was extremely deferential. But for all that Willard felt shame within him. A sense of defeat, of frustration, gnawed at him, and connected itself directly with Cecile.

Ever since their first meeting at Union Station she had been a disturbing element in his life. He could see now that those days of respite, during which he scarcely saw her except at mealtime, were actually sources of more disturbance, for worrying about where she and Robert could be keeping themselves started that mental blockade that halted his researches. Why, she had not even apologized for her rudeness at their first meeting. Callous, that's what she was. Hard. Heartless. Unfeeling. And those outfits—that tweed blanket with buttons on . . .

Suddenly Willard pushed aside his plate and leaned over the table.

"Miss Colltree," he said, "will you answer a question, please?"

"Certainly," she declared. "What is it?"

"Will you tell me," Willard said clearly, "why in heaven's name you insist on wearing those horrible clothes?"

The silence that followed was explosive. Robert's eyes flew wide, and he sat there gazing at Willard as though Willard had suddenly sprouted horns. Cecile stiffened in her seat.

"I beg your pardon," she said after a moment. "What was that you said, Mr. Paxton?"

"I said," Willard asserted, "will you tell me why in heaven's name you wear those horrible clothes?"

He observed the flush start at the girl's neck, just on the line of the tweed collar, and spread upward. Yet when she spoke her voice was iced:

"I'll accept the premise, Mr. Paxton, that you are sane, although you scarcely seem to be. What is the matter with my clothes?"

"They're atrocious. They're frightful," Willard said.

"Indeed! This suit, perhaps? This tweed jacket is also horrible, do you think?"

"That," said Willard, "is pretty nearly the worst of the lot, though not quite." He glanced at Robert. The boy was still as a statue. By this time Willard was definitely out of control. He felt lightheaded, drunk. "That hat," he announced, pointing at it. "I suppose you toss it up in the air, and wear it whichever way it happens to land on your head?"

"Really!" Cecile exclaimed furiously. "Really! I'll have you know, Mr. Paxton, that my apparel is entirely British-made, by one of the best dressmakers in London! How dare you criticize it? You Americans—why, American women know no more about dress than—than—"

"Those shoes," Willard said then, gesturing wildly toward where he judged Cecile's feet would be under the table. "You had them made for mountain climbing, didn't you? Well, we haven't any mountains around here."

Cecile pushed back her chair. "I'll not remain here another moment!" she exclaimed. "Robert!"

"Yes, Robert—chin up, stiff upper-lip, all that sort of thing—British, you know!" Willard bleated. "Wait, Miss Colltree—where are you going?"

"I am going to your aunt's house!" Cecile told him hotly. "It will be necessary for us to remain there, I suppose, until we can make other arrangements—but we don't have to ride in the same car with you! There are taxis, I imagine, even in New Haven! Robert come away from this—this madman!"

Robert had arisen now, and was following Cecile toward the door. He looked around once, and Willard had a weird idea that the boy winked at him, but then he knew this was only part of his delirium.

"Miss Colltree—hey, what about those twenty pounds?" Willard hooted after her. "Have to conserve them—better not go taking taxis—be practical—British, you know. . . ." A tiny remnant of sanity told him that he was talking gibberish, but he could not stop himself. "Why don't you hock that outfit you're wearing? It would make a very fine—a very fine—horse blanket!"

SHE turned then, for a brief instant. "You," she said, "are the most detestible, contemptible, rudest person I have ever met. I thank heaven for one thing—that you are not British!"

And she was gone.

Willard got home shortly after midnight. If he had been questioned as to his doings of the eight hours previous, his answers would have been most unsatisfactory. The fact was, he couldn't remember. Bertha was in the parlor waiting for him when he arrived.

"Well," she said, observing his bedraggled, slumping figure, "you must have had quite a time for yourself. Was it fun?"

"No," he said dully. He dragged himself to a chair and fell into it. "Where's Cecile—where's Miss Colltree?"

"Upstairs. In bed. She and Robert are leaving as soon as they can find another place."

He nodded miserably. "My fault. I—I insulted. I told her—"

"I know," his aunt said. "She informed me of the entire incident."

Willard's head was in his hands. "It was awful," he groaned. "I don't know what could have gotten into me. I was—I was possessed by a devil. The things I said to her. . . ." He shuddered, and then raised his head. "Bertha, what am I going to do?"

"Do? Why, I'd suggest you go to bed."

"I mean—what am I going to do about—"

"About what?"

His eyes were fixed upon her in a haggard stare. Bertha did not speak. She just smiled, sweetly.

"Oh, hell!" Willard cried, and lurched out of the chair and toward the stairs.

"Sleep well, dear," his aunt called to him.

When he got into bed he hoped, desperately, that he would sleep. To sleep and to forget. If only he could descend into that dark, peaceful abyss where there is no remembering and no misery of regret. Sleep. Beautiful sleep. Lovely, soothing sleep. . . .

HE HEARD the clock strike one, and then two, and then three, four, five. There was no hope, now. He was done for. Licked. There was no fight left in him.

So be it, then! At least he would meet defeat bravely. He would go down with all flags flying, a Paxton to the end. British, you—American, you know. He would face Cecile and tell her. He would admit that he loved her, that he had loved her from the very first moment he saw her at the station, that he had tried to fight it but it was no use. He would tell her that he was almost crazy from thinking about her, and then he would step aside, and watch her go out of his life.

That was the way it would be. The truth, at last. Let her scorn him! Straight, Willard. Straight. Chin up . . . shoulders back . . . back . . . back. . . .

He woke with a start. Flinging a wild glance at the clock on his bureau, he dressed feverishly. Eight o'clock. Perhaps she was already up, and gone.

Passing her door, he saw it was closed. But she might have closed it after leaving. He leaped for the stairs, and ran to the kitchen to find Lena. Miss Colltree—was she—was she—

"English lady," said Lena, "still in bed."

He sat on the wooden chair in the hall, at the foot of the stairs, to wait. Sometime later, he knew not how long, he heard voices above. There was the opening and closing of doors. More voices, a murmur. His aunt, talking to Cecile. The higher pitch of Robert's tone. A laugh. Whose? What on earth was there to laugh about? He felt awful. He was cold, although the palms of his hands were moist with perspiration.

He wasn't going to be able to stand this much longer. If she didn't come down he'd rush up there and tell her in front of them all. She had no right to torture a man this way. . . .

At that very moment, he heard a step upon the stairs. He looked up. Cecile. She was coming down, walking toward him. She was alone.

"Cecile," he said hoarsely. "Cecile, I—Cecile—"

Then he saw her, clearly.

She was not wearing the tweed suit. She was not wearing anything that came from the leather-bound chest. She had on one of Bertha's soft blue dresses that matched her eyes, with a frilly lace collar that Bertha must have put on special, for Bertha didn't go much for frills, and she looked marvelous. She and Bertha were about the same size, and the dress might have been made for her.

It must have been shortened, though, for Willard was aware of a perfectly curved pair of legs encased in sheer silk hose, set off by dainty high-heeled shoes. And atop Cecile's brown curls was a cute little flowered hat that Willard could not recall ever having seen on Bertha. It was tilted just a bit over one eye.

Cecile was beautiful.

"You — you've changed," Willard croaked. "You haven't got—you're not—"

"Good morning, Willard," Cecile said. "Lovely morning, isn't it?"

"Lovely—yes, lovely—Cecile. Listen, Cecile. Why did you—I mean why are you wearing—"

"Oh, this?" she smiled, and did a half pirouette. "Well, Willard, I was thinking of what you said yesterday, and I concluded that you were probably right. So your aunt lent me some of her things just to see how they'd look on me. The hat I bought myself, on the way home yesterday. It cost three pounds —I mean fifteen dollars. Do you like it?"

"It's wonderful," Willard cried. "It's beautiful. It's marvelous. Cecile, you're not going away? You're going to stay? I mean wearing Bertha's clothes—that looks as though you—"

"No, I'm not going, Willard," Cecile said. "I'm going to stay, because I want your aunt to help me buy some things. I've still got seventeen pounds, you know."

"Cecile," Willard murmured, and took a step toward her. "Cecile, dear, I—"

THERE was a slight cough from above them, on the stairs. It was Robert.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Paxton," he said, "but you left your chemistry notebook on the parlor table yesterday, and I couldn't avoid glancing at it. I hope you don't think it unpardonably rude of me. You see, I had special tutoring in chemistry, and since you are working on indium I wonder if you considered using a sulfate bath with soluble anodes for plating, instead of the cyanide and insoluble anodes. I think perhaps—"

Willard stared at him. "Sulfate," he gasped. "Sulfate and soluble anodes."

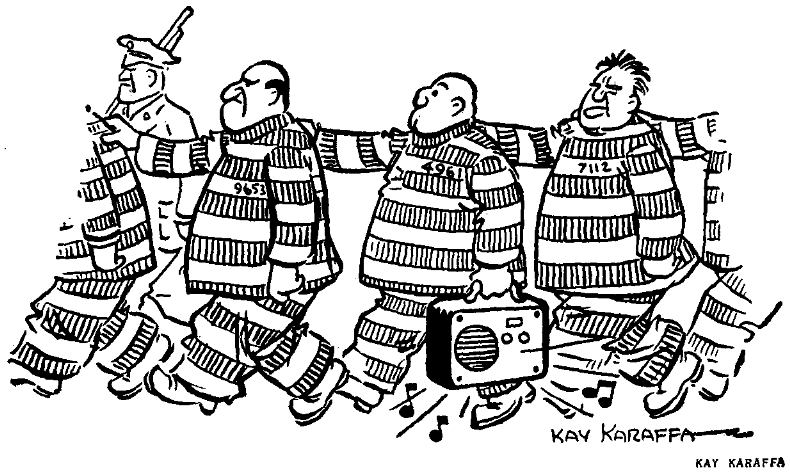
"Yes. Don't you think that would—"

"It would, of course it would!" Willard shouted. "Robert, you've got it! Cecile, do you realize what this means? It means I've got the Du Pont award sewed up! Robert, you're a wonder! You deserve at least half of the prize! Oh, Cecile darling—"

He stopped, and looked at her. They were very close together.

"Yes, Willard?" Cecile said. "I didn't quite get that last word."

Willard said it again.



KAY KARAFFA

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From the man who is dressed to pick up a sneeze

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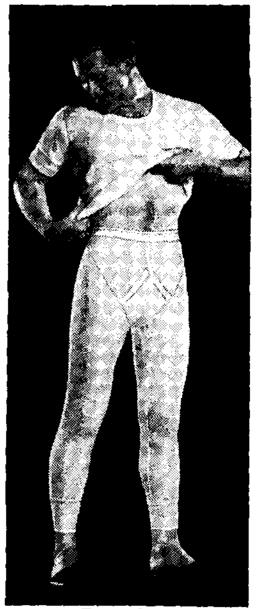
You've heard about the latest Football System . . . how about the newest grandstand system—the one smart spectators use to keep warm? Just in case you haven't we'll pass the word along. Next time you go to a game, slip into a pair of Jockey Longs. You'll find them the most comfortable (and comforting) garment imaginable. No bulk. No bind. No buttons. Patented Y-front construction combines squirm-free masculine support with a conveniently angled, gap-proof opening. Your dealer carries cotton and various wool mixtures, sizes down to six years. Get some today, then next Saturday enjoy the comfort of wearing them to the game. (Also available: Jockey Over-Knee—"long shorts" that lessen chills!)



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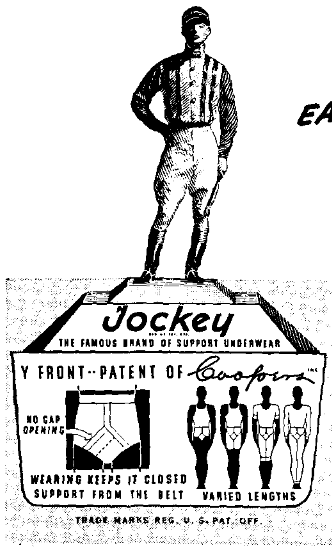
Insist on Jockey and look for the name on the garment. No other underwear can have the patented construction features which have made Jockey famous. Remember, it isn't Jockey without the Jockey label. If your dealer can't supply you, write us.



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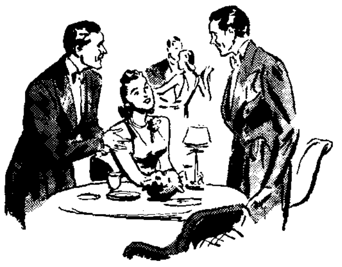
A Tip to Winter Party-Goers!

The season for dressing up and going places is here! To look your best, wear a Jockey Bellin. Regular Jockey underwear with wide Lastex yarn band to firm your abdomen and give you that military look whether you're dressed in soup-and-fish or a double-breasted business suit. At your dealer's, $1, or write us.



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When in Doubt Leave 'em Alone

NOW that the boys and girls are safely filed away in prep school, finishing school or college till Thanksgiving at least, we'd like to breathe a suggestion to their parents, with a hint, also, to those whose children are still at home.

No doubt you're wild to see them now and then. Probably you worry occasionally about how they're making out away from your protection and counsel. Assuming they ever write detailed letters home (rather a rash assumption), you perhaps try to read between the lines hints of homesickness, bewilderment, the need of your aid and comfort. The impulse to rush over to the school to see them probably hammers at your heart pretty often.

Allowing for a few exceptional cases, our advice is: Don't. Restrain that impulse.

Your boy or girl, 99 chances to 1, is better able to look out for himself or herself than you suspect. The youngster is making his own friends, working out his own answers. He or she has got to hit the trail into the great world sooner or later, anyway. If parents have been smart, their growing-up children will ask their advice when they really need it. Until they ask it, better leave 'em alone.

When the impulse to rush to the school finally wins, make the visit short and snappy. Don't let it break in on movie schedules, dates, dances, etc., if you can possibly help it. Those things are important to the youngsters.

All of which may sound like cruel, heartless talk. Matter of fact, it's true talk for some 97 cases out of 100.

$85,000,000 for Americans

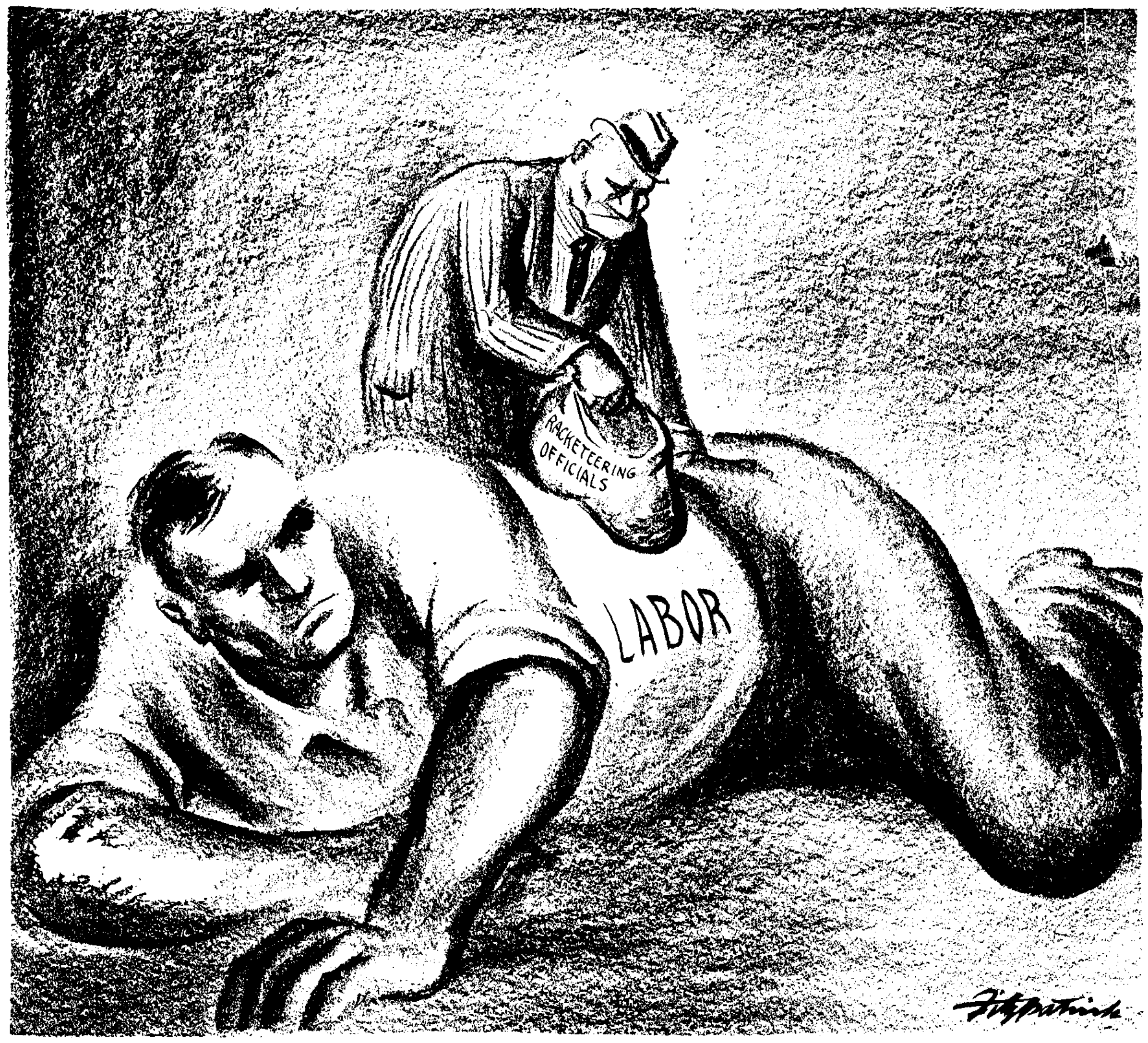
THE appeals this year for contributions to overseas war relief of various kinds are almost overwhelming in number. All of such appeals as come from bona fide organizations are worth anybody's attention and money.

We hope, though, that the Community Chests now functioning in about 550 American cities and towns will not suffer on that account. Grouped under the supervision of Community Chests and Councils, Inc., 155 East 44th Street, New York City, the community chests perform a service that is typically American.

The idea is to collect in one fund in each community enough money to keep that area's social-welfare services running for the next year. Campaigns are usually conducted in the early fall. The dates this year are from October 13th to November 2d. The money is parceled out to such institutions and activities as the visiting nurse, food relief, free lunches or free milk in the public schools, medical care for children whose parents can't afford it, etc., etc.

This year, the community chests are turning their attention to the problem of caring for refugee children, on a purely local-option basis, 176 of them having now worked out plans. But the main emphasis is on help for the home folks—about $85,000,000 worth of help per year—and we don't know of a worthier charitable enterprise.

Collier's
WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Directo



Mr. Scalise and Mrs. Roosevelt

GEORGE SCALISE was convicted in New York a few weeks ago on charges of pillaging a big labor union's treasury and on four forgery counts.

The union was the Building Service Employees International. Scalise was its Hitler, Stalin and Mussolini, all rolled into one, until Columnist Westbrook Pegler got on his trail and Manhattan District Attorney Thomas E. Dewey took up where Mr. Pegler left off.

Scalise's misfortune looks to us like American organized labor's great good fortune. Among its healthy effects, it has started more than a few labor-union members wondering where organized labor goes from the point it has now reached in this country.

And it so happens that Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, just about the time Scalise's jury walked in with that five-ply conviction, pointed out the course which we believe organized-labor people would be wise to steer from here on.

Mrs. Roosevelt, tired of riding deadhead as an honorary member of the American Newspaper Guild, suddenly became an active member. She wrote a letter taking vigorous issue with the Newspaper Guild's national management on the subject of the draft. The Guild's national management is made up largely of Communists, Communist sympathizers and dreamy dubs; and, true to the Moscow party line, this group was trying to get the Guild rank and file to oppose the draft bill. Mrs. Roosevelt used some fine old Anglo-Saxon words to tell these persons that they were talking dangerous nonsense on the vital subject of national defense.

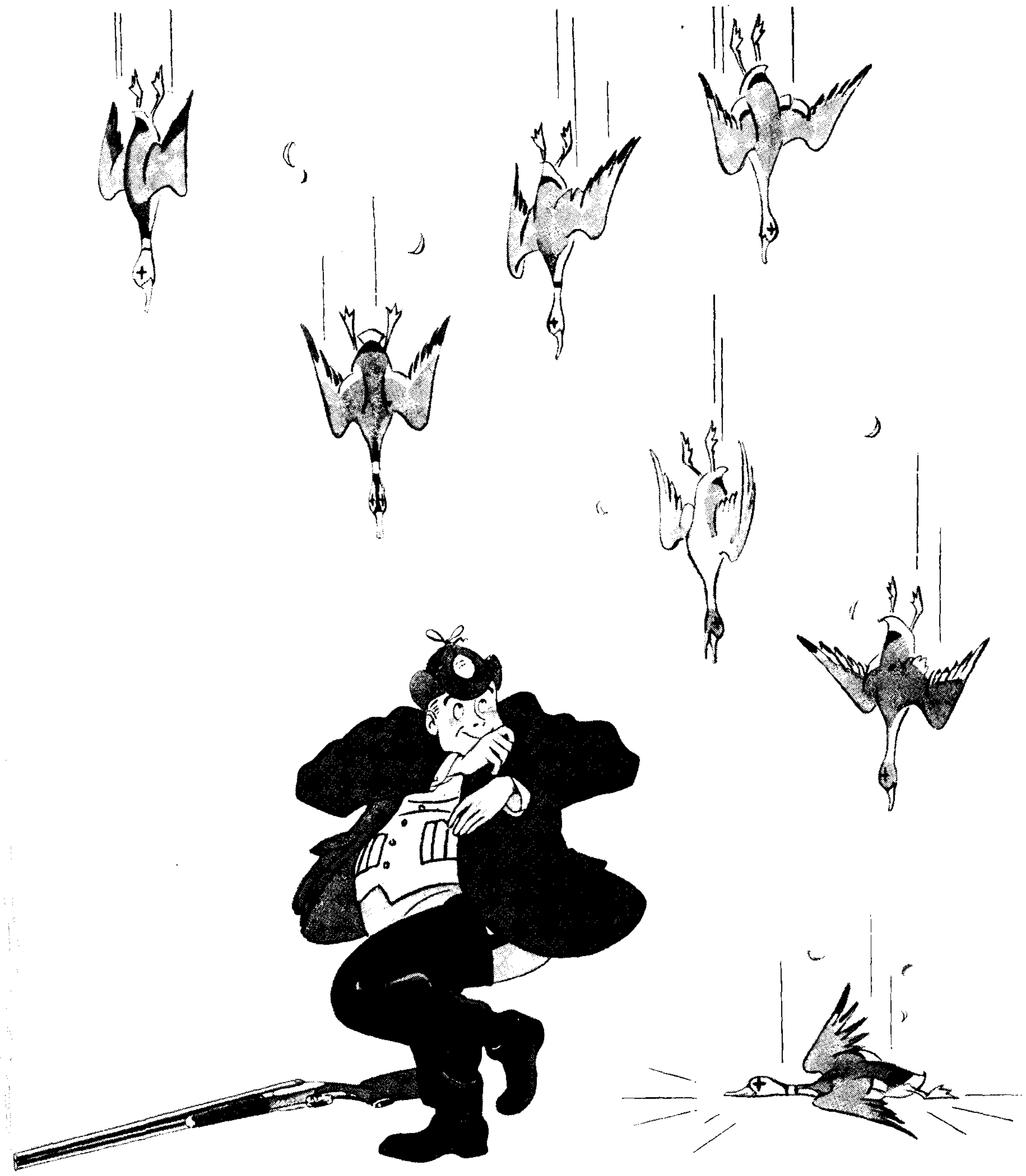
A favorite Red tactic is character assassination, so the mud at once began to fly at Mrs. Roosevelt. We think she is capable of taking it, however—and her crusade may arouse the Guild rank and file to boot out the anti-Americans among their leaders. The Guild rank and file really are patriotic and decent, by and large, though you may not believe so from some of the things you've read about the Guild.

Isn't all this a hint to labor-union members everywhere who aren't satisfied with the way their particular organization is being run?

If it's bossed by racketeers, or used by Reds as a catspaw for the Communist party and its Moscow puppet masters, why not get up on the hind legs and fight? Why ride deadhead except for paying dues and assessments, attending no union meetings and taking no interest in the outfit's affairs?

Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty; and the world nowadays, as somebody said, seems to belong to people who go to meetings.

Now that Mrs. Roosevelt has shown the way we hope a lot of rank-and-file unioneers wil screw up their courage, brass and indignatio to the point of rooting out rooters and Reds wherever they have finagled themselves a strangle hold on union affairs. The rank and file can do it, if they only will, in any labor outfit we know anything about.



Impossible, is it?

We'd have said so, too, a couple of years back.

But we're not so sure now.

You see, about a year and a half ago, when we reduced the price of Paul Jones Whiskey, we expected a normal sales increase. But we weren't prepared for the shower of popularity that followed! Today *five times* as many people choose Paul Jones as chose it before!

Mighty convincing proof that people like a *dry* whiskey—a whiskey without a trace of sweetness.

Of course, this distinctive quality of Paul Jones is not new. For years, Paul Jones has been known for its *dryness*. But the very qualities that made Paul Jones famous, also made it expensive. There were many who wanted Paul Jones, but couldn't afford it.

So, without changing a single one of Paul Jones' expensive qualities, we arbitrarily reduced the price. We made Paul Jones a *popular-priced* whiskey. And you and you and you quickly made it one of the *most popular* whiskies in America!

We say *you* because, if you've a nose for both fine whiskey *and* a bargain, you've probably turned to Paul Jones already. If you haven't, try it now, won't you?

Paul Jones
A Blend of Straight Whiskies

TRY DRY Paul Jones TODAY!

A blend of straight whiskies, 90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

PAUL JONES IS NOW FIVE TIMES AS POPULAR AS BEFORE

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CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE

Actual color photograph Otis Rucker, tobacco auctioneer, inspects an unusually fine lot of ripe, golden leaf.

Luckies' finer tobaccos mean less nicotine

FINER TOBACCOS—for you who smoke, those two words have a world of meaning.

First, they tell you why most independent tobacco experts smoke Luckies.

Second, finer tobaccos are the big reason why Luckies have a lower nicotine content.

Yes . . . authoritative tests reveal that for more than two years, the nicotine content of Luckies has been 12% less than the average of the four other leading brands—less than any one of them.★

You see, Luckies analyze tobacco before purchase. Thus our buyers can select the leaf that is not only rich and mellow, but milder—naturally low in nicotine.

The more you smoke, the more you want a cigarette of genuine mildness. So try Luckies for a week. Remember—with independent tobacco experts—buyers, auctioneers, warehousemen—with men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies 2 to 1.

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